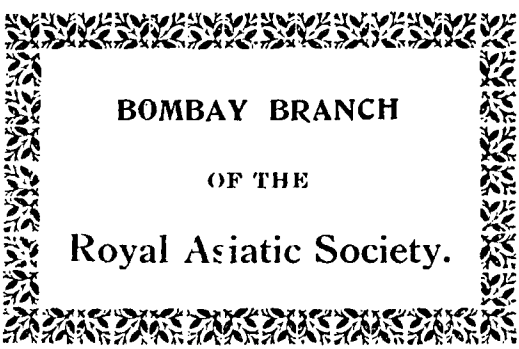


00020578



Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018

PASSAGES FROM THE PAST

VOL. I





The Duke of Argyll

(From a photograph taken when Marquis of Lorne)

PASSAGES FROM THE PAST

By His Grace
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL
Author of "Life of Queen Victoria," etc., etc.

WITH TWO PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

London: HUTCHINSON & CO.
Paternoster Row
1907

CONTENTS

VOL. I

CHAPTER I

First memories—The island of Walcheren—Mind-pictures—Changes—Language—Dettingen—The old Field-Marshal—A find—"The Duke"—His old enemy Soult—Sir Harry Smith—Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde—Lord Cardigan—Millais—Landseer—Fred Taylor . . . . . pp. 1–26

CHAPTER II

Trentham—Skaters—Young Trowbridge—Distinguished visitors: Hugh, Duke of Westminster, Lord Loch, Lord Carlisle, Count Pahlen—Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland—Mr. Gladstone—Ascot Races—A family party—Sir John Acton—The Danish War—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Carlyle . . . . . pp. 27–46

CHAPTER III

Great poets: Arndt, Wordsworth, Tennyson—Minor poets: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Swinburne, Browning, Mrs. Browning, William Morris, Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Aytoun . . . . . pp. 47–58

CHAPTER IV

Lord Brougham—"Regency" men: Mr. Stephenson, "Poodle Byng"—Miss O'Neal—Lady Charlotte Campbell—Her beauty—Her extravagance and financial difficulties . . . pp. 59–67

CHAPTER V

Eton Days—A visit to the Queen—A ball at Frogmore—Lord Dufferin summoned for assault—Table turning—Eton ways—The College Pump . . . . . pp. 68–73

CHAPTER VI

Chiswick—Its cedars—The third Duke of Devonshire and Sir Joseph Paxton—Historic rooms . . . . . pp. 74-77

CHAPTER VII

St. Andrews—Miss Jex-Blake—"Angels' Wings"—Garotte robberies—Principal Forbes—A University Magazine—Ghost stories—Marriage of the Prince of Wales—Edinburgh illuminated—Lord Palmerston—Lord Clanwilliam—A Chamois hunt . pp. 78-94

CHAPTER VIII

Cambridge—Changes—Need of modern studies—Charles Kingsley—"Fellow commoners"—Lord Hardwicke—"Classics"—Volunteer corps—Clubs—Whewell—Poem on Kingsley's death—A carpenter's bill . . . . . pp. 95-104

CHAPTER IX

The Alps—Turin—Cavour—Lacaita—Italian statesmen—Italian Parliament—The House of Savoy—The Duke of Genoa—Moustaches—Garibaldi—Garibaldi's reception in England—At Stafford House, the Crystal Palace, and Chiswick—Garibaldi and Gladstone—Garibaldi's personal appearance—Description by the Duchess of Argyll . . . . . pp. 105-122

CHAPTER X

Inveraray—Otter hunting—Wild animals—"What na beast's yon?"—"Fish"—Herring—Birds—Training wild birds for sport—Old plantings—Trees—Improvements—The Armada gun—The *Florencia*—Burns—Norman names—Patriarchal rule—Hereditary justiciaryship—The hand-plough—Rob Roy—Legends—Mirage—Treasure . . . . . pp. 123-148

CHAPTER XI

Jamaica—Tropical scenery—Forests—Plants—Birds—Sharks—Vultures—Sugar-cane—Sugar-making—Negro "Resolutions"—Earthquake . . . . . pp. 149-162

CHAPTER XII

United States of America—General Lee—At Washington—Sir Frederick Bruce—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State: attempted murder of—Vain anticipations—General Grant—The war—"Reconstruction"—Secretary of State Sherman—Townsfolk as soldiers pp. 163–184

CHAPTER XIII

Rosneath—The Gareloch—The castle—Bonomi—"My father"—The "Leven-ax"—Vicissitudes—Monmouth and Argyll—Jacobite wars—"My mother"—Homes in London: Park Lane and Carlton Terrace—Macaulay—Disraeli—Patronage—Letter to Mr. Everett from the Eighth Duke—Letter from Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, to Mr. Everett—Letter from Chevalier Bunsen—Letter from Longfellow—American appreciation—London pageants—Necessity of war with Russia—"Old Spurrits" . . pp. 185–229

CHAPTER XIV

The United States, 1866—A visit to Longfellow—His present to Tennyson—His translation of Dante—Longfellow and the beggars . . . . . pp. 230–235

CHAPTER XV

Berlin, 1866—Hanover—The Austrian campaign—Königgrätz—Famous German leaders—King William—"Hoffähig"—Diplomats—The duty of defence of country—Sans Souci—Potsdam—Queen Augusta—The "Hubertusjagd"—Count (afterwards Prince) Bismarck—Lord Augustus Loftus—Fencing with France—News of Königgrätz at Paris—Italian Alliance—A State dinner—The Prussian family—The Crown Prince—Prince Wilhelm—Opera and Archæology . . . . . pp. 236–265

CHAPTER XVI

Berlin—Prussia and Roumania—Prince Hohenlohe—The Crown Prince and Princess—"Vom Fels zum Meer"—Anticipations of war—The Grand-Duke of Baden—Ranke—Forecaste regarding union—Gustav Freitag—Affairs of the King of Hanover—Pesth—Coronation of Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary—The ceremony—Andrassy and Beust—Corfu—The Albanian coast—Wood-cock shooting . . . . . pp. 266–286

CHAPTER XVII

New breech-loading rifles and artillery—Sadowa—Austria's failure partly owing to Hungarian disaffection—The Concordat pp. 287–290

CHAPTER XVIII

Garibaldi, 1861—The conflict in the Papal States—Cialdini—Garibaldi leaves Caprera—Surmises—Embassy talk—Ratazzi—Perplexity regarding Garibaldi—The silence of the King—"Rome or death"—Rumours from Rome—Lieutenant Stumm—Arrival at Rome—Search for arms—A state of siege—Fight in the Trastavere—Foreigners in Rome—Fight at Nerola—Rome apathetic—Hotel de l'Europe—A bomb—Roman conduct—Monte Rotondo—The wounded in hospital—Cairoli—A reconnaissance—The walls of Rome—The French at last—Florence quiet—Vigo to Foligno—Garibaldi on the frontier—Mentana—Retreat—Arrest of Garibaldi—Imprisonment at Varignano—Devotion of the Papal troops pp. 291–332

CHAPTER XIX

King Victor Emmanuel—King Humbert—His funeral—The Pantheon—With Gladstone at Monte Cassino . . pp. 333–338

CHAPTER XX

Rome, 1890—Interview with the Pope—The Pope's views regarding Ireland . . . . . pp. 339–342

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

	FACING PAGE
DUKE OF ARGYLL, WHEN MARQUIS OF LORNE (*Photogravure*)	*Frontispiece*
TRENTHAM	36
HARRIET, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND	40
CLIVEDEN FROM THE RIVER, 1860	44
ETON COLLEGE	68
WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY	70
THE QUADRANGLE, ETON COLLEGE	72
CHISWICK HOUSE (GARDEN)	74
" "	76
ST. ANDREWS	80
LUCERNE, 1863	105
"DILIGENCE" AT ALPINE VILLAGE	106
LADY CONSTANCE GROSVENOR, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER	112
A RECEPTION AT STAFFORD HOUSE	114
SHIRA BRIDGE, INVERARAY	130
THE TAPESTRY DINING-ROOM, INVERARAY	132
THE SMALL TAPESTRY DRAWING-ROOM, INVERARAY	134
ARMADA GUN	136
THE TAPESTRY BEDROOM, INVERARAY	140
INVERARAY CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST	142
THE CROSS AND PIER, INVERARAY	144

FACING PAGE

HAYTI 152

GEORGE, EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, AND MR. GLADSTONE . . 190

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL 192

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, MOTHER OF THE AUTHOR 198

THE EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL 200

GEORGE, EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, WITH LORD LORNE AND LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL 228

GARIBALDI 291

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE 338

PASSAGES FROM THE PAST

CHAPTER I

First Memories

In the Rapids that cover the River,
  Almost in the heart of the foam,
I have seen a calm pool, that for ever
  Welled dark from the depths of its home.

So now, in the rush of the present,
  The pools of the memory glow;
To-day's haste and hurry incessant
  O'erwhelms ne'er the calm "Long Ago."

Like canoes flying fast on the spindrift,
  We seem but the sport of the spray,
When a turn of the paddle and wrist lift
  The boat, to float free of the fray!

So now, from the strife evanescent,
  We turn,—from To-day to the Past,
And Age, by our memory chastened,
  Recalls our first Home at the last!

At what age is the brain strong enough to retain any recollection of scenes that have passed before the eyes? I think when man is nearly three years of age. It is usually only one distinct impression that remains. We remember nothing but one picture,

stamped on the brain by fright, or by wonder. The circumstances are nothing; the vivid impression only remains of one moment. So it is that, although the scene of being brought in to say good-bye to my grandfather on his death-bed in a darkened room remains with me, it is only as the picture of a dark head on a white bed. There was nothing else definite, either before or after. He was, I am told, fond of seeing me lifted on to his bed in days before that last scene, and of hearing me imitate the noise of a steam engine; but of this there is no recollection—only the head on the white pillow. He had in his youth been in the army, and had taken part in the unfortunate campaign of the Duke of York, when there was some hard fighting before the British forces were confined to the Island of Walcheren, where so many perished of fever. Lord John Campbell, as he was then called, was in the Guards, and took the fever so badly that the doctors despaired of his life, and shipped him home to England in hopes, that proved well founded, that his life might yet be saved. He became afterwards Member of Parliament for Argyleshire, and survived to succeed his elder brother George, who was Queen Victoria's first Lord Steward.

Then there was one other scene that remained with me. It was one occurring during the visit of the Queen, in 1848, to my father at Inveraray.

Of the Queen I remember nothing, nor of any circumstance attending the time, except this: I can recall a number of tents pitched on a grass field, and men in Highland dress coming out of one of the tents. This must have been part of an encampment of Highlanders from the Island of Islay, which the then M.P. for the county had brought over, as I was told long afterwards, to the number of nearly two hundred, to do honour to the Queen.

The next scene was in the following year, when a neighbour came to amuse us and himself by letting off toy fire balloons from the castle door, and one alighted in a wood, and kept on burning, and keepers were sent to see that the flame did not spread if any boughs caught fire.

Then come recollections of occasions when one was told what to remember, and when one did so, partially at all events. Infantile misfortunes are important only to those to whom they occur, but linger long in the recollection. When a heavy skipping-rope, held by Prince Albert and Mr. Gibbs, for Angus (Duke of Hamilton) and me to jump, came on my head and felled me, I was carried back to the palace from the garden by the Prince, and the sensation of seeing the grass, as we passed over it, from the secure vantage-place of his arms folded round me, seems as though it had happened much less than more than half a century ago.

How few are the links of lives that often connect us with the Great in past history! When one thinks how frequent this is the case in English or Scottish history, one can almost understand how, for forty centuries, the Egyptian Pharaohs looked back to their "forebears," and, with a reverence for the past, attempted in all things to be like unto their fathers.

We have changed thoughts, habits, dress, architecture, painting. There is scarcely anything done now as it was in the time of "the making of England." The red-brown people of the Nile, like their unchanging river—ever flowing in the same bed, with the same current, varying only with the seasons of the year, and in every year at the same season ever the same—built as their people did three or four thousand years before; dressed, feasted, warred, painted, and were buried in painted tombs, as had been with them "since the beginning." For them to look back to many generations must have been easy. It was a mere tracing in fancy of the myriad repeated "laughter of the ocean," or of the Nile, merely a study of historic light, striking, ripple after ripple, wavelet after wavelet, ever the same.

But with us to look back means to realise vast changes. Any one who can span in memory recollections of his own, or "given to him first-hand," of the space of two or three ordinary lives, can speak of changes which would have made an

Egyptian think that grandsons in England must be a wholly different race from that of their grandsires. It would have taken a dozen Pharaohs to see such changes in their folk as we can mark in our own—as for instance, between the men who took part in the Jacobite insurrection of 1715 and 1745, and men of our day in the beginning of the twentieth century.

Look at Albert Dürer's drawings of the Irish of his time. Look at the paintings truly representing the Highlanders charging, with kilts and bare knees, the stiffly uniformed soldiery of George II. We change with each generation to all appearance: the men of 1900 are wholly unlike those of 1700. Even the language, with all the help of schools to keep it inflexible, changes; and excellent words in use with admirable authors, are discarded by their sons.

What man asks his wife to "tarry" for him? What wife, on the other hand, asks her husband to "abide"? Neither of them ever dreams of calling each other "My dear heart!" You will "obleege" me, says one generation, and another says it is old-fashioned to pronounce the word other than as "obliige."

And so on through the variety of differences which all may pick out, if they read a few pages of Smollett, or Johnson, or Fielding, and compare these writers with Thackeray, and Weyman, and Stephenson. These, comparatively speaking, rapid

changes make more interesting any plunge of memory into the current of the past, for the currents do not now flow always in the same channel. A plunge into the Red Sea would have an enhanced interest if we could remember those who had walked through the sea-bed safely. Difference of circumstance heightens interest in experience. It is this which gives a fascination to the cases where we, or others, can remember so-and-so, who remembered so-and-so, who saw King Charles executed. The thrill of history passes down the chord of memory, making it seem more immediate. Who has not heard of Dettingen, of the great battle which was fought with such doubt of the event, until little George II. placed himself at the head of the British Guard, and a last charge succeeded in driving back the gallant French Army? Yet no more than thirty-five years ago I used often to hear Mr. Campbell of Sonachan, then about ninety-six years of age, tell of his recollections of my great-grandfather, the Senior Field-Marshal, the Duke of Argyll, who died in 1806.

This old soldier fought at Dettingen in the Guards, and commanded his own battalion at Culloden. "I had a very narrow escape at Dettingen," my grandfather used to say; for the musket-balls had cut his father's clothing on that day, and few of the leading officers expected to leave the field alive. With a good eyesight you would then be almost able to discern the slightest gesture

on the part of your friends the enemy, whose musket-balls were so large that they carried, like the cannon, "a lot of wind into the wound," making recovery difficult. These heavy balls were fired, too, at a range of eighty to one hundred and twenty yards, and no man crept and crawled, or rushed to deliver his fire; but it was, "All upstanding, gentlemen, if you please," and all done in the tightest and most glaring of uniforms and cross belts, so that if a grenadier was not unusually clumsy at his weapons he ought to have been able to make pretty sure of his man in the lines opposite to him.

My old friend Sonachan said that he used to feel alarmed at the old Field-Marshal, and used to hide when his carriage passed, although he had heard he had always been kind to his father, who had been "chamberlain," or agent to him. "I hear you are fond of old papers," Sonachan once said to me, when I visited him at Helensburgh. "Well, I have some Sonachan papers in two old oak boxes. I was going to throw them into the fire when I heard you come in, and thought you might like to see them before burning them yourself, if you like to do so." "Certainly; I shall be glad to see them, and I will take them with me." I did so, and found that the old man in his youth, or his parent, had been careless about keeping his papers free from others, for among them there were three letters written by Queen Elizabeth to

the Earl of Argyll, signed, with all Elizabeth's wonderfully elaborate waves and flourishes and knots, "Your loving cousin Elizabeth R." These were letters, and there are others existing (and a good many lost), written by the English Queen to the Earl who was the husband of Mary Queen of Scots' half-sister, the only lady who was with the Queen of Scots when Rizzio was murdered. Elizabeth must have known how intimate Mary was with the Earl, to whom the Scots Queen always wrote signing herself "Your gude sister Marie," and it was Elizabeth's policy constantly to keep in correspondence with those who could influence "the gude sister" she was to condemn to death.

Sonachan died in his ninety-eighth year. He used to say that the climate of Rosneath was specially favourable to old age; and as there is a gentleman now living there, and attending church regularly, and always able to oblige a village audience with a song, at the age of ninety-eight, one fully believes him. On Loch Long there is a man who beats even this "record," for he is one hundred and four, and has, like his younger and less experienced friend of ninety-eight, a good memory, good eyesight, and a good voice, and upright carriage.

For most of those born in the middle of last century, the most vivid recollection of any man, linking the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, lies

in the memory of the Duke of Wellington. As children they may remember the kindly and keen eyes under the bushy white eyebrows, the eagle nose, and clean-shaven mouth and chin, with the white "chop"-shaped whiskers, looking down on them with a pleasant smile as the children joined their tiny hands together to dance round the old warrior in a "fairy ring," and how much pleased he seemed to be to be thus completely cut off, enclosed, and surrounded by strategy he could not defeat. Or they may remember as they drove in the old-fashioned, high-swung yellow "chariots" (a two-seated, straight front and windowed thing on four wheels, with coachman high in front, and a footman's board for standing behind), hearing the parents say, "Look, there's the Duke." The child, standing within the carriage at his seated parents' knees, will have looked forward and seen, riding and meeting the carriage, an old, slightly bent, and by no means great figure coming along on a brown horse, with "beaver hat" and well-cut civilian clothes, lifting two fingers to the brim, in military salute, as the carriage passed him; and before the groom who followed had also ridden past, the child's parents told him that he might remember he had now seen the great Duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, the man who had "fought a hundred fights and never lost an English gun." How we gaped and stared, and how silent we were until we knew the great man

better, and then how pleased we were to manage that "surround" and take him all unawares, when he had only his evening clothes with a star and garter upon him, and did not look at all formidable, much less dreadful! The meetings with him when he was on horseback usually occurred on Constitution Hill, near the "Wellington Arch." It was his equestrian statue which is now at Aldershot, which surmounted the Arch. Many thought the sculpture unworthy of the subject, but "The Duke" would never allow it to be taken down or replaced by any other.

The Duke was much admired and liked by his old enemies the French, and fully returned the personal affection they showed him. At a party at Stafford House, he and his great opponent Soult were both present. The Duke of Sutherland, the owner of Stafford House, had some fine pictures by Murillo, which had been sold at Paris and purchased by him. The two finest of these pictures, if not all of them, were part of the loot Soult had taken from Madrid. The "Reception of the Angels by Abraham," and the "Prodigal Son," both magnificent pictures, were placed in the gallery at Stafford House; and Wellington took his old enemy Soult arm-in-arm to the gallery, to show the French commander what had become of his ancient spoil.

It was the fashion to call every man Society caressed "a lion." Another "lion," small in

stature and great in reputation, was Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal, and one of Wellington's men. He too had a neat little figure, with sandy hair on a well-shaped skull, clean-cut features, reddish short-cut whiskers, only allowed to grow near the ear, and an alert gait. He was more communicative than was his great chief, and he spoke freely of his African wars, little dreaming that fifty years after his death a far more serious war than that in which he commanded in South Africa would fill that country with terror, and make immortal the name of his wife, whom few remember, except as the godmother of the place which held out so desperately and successfully against the Boers so long after her death. He too liked to have children around him, and to tell them of the savages; how they hurled spears, and had big mouths. He made me a present of a great spoon of yellow horn, with a handle curving backwards, and it seemed to me that the ogre whose mouth could take in that spoon must be twelve feet high, and able to swallow Sir Harry himself at one gulp!

Where the Alexandra Hotel now stands at Knightsbridge was a house where Shows of all kinds were given; and we children were taken, after hearing Sir Harry talk, to see veritable Zulus dance about on a stage, imitate their war tactics, and hurl the terrible assegais, which we were told always killed, because, like the lance,

the wound received with the iron or steel let in so much air that any hurt given became incurable. One of our party was so alarmed at the effect of these blue-black savages' attacks on the painted trees and dummy Europeans that he gave out a cry that was not a war-whoop, and had to be removed yelling, to the no small importance of his comrades who were gallant enough to remain, securely seated in the stalls, which the sensitive one did not consider "zareeba" and protection enough.

Yet another ancient warrior was often seen in my people's houses. This was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. He always considered himself to be my father's clansman, although his father's name was MacLiver, a man of the island of Mull, where, in a village called Bunessan, his father lived to see his son famous. "I want to ask a favour of you, Mr. Campbell," he said one day to the local factor. "Yes, MacLiver, what can I do for you?" "Well, it's just this," said the old man, "I hear that Colin is soon coming back from India, noo that the mutineers are all beaten by the boy, and Colin when he was here, as he will maybe be again here soon, will be after doing what he liked doing at home. . . . He was aye fond, Mr. Campbell, of shooting the hoodie craws along the shore, and I want you to lend me a gun to give Colin to shoot craws along the shore." "Certainly, Mr. MacLiver, if

Lord Clyde will honour me by accepting a gun from me, I shall be too happy to accommodate him." "Thank you kindly for my boy, Mr. Campbell; he's sure to be in Bunessan again, noo the war's well over."

But I do not think the "craws" had ever any campaign opened against them by Field-Marshal Lord Clyde. He was a delightfully modest and manly old fellow, standing short and sturdy and square, with a very square jaw, and for a wonder with a grey moustache and short tuft on his under lip, eschewing in this matter the ancient military cut. His hair was a grey "touzle," standing straight like an electrified lawyer's wig. His forehead had deep parallel furrows running straight across it, and his eyebrows were thick and grey, and his eyes piercing and blue. He was very proud of being a Highlander, and thought there was nothing to beat his men from the Highlands and Islands. During the whole of the Crimean campaign he had insisted on wearing a feather bonnet among his men of the Highland Brigade, which held the lines of Balaclava.

This fine old soldier was always sensitive about his Highland Brigade. He did not like to have so little to do with the actual fighting before Sebastopol.

His position at the base of supplies guarding the queer little basin of Balaclava, where two old

Genoese towers looked down on a mass of vessels with muddied strings of animals and men constantly passing to and from the shores of the salt water "Lochan," or small fjord, gave him no chance of further distinguishing himself and his men. He had had his chance at the Alma, and the brigade he commanded had dashed nobly up the steep slope, losing many men ; but this was only what the Guards, and the French, and others had done. Sir Colin Campbell wanted more. What he would have liked best would have been to have headed an assault on Sebastopol, with the French picked troops going in at the same time on the left. He had always prayed to have his men in the trenches, and after the great attack on the Redan had failed, and when the French on the left of our line had succeeded in taking the Malakoff Fort in the Russian Defences, Sir Colin's wish was almost granted. The Highlanders were to have been moved down to the trenches, and to have attempted another desperate assault, which was to be covered and assisted by all that French and British artillery could do. But the opportunity never came, for the Russians, made uneasy by the French success, retired, and Sir Colin and his men had to march back to Balaclava, and resume their old position.

He gave me an excellent sepia sketch of his position, showing on the plain in front one of the redoubts, or outlying forts, which the Turks garrisoned on the day of the Russian General's

(Liprandi) attack, when the Turks fled. In the drawing it looks as though this out-work, lying by itself out on the plain, was within easy musket-shot of the series of hills crowned and seamed with the ditches and camps of the Scots. But the distances were measured with other scales than nowadays, though the Minie rifle, which was the weapon our riflemen carried, covered a distance which was phenomenal as compared with the old Brown Bess musket, which remained, practically unchanged, the arm of our infantry from the days of Dettingen to those of Alma.

Yet how short a time ago seem all these old things to have been the facts of the day! It is as though only a few hours ago my father came into a room at Rosneath, where I was with my mother, and said, "A great battle has been fought in the Crimea, and we have lost 2,000 men."

This was the first fight of the campaign, the storming of the heights of Alma—a little river, as Dean Trench said:

Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartars known
Now thou art a name forever to the world's four corners blown:
Alma, Alma dear for ever to the gallant and the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

How much war verse Churchmen pour forth on these occasions! Trench was full of war pæans. Indeed, Dean Trench and Dean Milman were for a time held, by pious ladies, to be at least two of the greatest poets of their age.

When Clyde came back, his friends declared that he ought to have held far higher command, and would "have got on much better with the French" than had the others; but it is doubtful if his impetuous temper would have stood the many trials of patience so well as did the more long-enduring temperament of Lord Raglan. Sir Colin was among the most modest of men. He was told when he returned that a present from the ladies of Argyllshire was to be made to him, and that my mother requested him to come to a dinner to be given at Argyll Lodge, when she would hand over to him the gift. But nothing would persuade him to face this ordeal, until he obtained a solemn promise that he was to make no speech, and that the affair was to be altogether without ceremony. So the guests came and dined, with Sir Colin sitting on my mother's right hand, and the jewel offered to him was handed to him under the table, as though it had been but a tablenapkin he had dropped! He was very grateful, and somewhat "choky" in his low-spoken acknowledgment "of the ladies' kindly remembrances of an old soldier."

But old as he felt himself, nothing would stand between him and duty, and when the news of the great Indian rising came, and the Mutiny with its atrocities filled men's minds with alarm and horror, the public voice called for Sir Colin to be sent in supreme command. My brother and I forthwith mounted our ponies to go and say

good-bye to our old friend, who then lived in a house at Knightsbridge, facing the back of the barracks, a few paces retired from the road. There was a covered way leading from the pavement to the door. Sir Colin and Colonel Stirling, his almost inseparable friend, were at home, both engaged in multitudinous affairs, writing, ordering, despatching, with a constant stream of officers and others arriving and departing. But when the old clansman saw his two small guests, he came and made us get off our horses, and took us in to see what a lot of papers he had to answer, and insisted on our staying more than ten minutes, and on coming to the door to see us mount. "God bless you, my boys," he called out, and one of us patriarchally called back, "God bless you, Sir Colin," as we rode off.

Then there was Lord Cardigan, of the House of Anglesea, who had led with Lord Lucan the charge of the Light Cavalry at Balaclava.

> 'Twas the plume of a Paget above them that floated,
> 'Twas Anglesea charged in his offspring again.

And much we boys loved to see him riding in the Row on a beautiful bay charger. He wore very long fair moustaches, and had a fine figure. I was fond of visiting the old barrack which was used for cavalry at the extreme west end of Rotten Row, now a part of Kensington Gardens.

But we were naturally on more intimate terms with the artists than with the military heroes. For instance, we saw much of Millais, afterwards Sir

John Millais, with his pretty Highland wife and handsome boys. What a sensation his early pictures made! The Pre-Raphaelite school, as it was absurdly named, had in him its most illustrious painter. How the groups of spectators crowded round the picture of the knight crossing the ford! and other elaborately executed works, which furnished discussion, often angry discussion, as though people were not at liberty to praise and paint as they chose! The object of all this laudation was a delightful man, tall, with finely cut features, fond of sport, fond of nature, and never happier than when he was able to wear his shooting-coat, both in and out of doors. He and Vernon Harcourt, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their friend Mr. C.—all three men over six feet in height—spent one long autumn holiday in a little old-fashioned lodge at Dalchenna, on Loch Fyne, about two miles from Inveraray, and unanimously declared that it was one of the happiest times in their lives. They had rented the shooting in woods and on moors in the neighbourhood, and Millais was almost as often out with the gun as were the other two. "How we got into that little house and lived there so comfortably," they often declared in after years, "was a puzzle." But they had a lovely view of the hills at the head of the Loch from their little drawing-room. The deep wide fjord stretched away to the north, where the little village of Inveraray, a tiny toy town, like some of

those on the Lombard Lakes, rose reflected in the water, which brought to the ancient burgh a wealth of herrings. Steep wooded hills rose behind it, long avenues of old beech-trees led to it from both north and south; and further to the eastward the Loch ran up to the feet of even higher hills, less wooded, but of fine jagged shapes, part of what used in old days to be called in derision "Argyll's Bowling Green." Seals, and many gulls, and green plover, and sand-pipers, and oyster-catchers, made the shore in the immediate neighbourhood a happy-hunting-ground for watching through the field-glass the habits of many birds. There was good fishing within two hundred yards. There was a pretty river, the Douglas Water, dashing down through old woods and under picturesque bridges to the sea. Millais' good nature made him make sketches, in his own beautiful, delicate style, of several of the girls at the castle. He made studies of some of the fisher-folk, of the "wood interiors," and of the views from the points where his great predecessor, Turner, had sat and drawn before him for his book of sepia studies.

In later years Millais would say if he wanted to paint any of his acquaintance, and his wishes were of course always gratefully followed. He painted with great dash and certainty when engaged in portraiture. Placing the canvas not far from the sitter, he would retire to a considerable distance, apparently to get a general impression,

and would, after making a careful survey, stride rapidly up to the easel and dash in what he wished to paint with much rapidity as well as care. His days of laboured detail did not last long. Latterly he was as effective as he was prompt and dashing. He was of too sturdy a frame and temperament to be jealous. Encouraging to the young, he was kind and courteous to all, was ready to praise good work, and to see the merits rather than the defects in his contemporaries. Great characters, in great brushmen, and the strong in mind, can best portray strength in others.

It is notorious how much the carmines of Sir Joshua Reynolds have faded. Two portraits of the Lord and Lady Strafford of 1770 were in this condition, and Millais was persuaded to see what he could do for them. But he had so sincere an admiration for the Old Master, that his touching up only amounted to putting in, too carefully, some red into the lips and cheeks, so that the pair still seem to think that blood-circulation in the face is unnecessary, although, strangely enough, the crimson of the coronation robes in which they are clad remains as bright as when first painted.

Landseer.—Who, remembering "Lanny," does not feel again the pleasure of converse with that bright temperament, before it became, alas! clouded, and the watchful brain was maimed? Like Millais, he had a passionate love of the open air, and was ever able to enjoy to the utmost the

pleasure of country life in the Highlands, where deer, dogs, Highland cattle, and sheep made up for him all that existence required. Of pleasant manners, he was always a favourite in country houses, ready to take part in all social fun, or work. Table-turning became a mania during this period, and at one *séance*, where most of the company were made to wait outside a room where experiments were being made, Landseer was one of those admitted to the mysteries within. One of the outsiders, becoming too impatient to keep in exile, made for the door and opened it, just in time to see a moderately heavy table, with Landseer on the top of it, settling down to a place near the door the intruder had opened, after a curious rush it had made from the centre of the room where the party had sat in a ring to lay their fingers upon it. Landseer was always afterwards a firm believer in the occult art, if the moving of mahogany can be called so.

His beasts in his paintings were always graceful, his men and women only occasionally. Yet the feeling shown was always refined, even when he painted bulls and lions. His horses and donkeys were never like those of Rubens or any of the great Dutch painters. He read intelligence into them; there was character in every dumb animal he drew. It was said of a Scotch artist of the day, that he painted all his beasts like men, and his men like beasts.

Landseer never painted the beast in man, though he may have made the beast a little too human. Some of his portraits of ladies are excellent, but if there be a horse on the same canvas, one is tempted to believe that the horse was his first love in painting, and that the lady was "an extra" to be placed on the canvas to show off the horse. "Lady Douro and the Duke of Wellington" may be regarded as an exception. Landseer was a short man, wearing moustache and whiskers. He was most painstaking in getting sketches on the spot for all his work. He would think nothing of the fatigue of keeping out on the hill, watching the deer. At his house at St. John's Wood he had a pleasant garden, and an arrangement in his ground-floor studio by which he could have animals brought in, so that he might paint them at leisure.

Another charming painter of animals was Fred Taylor. He painted in water-colour by preference, and certainly excelled rather in animals than men. His style was broad. He used to say that at a drawing-school he had taken infinite pains to make an elaborate study, when his Italian master came round, and simply said, "Finicky, finicky, that is beastly, sir," and tore up his pupil's precious work. "Finickiness" he certainly left for ever, and his horses, ponies, and dogs, especially otter hounds, were admirable.

December 7th 1881



My dear "Lan"

(so Lady Brudenell tells me Lan is address you) I have the pleasure to Rank you for your most kind letter which has been wandering about the Highlands

after all, I am much mortified
and distressed to say that the letters
found here, oblige me to close
my holidays abruptly. and to
start as soon as possible

I very much regret not
being able to take advantage
of the kind compliments you
have made - I am not -
satisfied with the pleasure of
having made your acquaintance
& shall not be happy till
I realize the things I pray
when I hope and trust you

I am very respectfully Yours and yours — and to be very much flattered if I venture to remind you of your existence.

Believe me Dear Yours

Landseer. (Ate dinner)

all over.



CHAPTER II

Trentham.—The old family of Gower had wandered from Wales to Yorkshire, where they still possess the farm that made them Englishmen, and thence spread their possessions in Shropshire and Staffordshire, in days when agricultural land was England's chief asset of value, and centuries before the future value of coal, now the great wealth of that country, was to be realised. And in the shallow valley of the Trent, long before the factories around the Potteries arose, at Stoke-on-Trent, one of these Gowers built himself a house. This was again enlarged by one of his successors, until in the time of George II. a square brick block stood in a large field close by the river, here a slow-flowing stream about twenty yards wide.

The square red house in its large paddock had no gardens, and at the end of this big field was a large horse-pond. A range of low hills began five hundred yards away, and was planted by the builder of the house with oak, beech, and ash, but principally oak. Later, larches were introduced into these plantations, but the old English trees gave the woods their chief

and most delightful character. This low range, parallel with the lower corner of the Trent River, was broken by a beautiful narrow rift or glen we used to call Spring Valley. The ground on the side of the river remote from the house, and behind it, had only a very gentle rise, but on the other side, where the range of hills fell to lower slopes, the Park lay. It rose in grassy undulations to the sky-line, varied by knolls covered with clumps of trees. Many deer fed in droves in the Park, among the great islands of fern.

My grandfather determined to make this place his most permanent English home, and to spend on it money enough to make it worthy of the excellent taste of his wife, whose own old home at Castle Howard had made her no mean judge of what art and architecture meant. He called in Mr. Barry. Now, Mr. Barry was a man of pleasant and pretty manners, with a head inclined to baldness, although the curlings of the brown hair of younger days still made much of the head look as young as his features were, and their appearance was what the old French called "debonnaire." The usual very short whisker of the period gave a little more breadth to a countenance always broad and good-looking, and generally smiling. Eyes, nose, mouth, and chin all indicated vigour and perception of proportion. There was no thin enthusiasm in gaunt features here, no emaciating devotion to self-sacrificing ideals. The man was healthy, good-

natured, prosperous, and prepared to use stucco where he could not get stone, happy to deceive the eye, and let realities find their proper place as far from himself, or as near, as circumstances dictated.

So Barry came, and the old brick parallelogram was made into a stucco Italian Palazzo. Wings were added, towers were added, semicircular colonnaded entrances were added. The paddock between house and pond became a vast Italian garden, with balustrades and sunken parterres, artificial slopes, fountains, pavilions, temples, and statuary ; polished granite seats from Scotland were varied with the alcoves that were adorned with old Greek and Roman sculpture. The horse-pond became a lake over a mile in length, and with two lovely wooded islands rising over its swan-haunted surface. A break in the centre of the balustrade that finally fringed the garden and the lake was made the site of a great pedestal surmounted by a full-size copy of the splendid gigantic bronze called "The Perseus of Florence," by Benvenuto Cellini. Other bronzes made their basins and fountains interesting. There was the lovely lady who always wrung with her hands her long hair, as she half faced, half turned away from the entering guests as they arrived at the central door in the semicircular colonnade. Her bronze hair always dropped a wealth of water into the basin beneath the naked feet of this naiad.

But beautiful as were the details enshrined in this enchanted vale, it was to the broad effect of wooded

hill-side, sleepy lake and isles, green slopes, ordered garden, and long white, balustraded buildings, with sunny towers rising from glowing terraces of flower and shrub, that the charming and cheerful effect was due. There was one great peculiarity in the house, namely, that a fine parish church was practically part and parcel of it. While one end of the circular colonnaded vestibule in front of the old hall led into the set of rooms that were library, drawing-room, music-room, and dining-room, another wing of the colonnade led into a wide ante-hall, through which you passed to the great stairway; and just before reaching this stair-hall, an alcove in the ante-hall, half filled by a fine replica of Michael Angelo's seated warrior, opened also on to a small private stair that led to the gallery pew of the church. Trentham had been a possession of the monks; and fishponds and old walls, remnants of the monastery which had been built by the "silver Trent," could still be traced among the many modern buildings which more than covered the site of the church's mediæval structures.

It is perhaps strange that we children, who knew the aspect of the old church so well from that many-pewed gallery at the west end, and had so often looked down on the open timbered screen in front of the altar, and at the two side-chapels on each side, and at the congregation which came from neighbouring villages and always contained a great gathering of house servants and grooms and labourers in the

employment of the Lord of the Manor—it is strange that we hardly ever visited the floor of the sanctuary, nor did we care even to walk among the tombs, either there or outside its walls, a mid region between house and church, on which the back bedrooms looked.

Is there something hateful to a child in tombs and church pavements? I think there is. The only interest we had in that church pavement was to see the red-coated little girls from the estate school come trooping in before the boys came. We did not envy their being downstairs, and being talked to, just before the service began, by the solemn-looking parson, an excellent man, but whom we always suspected to be made out of the wood of an old coffin. Then there were stories of monks having been seen in the graveyard, grey things that had always been grey even during their monotonous fish-fed lives, and now greyer and more unsociable than ever. But we tried not to think of them at all, and were very sure that even on the most wholesome winter day, when the sun went down red at evening after a glorious sunshine-filled day, and the hoar frost would be white in the morning, and all the grass of the Park diamonded with lovely drops, we should not care to spend any time near the church.

The front of the great terrace was so much more cosy and cheerful. The long ante-chamber before the private entrance to the church, the place on which the great helmeted Medici figure looked down,

was, however, a popular place enough with us, for there was a great fire always burning. There the house bells rang, and servants were always waiting for any signal. Especially was one favourite Highland piper, named Allister, always to be found there, usually asleep under a beautifully brushed brown wig, and sheltered from all draughts by an ancient wonder of a tapestry screen, a triumph of French art of the eighteenth century, its manifold leaves crowned with apes and fruit and feathers and figures, all lightly and gaily coloured. But this had nothing to do with the church. On the contrary, the antechamber was near the great billiard-room, the state suite of ground-floor bedrooms, and the many-pictured stairway and hall.

But outside the house, and on the very limits of the outer domain, beyond the stables and outside the outer gate, there was one place connected with the old Churchmen's habits at Trentham which did interest us very much. This was an alcove in which was set a long table and benches, close by the porter's lodge. There was a window thence looking on to the alcove. There was another window looking on to the front. Now, one could often see—indeed, many times in a day—that a man or woman, or a couple with children, strolled over from the roadway, past a little bridge that spanned a stream flowing into the Trent: these folk paused beneath the window. Then the window would open, the porter's head would look out, and

a conversation begin between him and the individual or group on the roadway. Presently the talk ended, the porter's head was withdrawn momentarily, and then he reappeared with a jug of ale and a loaf of bread, or several of each, according to the number of the persons with whom he had held parley. These provisions were thankfully accepted by the person or persons standing without. They retired with them to the alcove, where they sat down and satisfied their hunger.

This custom was a survival of the old charity of the monkish establishment which had lived at Trentham for centuries before the eighth Henry dispersed them. The lay-proprietor had taken over this almsgiving. It was practised daily. There were whispers that it was being abused, and that it was no longer the simple wayfarer who was being entertained, but idle and worthless loafers who made begging a profession. Perhaps the monks, and those who came after them, knew these men better than did the servants of the generous owner of Trentham in the fifties. But the custom was a gracious one, and seemed to connect one with the ages when the Lord of the Manor was also the chief ruler of the district, and England favoured men able and willing to spend their all in their own district, instead of the opposite policy being adopted of chasing them away by taxes which are now driving country gentlemen to sell their places, and causing their money to be placed in foreign countries, because their own begins

to abominate all that is not of the common crowd.

Of old, men knew that any one who had made his mark in commerce or in the State, and had amassed a fortune, would eat and drink and spend heartily at home, sure that his employment of his fellows would not be looked on as showing he had more than he ought to have. He could fill his own stomach, and fill the stomachs of all his neighbours by employing them instead of foreigners in foreign climes; but now, such conduct is merely held to show he ought to be regarded as one having more than is wanted by any mortal, and so he has his property divided at his death by succession and death taxes; and he is tempted to spend nothing he can help at home, for he knows his boys will have no home unless he makes money by employing foreigners, and keeping what he can earn out of the way of jealous noodles, who cannot see they are killing the goose that has laid the golden eggs their fathers found so useful to help the poor to live in the country.

Were Government-supported land banks, like the Agricultural Bank of Egypt, or the Trust and Loan Companies of the United States and Canada, to be instituted in England, it might be possible for tenants and landowners alike to fight a better battle against the paralysing effects of a one-sided free trade with foreign countries, who bar out our produce as far as they can, while they are allowed to starve our country

folk by free entry of all their goods into British markets. The swing of a pendulum from an ultra protection to an ultra free trade is characteristic of lack of moderation in such matters, in purely democratic Governments.

Another manifestation of the same kind has been the recent wilful pollution of the River Trent, which has compelled the abandonment of Trentham as a residence, has thrown out of work all the employed on the estate, simply because the Corporation of Stoke-on-Trent will not take the trouble to cleanse the river by diverting the sewage. This, they know, has been done effectively by "precipitation tanks" at Glasgow, and even in the town of Kingston-on-Thames. But their County Council has been persuaded to refuse as a gift the noble "demesne" for which most foreign towns would have "given their ears." The result will probably be that Park and place will be given over to the coal-miners, and fountains of smoke will take the place of the snowy springs, and frothing waters that fell into bronze- and marble-decorated pools.

The Pottery townspeople were always welcomed when they came in the winter to skate on the lake—which will now probably be reduced to its former size of horse-pond, in order that all ground along its decreased water may be utilised. Part of the bay next to the garden and boat-house was roped off for the fancy skaters, and among

these used to be seen young Trowbridge, an especially graceful skater. He lost both his feet by a round shot at the battle of the Alma, and it was piteous enough to those who remembered his former activity to see him, after the Crimean Campaign, obliged to be content to be drawn about in a bath-chair.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Westminster, Hugh, who had married Constance, a daughter of this house, was also an excellent skater, and loved to head a hockey game, when the fun used to wax fast and furious, and the players streamed out from around the central island, the goals being placed about a quarter of a mile on each side.

Another guest was Mr. Loch, afterwards a peer, and the son of the gentleman who was manager of all the Duke of Sutherland's estates, both in England and Scotland. The "Chamberlain," as such commissioners are always called in Scotland, wrote an excellent book, showing how the Sutherland country had been unable to support in the far north the numbers of the peasantry, who lived from hand to mouth; and in bad seasons, and especially after the potato had failed, or revenue could not be derived from burning the "kelp" or tangle-weed along the coasts (for iodine and potash), the Gower family had spent hundreds of thousands of pounds among them by helping them to settle on lands in Canada, in



From a painting.

TRENTHAM.

building good cottages where thatch and turf hovels were formerly the rule, and generally by inundating with English gold the rain-sodden wildernesses of the far north. He had shown how criminally stupid had been the outcry of those who valued their rhymes and sentiments and falsehoods more than the good of the people, and had ignored the vast improvements effected. His son had, like so many young Scots gentlemen, taken to serving his country abroad, and he and his companion Parkes had been taken prisoners by the Chinese, and carried about in cages, threatened each day with added tortures, and had borne all with the heroism and dignity of British gentlemen.

The neighbours who came there were mostly fox-hunters, and of them there used to be a stream, in red coats, running down the great staircase, on the winter mornings when the frost was off. But it was the frosty time that we boys liked best, and frost at Christmas-time seldom disappointed us. Then the morning carols rose from the red-cloaked school-children drawn up on the terrace underneath the windows near the conservatory that flanked the entrance colonnades. The children went, to come again in the evening to receive gifts. The Christmas-tree was usually placed in a room between the library and the dining-room, and the presents for all within the house were laid on tables.

I see Prince Hohenlohe, in his Memoirs, speaks

of Lord Carlisle, the eldest brother of Duchess Harriet, as a dandified creature. But nothing could give a more false impression of Lord Carlisle than this description. He had the heavy look, certainly, of some of the Howard family. His hair became white very early, and his complexion too pink. But his kindly blue eyes and hearty laugh gave token of a character in which there was much sentiment and effusive affection, but no affectation. He had something of the softness of Hohenlohe's own Swabian South German countrymen about him. He had their love of the family, their domesticity, their love of poetic phrases and of nature. No Irish Viceroy was more beloved than he who had twice tenure of that office. Whatever faults Irishmen may have, they know a good and tender nature when they find it, and love the man who has it.

Another figure, and close friend, but not of the family, who was often there, was Count Pahlen, a Russian noble who had made England his home for the greater part of each year. Before the Crimean War, any prominent Russian became, in the eyes of the London crowd, a suspicious character. Count Pahlen was dining one summer evening in Lord Cowper's house in St. James's Square, and a newsboy happened to pass the open windows crying out what he was told was the latest "Noos" of the day. In this case it was heard as "Arrest of Count Paulin, a Rooshian spy," to the old

gentleman's great amusement. The friendship with this gentleman began on my grandfather's part when, as Lord Gower, he was on the Continent at the time of Napoleon's great victories. Lord Gower had become greatly befriended with the King and Queen of Prussia, and had a great admiration for Queen Louise. He accompanied the King and his family to Memel, in the days so terrible for Germany, when the French conqueror entered Berlin ; and was with them for some time afterwards, when the cup of their humiliation ran over, and they were shorn of all they considered necessary to their military safety, by the seizure of province after province. There were many gifts at Trentham, and many letters, from the Prussian family ; and Rauch's beautiful statue of the Queen, the original of which is in the church where she lies buried, was conspicuous in a glass-sided corridor where my grandfather, in his old age, used to walk up and down. The private wing from which this corridor stretched towards the river held the bedrooms, the study, the library, and the sitting-room, where the mistress of the house lived. Her taste was especially shown in an alcove near one of the windows, where she used to sit, so that she could see two sides of the drawing-room which were both filled with great paintings taking up all the wall space above the dado with views of the great canal of Venice. Fronting her was the Salute Church, and divided by the door on her right were the Library,

the Piazza of San Marco, and the Doge's Palace, all admirably represented by Clarkson Stanfield. In the spaces between these, crimson velvet panels were laced across with gilt trellis-work. There were mantelpieces of wedgwood-ware shrined in marble in other rooms of this wing—a part of the house liked by us, for there we could see the beloved and beautiful lady and keep her "all to ourselves." Winterhalter's picture of her gives some idea of that gracious presence which had goodness and dignity in every feature and movement. I know no woman who was more worthy of retaining the homage and affection of "the world," as also the love of her own widely spread family, than was Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland.

Luckily for Inigo Jones, the great architect, and luckily for the people who lived on the estate of the Howards and were benefited by their great expenditure on house and lands, Lord Carlisle of the eighteenth century did not anticipate that any British Government would punish those who employed Britons instead of spending British money abroad, and built on steadily, trusting mistakenly to the good sense of his countrymen. Under the Tudors men built houses worthy to rank with foreign palaces. Under the Stuarts and under the Prince of Orange, under Anne and the Guelphs, they had done the same. There was no law to make man pay on the assessed capital value of the whole of the buildings



From the picture by Winterhalter.

HARRIET, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,
WIFE OF SECOND DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

and their contents each time a death occurred. So people believed in British sanity and were encouraged to spend money at home. The results are edifices that will under the new jealous legislation become ruins where the people are few, and lunatic asylums for retired officials where there may be a "congested district."

Their counterparts will be built hereafter in countries with wiser "guardians of the National Purse." A form of socialism was universal on the Sutherland and Howard estates, namely that which sees that no one starves, and that the feeble are helped, and the sick succoured, and the children fed. This cannot be adequately done by the State; but it was done, and is done, where such houses and estates as those that were under the care of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, survive the taxation spitefully directed against them.

And now a word on the mistress of these abodes of beauty, courtesy, and art, where the best minds of the day, whether in man or woman, ever found recognition and welcome, and the mourners an ever-ready sympathy and friendship. Harriet Gower was the daughter of a cadet branch of the house of Howard. "Belted Will," as the second son of a Duke of Norfolk had been called, held the post of warden of the north-west marches of England, and his fortalice was Naworth.

> When mailed men troopers held the hill,
> And bugles blew for Belted Will.

A picturesque mass of old walls and towers encloses a court, whence a broad flight of steps leads to a splendid banqueting-hall, once destroyed by fire and now carefully restored. Naworth, like its sister and greater fortress, Alnwick, escaped any capture by the Scots. The position allowed it only to be attacked on one side, for it stands on a triangle, whose two sides are deep ravines full of forest and on the third side of this position were strong walls and deep moats. The family lived here and at Castle Howard during the last century, whenever able to leave London. On their Yorkshire estate they had employed Inigo Jones to build one of those stately houses of which we shall surely see no more built, as the death-rates on any man expending his wealth among his own countrymen in such ways is making the burden too great to be borne, and the counter attraction of foreign travel and investment in foreign funds is favoured by law.

The Duke of Sutherland was always encouraging his wife in doing good, and was always eager to place means at her disposal, inquiring constantly if such-and-such a good deed had been done; for, being deaf and infirm himself, he could not for many years of the last part of his life see to the carrying out of his orders. But he and the Duchess were served by able men who directed her benevolence into channels which, if denounced by some as socialistic, sentimental, quixotic, and so on, produced a wondrous amount of contentment without any deterioration

in the vigorous character of the people on the many districts affected by the management and by the charities of the family. Large as that family became, and wide as were the marriage connections, all her children and many grandchildren used to meet at one of the great houses at Christmas and New Year time, and the gatherings always included some distinguished guests, notable in literature, art, or politics.

Her receptions at Stafford House were attended alike by Whig and Tory. I give a copy of a drawing made at one of these parties when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were present.

And she who used so well the influence given her by her station, what of her appearance?

> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command.

She was tall, stately, and fair, with large blue eyes, a nose the slight high curve of which was rather dovelike than aquiline, and full lips whose frequent pleasant smile spoke the lovable nature of a mind charmingly receptive and benevolent. There was no cause which her judgment told her was good that she did not feel impelled to help. There was no fault or vice that could make her believe the offender was wholly lost. Yet no one would more readily assent to the justice of discipline, or more lovingly enforce it in her own family.

Cliveden, *January*, 1862.—Mr. Gladstone is here, having just come from Scotland, where he

has been making a long speech at Leith. Rode and listened to Gladstone reading different translations of the Iliad into English—amongst others a scrap he has written himself, which he thinks like Aytoun's style. Here are a few lines:

> Of Achilles, son of Peleus, how the dreadful wrath arose,
> How the host of the Achæans rued it with a thousand woes,
> How the wraiths of stalwart heroes Hades got before his day,
> Leaving them for dogs to banquet, and for every beast of prey,
> Sing, O Goddess! how accomplished Sov'reign Zeus his steadfast plan
> From the hour that in contention they, the twain, to fight began,
> Agamemnon, prince of heroes, and Achilles, flower of man.

Mr. Gladstone has only one weakness. He does not like looking down from a height. We went up to the flat roof of this house the other day, and he said that standing near the balustrade on the top was not pleasant for him, on account of vertigo.

1863.—A good many people here. Most of them have come for the Ascot Races. Freddy Leveson, Fred Cavendish, and I drove over for the Cup day. The Grosvenors, Blantyres, Bagots, Sutherlands, and Lascelles went in other carriages. There never was a larger gathering on the race-course, the crowd very loyally cheering the Prince and Princess of Wales. The police had to clear the front of the grand-stand and royal enclosure. Weather all that could be desired. Not too much dust. The race for the gold cup resulted at first in a dead heat between Tim Whiffler and Buxtone, and it was run again in the evening, when Buxtone



From a painting.

CLIVEDEN FROM THE RIVER, 1860.

won comparatively easily. The first race was beautiful—neck to neck the whole way, and not an inch of difference between the two splendid horses as they passed the winning-post. Mr. Evarts there. He is the American lawyer who has come to see what can be done to prevent the Southern States securing supplies through the blockade-running of ships from English ports.

April.—A family party; then Sir John Acton came, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and Panizzi, Keeper of the British Museum Library. Sir J. Acton is the editor of *The Home and Foreign Review*, which post he must now resign, being a good R.C. and wishing to be loyal to His Holiness, who has placed the *Review* on the black list of forbidden books. Sir John is more like Macaulay than any one else I can remember in the matter of memory. His knowledge is marvellously varied, wide, and accurate. He, like Macaulay, can never forget anything he has read. The consequence is that he is a walking encyclopædia. As he is now only about twenty-eight, it is awful to think what his knowledge will be when he is sixty, if health and mind last! Gladstone has a great respect for him, and if he himself ever gets beyond his depth in facts, or is at a loss for figures or dates, he always applies to Sir John. Then forthwith all the required information is poured out, as if one had only to turn a tap to make it flow. But Gladstone himself is marvellous. Although he is always poring over

figures, and is now especially busy preparing for his Budget Speech, he is yet able to speak on almost any subject, and always seems to have read any book that is mentioned. How he manages to find the time to read the number of writings he evidently does study, is to me quite inconceivable.

There is very little said here about the Danish war—I expected to hear little but talk of the war when I came from the north to London, but people seem too utterly tired of the subject. The question of the succession to the Duchies (Schleswig-Holstein) is not mentioned, any subject being apparently preferable to "the interminable discussion" about Denmark's old provinces. There may be an occasional expression of pity for the Danes, but as to backing them—oh no!

In autumn.—The Edinburgh students have had the benefit of a wonderful valedictory address from Gladstone on his leaving the old Rectorship. The students have now elected Carlyle, who met Mr Gladstone the other day. Gladstone began to talk of his election. Carlyle said, in his broad accent, "The worst of it is that one has to treat it" (*i.e.* the election) "as something, whereas it is in reality nothing."

"Well," said Gladstone, "you know there is an inaugural address to be given."

"Yes," answered Carlyle, "and I suppose I shall have to go and dig up something from the bottom of my brains, which had much better remain there."

CHAPTER III

Great Poets.—Poets have more pilgrimages made to their shrines than have the warriors. Perhaps this is because the public still expect further favours from the one, and from the warrior they know that they have already the best he has to give. They do not anticipate reverses that may again call out the soldier, but they do anticipate events that may call forth the verses of the writer. A soldier's fame is therefore more apt to subside with the dispersal of the smoke and the medals, whereas the writer's work remains on our minds, is sung in our assemblies, and is known to the youngest student and to the oldest statesman. The poet often makes the force which bears the soldier to fame in executing the behests that force has given. The man in the ranks has marched into those ranks more often through the influence of songs than through the effect of his own regimental music.

And one of the greatest to write these songs of the ranks in Germany, was Arndt. The "Wacht am Rhein" remained as the soul of patriotic and military fervour long after his death. "Sie sollen es nicht haben, den schönen deutschen Rhein,"

crystallised the national feeling to a tune that became a people's battle hymn.

And on the Rhein, near Bonn, he spent his last years in a house with a long strip of garden-ground behind it, with the river at its ending. He received us most graciously "early one afternoon in the sixties," and paced with us up and down the walk of his narrow bit of land, with the fine view of the opposite bank and the shining broad river to cheer him, as he suffered patiently the martyrdom of a visit from the "Yunge Herren Engländer." He seemed to us a tall thin man with fine features, but we were young and thought all men tall. We talked halting German to him, my mother very fair German, and my father very poor French, in which Arndt did not seem to care to express himself. I wrote: "He is a very old man. He went on talking to mama, and said he knew that her family had always fought for 'das Recht,' and told her that he considered her as a German princess whom accident had placed in the West of England. What he meant I could not understand; but it was evident he considered all he said was the highest praise. Seven Hills, the *Sieben Gebirge*, looked beautiful from his little garden. We soon said good-bye to him."

I was taken another pilgrimage to a very different poet, to one whose lays were never feverish or warlike, and who lived a calm life calmly, by a stiller water than the Rhine. Our pilgrimage was

to Rydal Mount, at Windermere, to see old Mr. Wordsworth. It is doubtful if many read his writings now, but Wordsworth's name stood then for all that was best in the English poetry of the day. Who if now asked to quote Wordsworth could "reel off" a single poem? Perhaps

> A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more,

may be remembered.

> Rest, rest, perturbed earth,
> Rest, thou doleful mother of mankind,

may be another characteristic verse, culled from no less than six volumes, all on the same placid, philosophic stuff, fit gruel for mental invalids. Nothing could incite Wordsworth to vivid poetry. The rugged scenes of Switzerland, or of the west of Scotland, the recent wars on the Continent, the great themes that shook the souls of great men and vibrated through their verse, never made Wordsworth rise from a meek contemplation of a toad or butterfly.

I remember him as an old man, seated in an armchair in a window, looking out on the lake. He had always been an old man in an armchair, looking out on a placid lake, and placidly droning his own domestic and often melodious ditties. They say it is something to have known him. It is something to remember such serene an-

tiquity. Arndt walked about at Bonn, and showed that there was fire in his nature; Wordsworth, at Rydal, sat motionless in his chair, and murmuring only of trees, and water, and grass. Arndt could raise the spirit of a nation; it is doubtful if Wordsworth could do more than raise a smile of sympathy from the benevolent. Yet, as Tennyson said, his own laurels were greener, as laureate, because coming from Wordsworth, "who uttered nothing base."

Tennyson.—But now to come to more recent days—to Tennyson, who, as he said of his friend Hallam, was "the master bowman he, could cleave the mark," who wrote the best English sentiment in the best English verse; who, although not possessing perhaps the fire of Campbell, has left patriotic verse hardly inferior to his, whose whole career was an uplifting of the tone and fibre of English literature; who never wrote a base thing, but whose thought was ever pure, manly, majestic. A great nature in a great form. Tall, dark to swarthiness, with dark, almost Jewish-looking eyes, a prominent nose, wearing moustache, beard, and hair longer than usual, turn-down collar, dark sailor tie, dark clothes, a large black soft-brimmed hat, he looked like a Italian, or Maronite monk dressed up to pass muster as an English squire. A delightful, affectionate nature, very sensitive, and of utmost nobility of taste and manly fibre, he was able during a long life to carry out

a grand ideal of life and duty, conceived and acted on from the time he was a young student at the University. With a contempt for all that he thought mean or weak, he never let indignation give utterance to any word that was hasty or undignified. The good and worthy he could praise in notes worthy of the Choir of St. Peter's in Rome. Sonorous, resonant, full, and with exquisite melody, his verse could raise and remain splendid until his theme was ended.

He himself liked to read out his poems to his intimate friends, but hated to be overheard by others. He would take us into the very centre of a large field at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, to be sure that he could not be overheard by any one lurking in the hedges, before he could stand and declaim, in deep running bass voice, any piece on which he was at work at the time, or one that had been specially asked for. I remember his thus declaiming the whole of his poem of "Boadicea," with hardly a pause for breath. It was a Battle March, set to an organ-like music of voice, but declaimed with a kind of accompanying drone, like the drone you hear as undertone with a Gaelic choir's singing.

He was very appreciative of the admiration of his contemporaries. Over forty years ago I brought to him a token of esteem from the American poet Longfellow, who asked me to take back to England with me, as a present from him to

Tennyson, a fine specimen of an Indian pipe-head, carved out of the famous red stone, which takes a fair polish, and used to be a token of a chief's good-will when sent as a gift. The life of a red man had always a great fascination for Longfellow, and Tennyson liked the American poet's works, and greatly valued his pipe, which he kept beside him, in his study, to the last.

It is too early yet to dwell long on the beautiful home at Freshwater, for the loss of so great a man, and so loved a personality, must in a measure impose silence on those who knew him well. But it may be allowed to bear a humble tribute to his simplicity, his purity, and the sacred family life, which was a model to all, unto the end.

The last conversation with him, as he lay on a couch, resting before the fire, when he showed the kindliest interest in the fortunes of us youths, who must have seemed mere babes to him, will always be a recollection to dwell upon with delight and sorrow.

1857.—Mr. Tennyson came yesterday. I knew you would wish him not to be at the hotel, and so I wrote to him to come to the Castle. I have no answer from him, so I suppose he is coming. . . . Mr. Tennyson says he likes being here very much. He smokes nearly all day. At night S. takes him up to his room to smoke, so he does not smoke in the drawing-room or hall. He heard a noise at his window yesterday evening, and went

to see what it was. He found it was a great owl beating against the window with his wings, and staring at him. He says he could have caught it quite easily.

Mr. Tennyson is wearing a beard and moustache, which I suppose he can hardly wear in London.

A later date.—Tennyson came in announcing lunch. He does not look as tall as he used to appear. He was most majestic and kindly. He sat as upright as ever, with his dark hair about him, his skull cap on his head, wearing the same turn-down ample collars, his face pale, with the deep umber-coloured eyes looking rather melancholy. He would hospitably insist in his old affectionate, peremptory way on our drinking a seven-guinea-a-dozen claret. He was glad to hear that the Queen liked his new volume. "Well," he said, in his sonorous, slow, musical bass voice. "I have given a good account of her in that volume, but the newspapers don't like my rhymes—say they are bad. I live in terror of any of the Queen's family marrying, and of hearing from her that she hopes I will write something. I have no news of that kind yet, but I live in terror of it." This with a solemnly sly wink.

He spoke of ghosts, and said that a relative of his in England had seen a friend who was dying in India walk into the room.

He has taken to water-colour drawing, and showed us a sketch of snow mountains rising over a wooded

country by the seaside, a copy of something Lear the artist painted for him, as Tennyson's own idea of a tropical island. "How's your father? I am always delighted to see him or hear of him." His nurse, when he showed us his study, where she awaited him before he took his short rest after dinner, told him he would live for another twenty years. He shook his finger at her and called her a humbug.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a distinguished member of the American Literary Society of half a century ago. These men had a historic liking for England, their old mother-land. Holmes, describing the feelings of some of his countrymen of his great West, imagines a Western giant hardly knowing where England is :

> He twirls the spotted globe to find it
> 'Tis but a speck, oh, never mind it.

and Holmes replies :

> Yes, let our brothers of the West write, smiling in their florid pages,
> *One half her Earth hath walked the rest*, in Heroes, Poets Wits, and Sages.

A pretty "conceit," implying that half the soil of England is made of the dust of the great men who have called themselves Englishmen.

Minor Poets.—Of the more modern singers one can write but little, save to recall the pleasure

their acquaintance often gave. Mr. Swinburne was the writer who excited most admiration, for his diction was always as abundant and flowing as a laughing river. No one ever reached such perfection of music in our day. His verses leap along the paths of Parnassus, like flower-scented breezes in a thirsty land. His own unfortunate deafness was helped in conversation by the ever-ready aid of his devoted friend, Mr. Watts, himself an excellent writer and bosom friend of Swinburne. The poet seemed for ever to be haunted by his musical metres, and one could see his fingers beating time to some harmony, which came not to his lips, for he was ever reserved, though kindly in society. His features and look reminded one of Shakespeare's portraits, but there was a dreamy, far-away glance about the blue eyes which the Great Master probably never had.

Then of our own day, again, were delightful Browning and his gifted wife. Browning was a man loving society, and often seen at assemblies. At one which took place at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery—a lunch, I think—he was seated next but one to me, and my neighbour was a handsome cousin of my own who had never read his books, being young and having, like the good girl she was, only read those things which were set before her. She stuttered a little, and turning to me, said: "Do tell me who this old man is on my right. I have no idea who it is!"

"Oh, don't you know, that is the celebrated poet, Browning: have you never read any of his works—poems or plays or metrical conversations? He is supposed to be the writer the least easy to remember by heart, and I was once told to learn by heart ten pages your neighbour had written. This was at school, and the horrid master who gave me the task knew it would take me about ten days to do, because Mr. Browning skips about in his narrative, and does not care to make the phrases very even and smooth."

"Oh dear, then what shall I say to him? I must say something to him, though he has said nothing to me. Don't you think he will think me rude if I don't say something to him?" All this in an eager whispered stutter.

"Oh yes," I replied, "of course you ought to say something to him. I know what you shall say; you shall ask him how his translation of the Greek poet Euripides is getting on? He is sure to be pleased at that."

"D-d-do you think so? W-well, I—I'll t-t-try."

And so the attempt was made, and I heard her, after a pause to summon up her courage, say, "Mr. Browning, m-m-may I ask how your t-t-translation of 'Euriplease' is going on—is it finished?"

Browning was enchanted at finding that this pretty lady had been so closely following his career in literature. He said, "That is a question

I am very glad to answer," and for the rest of the lunch hour he poured out to the poor girl a perfect torrent of enthusiastic suggestions and theories on the subject of Greek metre. My cousin looked round several times in despair at me, as though begging me to stop him somehow or other, but I enjoyed the situation too much to let him stop, and on the contrary "egged him on," and she never quite forgave me or him.

Browning was a short man, with pleasant "straight" eyes, grey moustache, and clipped beard.

Morris, the author of the *Earthly Paradise*, was a man of sturdier mould, but not unlike Browning in general appearance. He was equally good at writing, and designing wall-paper and household stuffs, but had little of the grace of either his poetry or drawing, and seemed to think you either too decorative, or not decorative enough, when he met you, and, as the Scots say, "condescended upon you." He did not object to reading papers he had written on Art, before societies, and then you got the benefit of what he had to give, more than by any conversation with him. He was never smooth, except in verse.

Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, was of a very different stamp. His nickname in his youth was "the cool of the evening." No one enjoyed society more, or was more worthy of the popularity he enjoyed. His vivid imagination gave him a constant sympathy with almost every

form of human character; and the last young *débutante*, and the young man of promise or position entering Parliament or society, were equally sure of exciting his interest and kindly feeling. "The beating of his own heart" was certainly not the only sound he heard. His verses lent themselves to this kind of paltry joke just as did Tennyson's, when the students at a university called out to him, on his stepping up to the Chancellor to receive his degree, "Did they wake and call you early, call you early, Alfred dear?" in a tone of anguished sympathy. Tennyson did not like that kind of thing at all. Monckton Milnes would rather enjoy it.

Aytoun was the Scottish poet of whom we were most proud. He had written so savagely against some of our people of the seventeenth century that he was reserved and shy when we met him, and seemed to think there could be little good in such spawn of the Covenanters.

CHAPTER IV

But there are many of us, who, if not in the first blush of youth, are yet "going strong," and feeling ourselves to be just as foolish as if we were still boys, who can remember people of the time of the Regency, when Waterloo was fought. There was Lord Brougham, who once condescended to write me a letter, beginning, "My dear Lord," in the most approved "Regency" style, who was in the very thick of the battles which raged around Queen Caroline, and who was her defence and stay, and the protagonist in many a political fight of that time. His vivacity was always remarkable. If he was not always jumping up and down himself, *toto corpore*, his remarkable nose was. It was a nose that jerked, and perked, and quirked, and wagged any way, with varying emotion. He remained to the last much as the caricatures of Gilray represented him. His hair was still fairly thick, though, of course, quite white. He kept himself smooth shaven as he had in youth. Most of each winter was spent by him at Cannes, where he had a villa with steps leading up to

the door, and a sloping, prettily planted bit of ground in front, where there was a lovely view of the Esterelles Hills. He received us boys at his door, took us into his study, talked to us with much animation, and advised us to see as much of France as possible; for we were on our way back from Turin, *viâ* the Corniche Road.

He was, perhaps, the best known man of his day, for he had led a life which was constantly before the public, whether as advocate or politician; his name was very often in every paper, and his face and figure in caricatures in all news-vendors' offices. He had been, in almost boyhood, one of those who had been brought under the influence of the brilliant Edinburgh Society of that day, and had a tender heart for anything and anybody Scottish. Beyond wearing the frequently folded white choker round his throat, his dress had been made to harmonise with changing ideas in costume, but he kept to small black-and-white check patterns in his trousers to the end of his days.

But there were still some old gentlemen who, after the middle of the nineteenth century had passed, insisted on keeping to the dress of the Regency. One of these was Mr. Stephenson, the father of the gallant Admiral who has now exchanged the command of the quarter-deck for that of the Commons, when he conveys to them His Majesty's gracious message that they are to attend at the House of Lords, to hear Parliament opened,

or prorogued. He lived as Deputy Ranger of Hyde Park, in the pleasant house on the north side of the Serpentine, and we used to sail toy boats in that *mare magnum*, and pay visits to the Ranger. He always wore the blue cutaway coat with brass buttons, the tight trousers, often with high boots, and the rough, furry-looking, tall, white hat of the first part of the century.

Another instance was that of the grandfather of the present Lord Lansdowne. With the exception of the boots, the costume was the same, and there was usually the old white waistcoat and heavy fobbed chain and seal. These hats always looked heavy, and when—as in the case of Lord Lansdowne, who went to sleep at one of Professor Owen's lectures which he attended with the Prince Consort, both sitting on chairs on the floor of the semi-circular lecture-room—the said hat fell on a resounding floor, the noise made one pity the head that ordinarily supported it.

Another fine specimen of the Regency was old "Poodle Byng," a vivacious Society man, whose curly hair gave him the name he was known by all his life. He used to say that he had shot snipe on the flat lands where Belgrave Square is now built, but we always held that he must have been shooting in his sleep. He was certainly a member of the Westminster Volunteers, called out when Napoleon was encamped near Boulogne, threatening to invade England; as he was certainly again a

member of the Westminster Volunteer Force, when Louis Napoleon managed to frighten England into the Volunteer movement—an act for which we should all be eternally grateful to the third Emperor.

"Poodle" did not wear the Hessian boots, but in all else he remained the "Buck" of the Prince Regent's day. There were, however, no ladies that I can remember who kept to the high-waist costume of that period. I was always curious to see one whose portrait had been shown to me in a little memoir of her career, because she was an actress whom every one respected for her character as well as for the excellent talent she had of impersonating other characters. This was Miss O'Neal, who became Lady Becher, and had a place called Ballygiblin, in Ireland. She had been a friend of my paternal grandfather and of my father, who had known her since the time when she was almost young. Her picture, a coloured print, in the frontispiece of her Memoirs made her rosy, full-eyed, plump, and regular-featured.

I was called in one day to see a tall thin woman, with an almost bass voice, and who stood and eyed me solemnly with little grey eyes, with grey curls on each side of her ears, and called my father George, in a voice Antony might have used when he called Brutus so often "an honourable man." And I gradually gathered that this dramatic dowdy represented the Miss O'Neal of my impassioned fancy. I daresay she was a dear old lady, but to me she

was a disillusioning disappointment. My father used to call her "Ballygiblin," as if she were a Scots Laird.

But another lady who realised my ideal of what a beauty should dwindle down into, was my great-aunt, Lady Charlotte Campbell, the grandmother of Lady Granville, Lady Mackenzie, and Ian and Walter Campbell of Islay. She was indeed a lovely specimen of the Past. As she sat in her chair, in her house in Sloane Square, you looked at her and thought her like a pretty piece of Dresden china. There she sat, with a high cap on her head just like those shown in the mezzotint of the portrait by Miss Reade of her mother, the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll.

There were almost the same beautiful and refined features—her delicate nose, her blue eyes, the regular little mouth; though of course, in Lady Charlotte's case, the wonderful carmine bloom on the cheeks, was, alas! not that of youth. But when one thought that this beautiful little lady, who sat so upright and seemed like an exquisite French miniature come to life, had for mother the famous beauty who set all Society agog in the sixties of the eighteenth century, one was amazed that it was still possible to speak to, and admire, the looks of her daughter 110 years later.

Here was the beauty for whom Walter Scott had laboured to write out in his best handwriting

his finest Ballads. Here was the woman who, a writer of poetry herself, had seen Thomas Campbell come to her, to read to her, and to consult with her as to any changes the finest battle description in the English language—namely, the verses on Nelson's Copenhagen victory—might demand.

> As the sign of battle flew on the lofty British Line,
> There was silence deep as Death,
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time.

Here was the loveliness that Hoppner so adored that nothing would satisfy him until she had sat, or rather stood, for him while he painted her as Aurora, a rosy dawn on grey clouds, as she scatters roses from her pearly fingers. Yes, it was still loveliness, despite the lapse of the three score years and ten. But, alas! voice and memory were changed, and only her art books, which she still loved to handle, told of her old tastes, and may have made her feel again in Italy, buying prints or rare bindings at Florence or in Rome. The poem she wrote during one of these visits to the South, "The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany," shows that she had much ability.

Her daughter told me how well she remembered coming into the room as a little girl when Thomas Campbell was reading to her mother, and how irritated the poet was at the interruption, and how he insisted that she should leave

at once, and not come back again to disturb them! She could tell her mother's stories of how she and her sister, afterwards Lady Coventry, were so mobbed in the Park that they applied, and applied with success, for a Guard to attend them when they took their "airings." She could recount how she had heard this lovely mother say that her father, Lord Mayo, had conversed with Horace Walpole, and danced with the famous Mary Bellenden, destined to become, by an Argyll marriage, a near connection of her own.

In one thing Lady Charlotte was never an adept. Economy was, to her, anathema. Why should she not have the beautiful old Italian prints? Why not possess what so many had—that wonderful Elzevir, or those founts of pure delight, the small folios printed in italics and adorned with fine woodcuts and charming arabesques? Music she cared little about; but what was music compared with the possession of old Italian treasures? So the treasures accumulated, and the finances decayed. It is like what is said to happen in the State when there is plenty of money flying about overhead, but it does not come down to the people's level, to give them employment. Lady Charlotte could write well, but she never tried to count, even badly. So there were troubles, and letters from creditors' representatives; and a very small house had to be taken for her, where she just managed to have room enough, among her Italian books and Maltese dogs, to give a little

tea-party now and then, and sit beside a fire in her armchair and wearing her high cap.

Tradesmen's bills were old foes of hers ; and once, on one awful day, an enterprising member of that "persuasion" actually pursued her to Inveraray, to the sacred sanctuary she thought inviolate. But Inveraray never had such privileges, and the writ came into the hands of the law officer residing there, and he was aghast at the situation. How could he arrest the daughter of his benefactor and friend at the Castle ? No, it was impossible. A private message was sent to Lady C.'s parent. Lady C. was promptly bundled out of her bed. The post-chaise was ordered. Lady C. came down with her maid, fully equipped for a journey. She and her servant got in. The post-chaise drove away in the darkness. Where was Lady C. ? Oh, not at Inveraray. She had left some time ago. News would come of her destination, but Lady C. had apparently not made up her mind, at starting, as to the end of her excursion. There were no horses to be got for any pursuit. So the matter must "remain over," and Lady C.'s whereabouts would be duly communicated to the tradesman, whose accounts were, in the meantime, settled by the Duke. But there must be other liabilities ? "Oh no," Charlotte had said, "oh no," she did not think there could be. She had bought so little of late. She had lived so carefully.

And Charlotte, meanwhile, was reaching Edinburgh. Where was she to be while in Edinburgh ? Oh,

that was all right. No one could seriously bother her there. Why not? Because she would be within the sanctuary of the Royal Palace of Holyrood. Sanctuary? Why, there was only a ruined chapel there. Oh dear no, there was a fine set of rooms belonging to the Duke, as High Steward of Scotland, and no creditor could arrest her while she remained within the precincts of the Palace.

So for a while Charlotte was kept in what she considered to be durance vile. But she had excellent rooms, and many friends to visit her, and the Palace court and garden for exercise. Soon her debts were paid, and she was released, only to sin again in the way of over shopping!

CHAPTER V

Eton Days, 1859.—Arrived late. We were not in bed till 2.30 a.m. Next morning we were told there were only two schools on Saturday, and that we need not go to any of them till our exam. be over. Worked at my tutor's house from 11 to 2 o'clock, when we had dinner, and then worked all the afternoon. Went to chapel with G. Howard and had great difficulty in finding a place. The service was at 10.30. Boys all round called out, "Hullo, fellar, what's your name?" and when one asked where one was to sit, it was either "I don't know" or "In your skin." I believe we shall have to go to chapel in the afternoon again. I believe I shall like Eton very much, though there is such a lot of chapel and lessons.

1860.—I have been playing second at football to-day. I am tired and bruised, so don't expect a long letter. We have great games at football and at croquet behind our house up town. Do you know little Dalmeny? He comes very often to us.

We went to see the Queen. She was in the long corridor upstairs. There was a lady with her. She was very kind to us, and laughed a good deal at what we said. She asked me what form I was in, and she



Photo copyright by F. Frith & Co.

ETON COLLEGE.

then asked Archie. Archie answered her, "Nonsense, ma'am." She looked astonished, and said, "What do you say?" I said, "It's the name of a form." Then I had to explain for Archie, for the Queen did not seem to understand, that Archie had to do nonsense Latin verses, for the sake of learning the number of feet in the verses, and that the sense verses were only done in the fourth form. "Archie is in the Lower School, that is where 'Nonsense' is the name of a form, because nonsense verses are written there by the boys." The Queen laughed at us and seemed sorry that one of us should have to write "nonsense."

1862.—Archie is now fairly established in the Upper School. He writes: "Our seats in chapel are not comfortable. I am leaning against the altar rails, a stone step, then a matting, and on this I perch. I hope I shall soon be promoted to another seat."

Went with a firing party to the Dedworth Rifle Butts. I had a horrid rifle from the armoury, a "short Hay" which threw about a mile high. The range was mostly at 500 yards. I had to aim at the middle of a turnip field about 100 yards below the target if I wanted to hit at all.

The fee to the tutor on leaving Eton is £15, to the head master £10, to the head master's butler £1. Archie has nothing to pay, being a lower boy.

We were invited to a ball at Frogmore. This is where the Duchess of Kent lives, and she gave the ball. The Queen and Prince Albert danced a great

deal. We had a dance called "the grandfather," and when it was their turn they took the ends of a handkerchief, and went down the row, and we all jumped over the handkerchief. The Queen laughed much at us as we jumped. She did not stay till the end. We stayed till the dancing was over, because if we were late we were to have no morning school. But we left before some of the other boys. The Duchess of Kent was very kind to all of us. The ball was in a large room on the left of a gallery with windows that looks on the garden. . . .

How dreadful! the Queen sent to our grandmother to Cliveden to ask if it was true that the Eton boys stayed too late, to escape morning school? Luckily she had heard that we had gone first. But we only kept the servants up, for the Duchess of Kent did not stay up late. At the end we boys were almost alone. Nothing has been said about it by the head master.

The dear old Provost was buried in the chapel to-day at twelve o'clock; the Bishop of Winchester —an old schoolfellow—read the service. The opening to the vault is in the ante-chapel, where were a number of people. The boys were in their usual places, but leaving a clear open space in the middle of the centre aisle where the coffin was left during the service. We visited the vault, where are several coffins. One of these was quite mouldered away, leaving a blackened heap of bones exposed, all that remains of an old Dr. Carter.



From a Photograph.

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY (1823—1892),

Assistant Master of Eton from 1845 to 1872.
Author of "Ionica," etc.

1862.—Dufferin was nearly taken up for assault and battery the other day in the Isle of Wight! He was on his way to visit Tennyson at Farringford. Having started from London very early in the morning, and without any breakfast, he arrived at Ryde in the Isle of Wight very hungry and very cross. As soon as he had landed from the steamer, he was set upon by the touters and porters on the pier, each wanting to carry his luggage. One fellow followed D. obstinately half down the street, although repeatedly told to be off. At last D., in a fit of despair and exasperation, pulled off his gloves, and told the man that if he came near him again he (D.) would knock him into the gutter. So the next time the porter ventured to ask to be allowed to carry the luggage D. seized him by the collar, and was preparing to administer a good kicking, when the man shook himself free, and was no more seen. D. proceeded to an hotel and ordered breakfast, but he had hardly sat down before Wilson, his valet (who was with him on the voyage to Spitzbergen), appeared at the door with his face even more doleful than usual, and said, "Please, my lord, there is a policeman at the door." So D. went downstairs, where he found a constable waiting for him, and D.'s name and address were demanded. D. was further informed that there was a summons against him for assault and battery. The end of it was that D. was told to attend the Court the next day, to answer to the

charge. But when it came to the point the porter withdrew his charge, and we charged D. with ruining his Irish estate by paying some gigantic blackmail to the sister Isle of the South.

A "whole" school day, consequently a good deal of work. I have bought a beautiful little Kestrel Hawk. I could not resist buying him, and since then we have been training him to fly at small birds; I have a hood made for him. It is a young male, and has not got his full plumage. He is very tame, and sits on his perch with great dignity.

This evening we tried table turning, and succeeded beautifully. We began at seven, and in half an hour, and quite suddenly, the table moved slightly. In less than two minutes more it made another sliding motion, advancing about a foot. Soon after this it moved again, and then rushed quickly against the door, making quite a large dent in the wooden side post. We then shoved it back to where it had first stood, and opened the doors to the next room. In less than a minute it again started, and rushed through the door, with us after it, and jammed itself at the top of the stair. The next time it ran clean into the room above the landing, and would have broken the window, which is a long one, reaching to the floor, but we stopped it in time. The motion was always slow at first, and then came the rush. We had all solemnly promised not to push, and could not have done so if we had tried, for we only had the tips of our

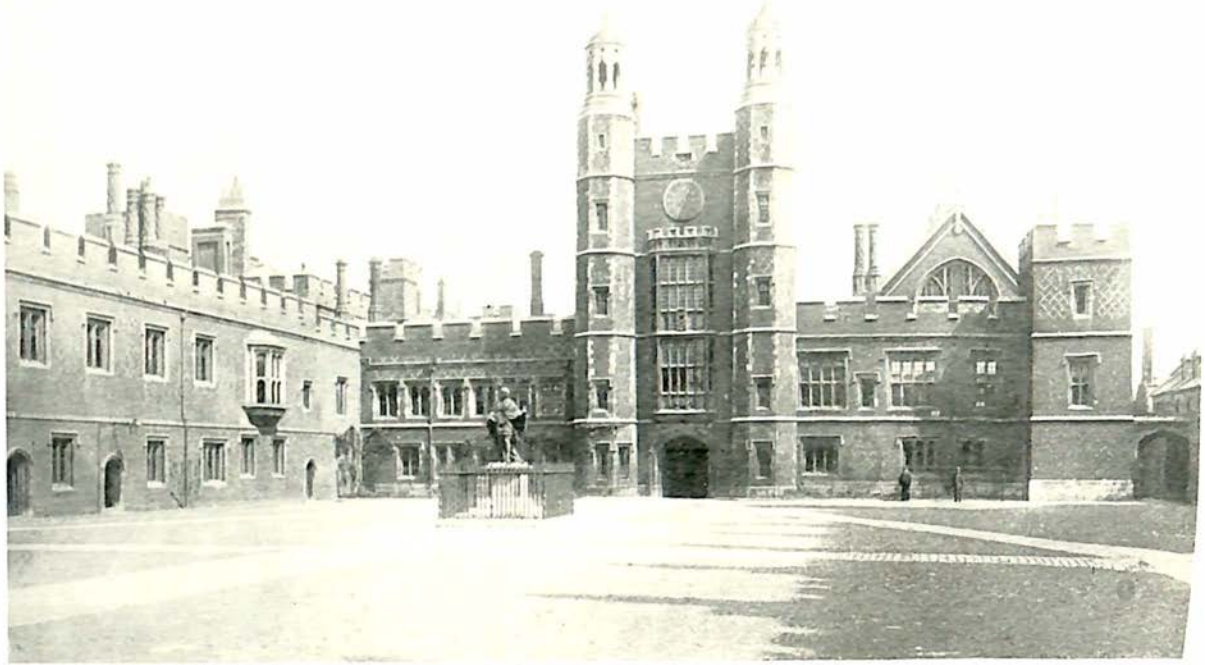


Photo copyright by F. Frith & Co.

THE QUADRANGLE, ETON COLLEGE.

little fingers on the table. I never believed in table turning before, but then I had never seen it tried.

We are not allowed to bathe in the River now. But what is a greater bore is that the High Street in which we live has been declared "out of bounds," the boating being over, and we have to do what is called "shirking." This means that we must not be seen by any of "the Potentates," as we call the masters, and have to hide in shops or get out of the way of their seeing us if we see them walking down the street. If you "shirk" into a shop or down an alley the master often sees you, but must pretend he doesn't, and so you are "not seen" and are not punished by having to write out any number of lines by Virgil or Homer. It is a very odd custom, but I suppose it is an old one.

They always show you the College Pump here, although there is nothing wonderful about the Pump, or its place—which is near the old Dining Hall. I believe it used to be shown to all new boys in old days because it was probably the only place where they could wash, unless they bathed in the River.

It is very hot, and we bathe in part of the River called Cuckoo Weir. Some boys are very good swimmers and divers. Tyrone can dive under a boy and pull him down by his toes. We sometimes bathe in a backwater behind the town, and the other day we got a fine piece of the horn of a very large Red deer. We fished this up with our feet.

CHAPTER VI

Chiswick.—"Too small to live in, and too large to hang on your watchchain," was the epigram in regard to this place, when the "Palladian Villa," with dome, portico, and pedimented and architraved windows, was built. Cedars were planted round it, and a broad avenue led up to the stone stairway, with balustraded double flight, giving access to the first floor. The ground floor was not "sunk," but allowed a good view from the square lower windows. A back-water of the Thames was improved into a little lake, heavily edged with water-lilies. A fine stone bridge was built over a narrow part of the water, within view of the house. Great flower and kitchen gardens extended all the way to the Hammersmith Road. Around this, in the days when the Villa first arose, were fields and orchards. These orchards formed a main feature of the district, down to the "forties" of the nineteenth century. The place was changed always for the better until this date, after which alterations which detracted from its charm took place, for London advanced along the Thames, and "brick boxes" invaded the fields. The orchards were cut up and the smoke of factories and of domestic chimneys began to blacken the cedars,



Photo by Buchanan, Turnham Green.

CHISWICK HOUSE,

The Garden—Broadview

now grown into fine trees. The date of the Chiswick cedars' planting was probably two centuries ago.

The growth of this tree near London can be best judged by the fine avenue of them planted about 1750 by Duke Archibald of Argyll, at Whitton, near Hounslow. All the particulars of the plantings are known, for he kept his accounts and journals very carefully, and left "books and instructions" to his agents, giving directions how all things were to be done. The result is that we know exactly when the avenue at Whitton leading towards Hounslow Heath, and planted entirely with cedar, was made.

The triple tower at that place was built at the head of a straight canal-like lakelet, similar to the old canal in St. James's Park. There are prints which show the cedars little higher than the ladies and gentlemen's figures walking near them. The lake at Whitton was later made into the form of a dolphin, with an islet for the creature's eye. The lakelet at Chiswick was not so closely planted round, but the taste for the Lebanon cedar had begun to show itself even earlier, and a fine dark clump, with low sweeping boughs, stands just behind the Villa. The house itself was enlarged at the beginning of the last century. A good dining-room and drawing-room towards the river, and ranges of dwelling-rooms at the other end, towards the garden, were added.

Here the old Duke of Devonshire, the third Duke counting back from the statesman of our day, loved to show his jewels, pictures, and vases of Derbyshire

spar, and many other treasures. There were fine Vandykes and miniatures, and on the private stair a charming series of water-colours of the beautiful place inherited in Ireland from the Boyles, namely, the Castle of Lismore, perched, in a grand series of walls and towers, over the Blackwater River. The Duke was the model of the old English noble of his time. Very tall, very benignant, full of poetic spirit, delighting in doing good, full of schemes for the improvement of the people on his immense property, and generous almost to a fault; and to his own kith and kin, however remote, he was an earthly providence. He took great pains to know about all his servants.

One day, noticing a young gardener in his kitchen garden at Chiswick, tending a fruit tree, he began to speak to him, and was struck and pleased with the lad's intelligence. He took a special interest in the boy from that time, promoting him and watching his progress. The lad's name was Paxton, and he became Sir Joseph Paxton, and was author of the idea of the great greenhouse erected in Hyde Park in 1851, which was called the Crystal Palace, or the Great Exhibition. The Duke presented him to the Prince Consort, who keenly fostered the idea, and the Laureate called the Prince for that act a

> Far-sighted summoner from war and waste,
> To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace.

Sir Joseph had a short figure, a "buxom," benevolent, smoothly shaven face, and thick brown wavy hair. He never had an "h" in his composition



Photo by Buchanan, Turnham Green.

CHISWICK HOUSE.

(except in wrong places), but always called his benefactor "'Is Grace," with whom he was always "'ighly delighted." It was pleasant to see them together: the Duke, with his very tall, thin, but well-moulded figure, his benevolent, big blue eyes, his almost Jewish, long, curving nose, and full lips with the least suspicion of a lisp, bending down towards the short and well-built and exalted ex-garden boy, who was as fond of being called "Sir Joseph" as was the Duke of wearing the Garter Riband and Star, a decoration seldom seen now, except on "grand occasions."

Each room was full of beautiful things, and there are interesting historical reminiscences connected with several. In one Canning died. It is a little room looking on to the approach. In another Charles James Fox died. This is a slightly inconvenient circumstance, as my grandmother found out, for none of the servants could be persuaded to occupy these rooms, much less to sleep in them. She wanted the valet to sleep in Fox's room, that he might be within call; but he would not hear of it, and said he would rather leave than have to confront Fox's shade. So there was no help for it, and the house remained unprotected by any manservant's presence on that floor.

At this place we spent much time during some years. It was so associated in some minds with our people that a pretty French governess, a little short-sighted, seeing a Venus on the top of a marble column in the garden, asked in all innocence, "Est-ce-que c'est une de la famille?"

CHAPTER VII

St. Andrews

St. Andrews, love for thee's not dead,
Whate'er thou taught'st of knowledge,
In days when we, not deeply read,
Were yet red gowned at College.

"Divinity,"—"Humanities,"
Thou taught'st as thou wast able:
We had our own Divinities,
Our own, most human label.

And if we skyward turned our gaze
To azure empyrean,
It was to watch white golf balls blaze
Towards the "fields Elysian."

And youth's best instincts we obeyed
In hooting our Professors,
When they barred out each learned maid,
And us, her intercessors.

Her champions, we upheld the sex—
Kate Kennedy's sweet glory:
We made the row that cleared the checks
From cultured women's story.

If great were students, when old days
Saw Butts hold silvern arrow,
We pierced our teachers' "Buts" in ways
That damned their creed so narrow.

And so we rose in Church and State;
I do not greatly err if
Each one, though he were "aye sae blate,"
Is not at least a Sheriff.

So here's, St. Andry, to thy Links,
Thy sands, and ancient story:
Drink forty gills, take forty winks,
And toast her 'gain "to-morry."

This all requires explanation. St. Andrews is a University town, famed for its golf links, its

University, where the students wear red gowns, for its ancient history, as fortress and cathedral town where at the Reformation its Cardinal was slaughtered and thrown from his own window, and for its old prizes of silver arrows for which its youth contended with the bow when young men had to learn archery. In our day we backed the ladies who determined to attend lectures and be treated as reasoning creatures, and howled at the professors who shut their doors against them. Miss Jex-Blake was the "protagonist" of these. She said she would attend the classes of Professor Swan—a very complimentary resolution for the professor, so we thought. We knew she was going to demand her rights, and we lined the path by which we knew she would approach the door of the lecture-room. The Professor was aware she was coming, and prepared to "get up and bar the door, O," according to the behests of the Senatus Academicus. All went as prearranged. The double line of students cheered her to the echo, and it was only the Principal and the Professor who blushed when they denied her admission.

We had one queer professor, who undertook to teach natural history. "I have a theory—in fact, I know," he said one day, quite seriously, "that the common theory of angels' wings is quite wrong."

"Pray, how do you believe them to be?" said a colleague.

"Oh," said the learned zoologist, "I have

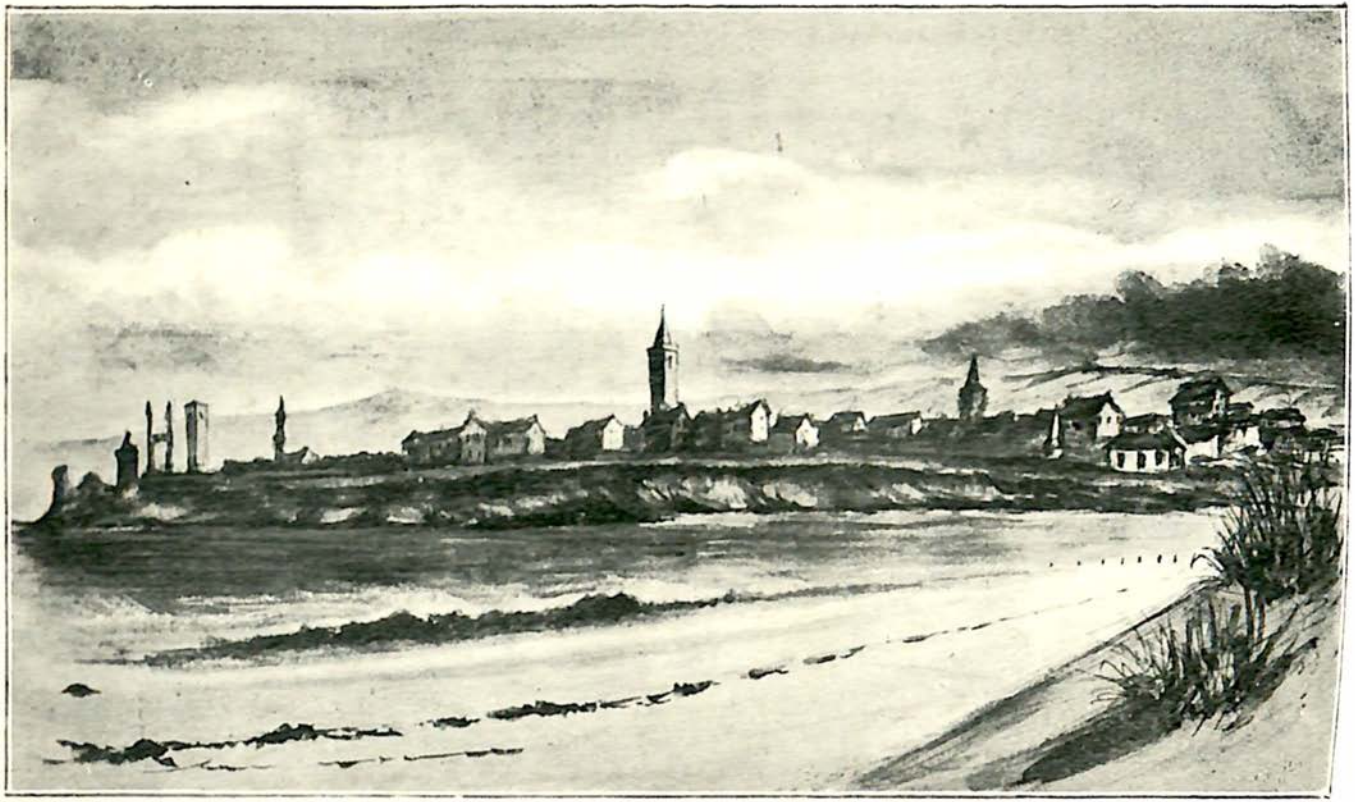
found out that what people usually think, namely, that the angels' wings are attached to their shoulders, is quite wrong; indeed, they are not even attached to that part of the back immediately behind the shoulders. It is an erroneous impression. I am firmly convinced that their wings grow from the corners of their mouths."

"Like immense whiskers," interposed D.; "but do you not suppose that they must interfere somewhat with their singing?"

"Oh no; they do not sing as we do, in low and high notes, but in a grand monotone like this: Whoooo—wooo—woo."

1862.—B. writes from London as if that good town were in the wilds of North-west America: "The terror and rage people are in about the Garotte robberies is not exaggerated. No gentleman walks about the streets after dark without arms—revolvers and bowie-knives or clubs are in every shop window. I myself have bought a kind of tomahawk with three blades, which implement I carry over my shoulder, as the glint of steel may have a great effect on any would-be garotter!"

February 22, 1863.—Had a visit from the Principal (Forbes). He was rather sore about the students' recent conduct towards him. He had stopped some mummeries a few of the students had got up in celebration of Kate Kennedy, a lady who once upon a time gave a bell to this University. The Principal had objected to the custom last year,



From a drawing by the Duke of Argyll.

ST. ANDREWS.

and the other day, when he heard what was going on, went down to the college and stopped it. In the afternoon of the same day the students met in the quadrangle and passed a resolution that the Principal had no right to stop the mummeries, and then proceeded in a body to his house, and gave him three groans, and three cheers for all the other professors. They mean to crown their insulting conduct by burning the Principal's effigy on March 10, the Prince of Wales's marriage day.

March 14, 1863.—A University Magazine has been got up lately. The result is not good, although Professors Black and Ferrier have both contributed. We students at the College Hall have got up one for ourselves. This, we flatter ourselves, is much more creditable, although only ten of us wrote in it. The chief writer is Andrew Lang, who was with us at the academy school at Edinburgh. He writes very well and quickly, and likes doing it.

At a professor's house lately the conversation turned on second sight. "I remember a Highland drover," said Prof. Veitch, "who lived in a parish near Cape Wrath. This man died, leaving a widow and two daughters, who lived in a lonely house on a moor, by the side of a high road. Well, about one month after the death of the drover, his widow was sitting alone by the fireside, when her husband, or his wraith, walked in. The apparition went round the room, but spoke never a word, and then disappeared. He showed himself soon again; not

this time to his widow, but to his daughters, the youngest of whom was dreadfully alarmed at the occurrence, the shock telling severely on her health.

"The visits were repeated for some time thereafter to both daughters and widow, and the mind of the younger girl seemed to be getting quite unhinged by the terror she felt each time her father's wraith became visible to her. She was removed to a farm-house in the neighbourhood, and while she remained there the drover never appeared to her, although he visited several times the widow, who remained at the cottage. After a time, when the girl seemed to have recovered from her fright, she said she wished to return to her mother, and was allowed to do so. No sooner had she come than the visits from her father were repeated, and the girl was so much alarmed that she persuaded her mother to remove from the place, and to remain at Loch ——, where I saw her, and heard the strange account of the drover's apparition from her brother.

"Now, these people had no earthly motive for deceiving anybody. They both certainly believed they had seen the wraith, and it was a proof how much they were terrified by it that they undertook the long and to them expensive journey to Loch ——."

"Well," said Prof. Shairp, "there is a curious notion in the district about Moida, namely, that when two young people are in love with each other they have the power of making their spectre or wraith

appear to each other. A curious story I heard from a man to whom it happened, and whose tale was corroborated by several persons I knew. The man was driving home late one night, in a light gig, and had to cross a hilly tract of moorland. He had accomplished more than half the journey, and was slowly ascending a steep hill, when all of a sudden the horse started and broke away up the hill at full gallop. The man wondered what on earth was the matter, as no horse could possibly of his own accord wish to gallop at such a pace up such a hill. On tore the horse, and the man, looking behind him, saw close to him a black something, a dark figure, which seemed to be rapidly approaching.

"Faster yet flew the gig, up the steep slope, but still faster the pursuing shadow glided, and was soon close behind the driver—then came alongside—and then, putting one foot on the step, was mounting up—when the man fainted. He remembered nothing more till he was brought back to consciousness by his friends, who had found him in a death-like swoon at the bottom of the gig when the horse, breathless and foaming, cantered up to the door of the stable. The explanation the good people of Moida gave of the affair was that a certain damsel being passionately in love with the man—who, by the way, did not at all fancy her—had caused her wraith to appear to him, and hence the fright of horse and driver."

Shairp's story went no further. He and I

rode out yesterday to Magus Muir, the place where his archbishop namesake was murdered, near three centuries ago. We found a farmer at Strath Kenniss who showed us the spot. The old road can now hardly be traced, but it ran, as did so many of the old roads, along the side of the hill, thus avoiding the soft places. A moss-grown cairn in the midst of a plantation is all that now marks the place of the murder. About fifty yards away in a field is a place where the men who were supposed to be implicated in his murder were buried in chains. The tree from which one of the confederates watched for the Archbishop's coming is still standing.

We had a good run the other day with the fox-hounds. Whyte Melville, the novelist, was one of the field. We had four hours of it altogether, with some fast going. The country is heavy, and there are a good many stone dykes.

April, 1863.—Yesterday we all went to Cupar to play a cricket match with the eleven there. We, that is, the College Hall eleven, beat them by three wickets, after a very exciting match. The weather on this east coast is quite warm and sunny at this time of the year. The scores on both sides were small, of course only because the ground was not perfect! I rode there and back, with a companion. The others went in one of the Royal Hotel "Busses." Coming back into St. Andrews we let all the people know by roaring out "We are jolly

good fellows," and one of us who had done least was loudest in blowing a horn he had brought with him, "in case of a glorious return." So the sensation caused in South Street was wonderful. Windows were thrown open, handkerchiefs waved, and half the population turned out on the "trottoirs," cheering us in the most patriotic way.

We had gone to Edinburgh a short time before, to see a demonstration of joy on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The illuminations of the town were the most beautiful ever seen. Each window in the old town looking towards Prince's Street was lighted by about a dozen candles. The roofs of the houses, and the steep bank between the houses of the old town and the Castle, shone with rows of padellas (things like shallow flower-pots filled with tallow), while all the parapets of the Castle flamed with these and with red and blue lights and lamps. The crowds in the streets were enormous, for half Scotland and the north of England had come up to town. As no cabs were allowed, the whole breadth of the streets were available for walking; and, as the crowd was kept in two streams coming and going, there were no accidents and but little crushing. The fireworks on Salisbury Crags had a magnificent effect. We saw them very well from the Infirmary Gardens. Lady C. was with us part of the time in Prince's Street, and her tall figure was so conspicuous that boys called out, "How does it look from up there?"

I hear from London that Tennyson was too late for the ceremony at St. George's, "which is a pity, for no poet ever dreamed anything more striking than that sight in St. George's Chapel." One boy and seven women were killed in the London crowd. They say that a horse was knocked down in one of the rushes near the Mansion House, which gives one a good idea of the crush thereabouts.

March, 1864.—Went to Edinburgh for Lord Palmerston's reception. He was very pleased with Scotland's reception of him. The way in which he managed to make six or seven good speeches in the course of a day or two is a wonder at his age—seventy-nine. But he was not the least fatigued after it, and he replied to a question as to whether he was not tired: "Fatigued? Oh dear no, not a bit. I am going to walk this afternoon to the top of Arthur's Seat. That was the kind of walk one used to take here, you know."

We left St. Andrews with regret. The old ruins on the low cliff, on which the town is built, the wide sandy reaches with the blue ocean waves for ever breaking over them, the wonderful golf links, and the cheery student life we led, were all charming. Golf was played in those days with clubs twice as long in the head as those now used, and I think the distance they could send a ball was as great then as now, while the chances of "slicing," or sending the ball to the right in driving, were less. Tom Morris

was the best man among the professionals. Whyte Melville was a fine player, and was often on the links, carefully dressed, with curled grey whiskers, and doing all things well.

Clanwilliam sends to me the account he gave us the other day at dinner, of his adventure during a Chamois Hunt in the Tyrol.

"Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the South of Bavaria, known as the Saltzkammergut, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling, and in talking to the chamois hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them. The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the King was expected to arrive shortly, none but his majesty's own jägers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois. I was however very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagt" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded a friend of his, named Götting, to come with us. We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods, which

became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snow fields. We now separated, Franz and Götting making a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing we halted on the top of a precipice, which, shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete *cul-de-sac* for any chamois driven up by our friends below. We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain-side and coming directly towards us. When the foremost had come within range I fired, and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it. The beasts turned, and, springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it got away, and we never saw it again. Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain, keeping a sharp look-out on all sides, and halting every now and then to give the others time to overtake us. Suddenly we heard far down below us a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never except when absolutely necessary even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely. We knew that

Götting and Franz (directly below us as they were) could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minute's anxious listening, we thought we heard shouts, and, fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name. We then heard—and this time quite distinctly, the voice of Götting saying, 'Come down, come down! it is all over: Franz has shot himself.' Siegel and I were standing together ankle-deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and I think I shall never forget the look of misery I saw there. Before I knew what he was about he had seized his rifle, had presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger. I snatched the piece away just in time, and he did not try to recover it; but, throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, how anxious to fulfil his slightest wish. I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could, guided by Götting's shouts. It was a long time before we reached them—to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune, get into trouble on our return. We found poor Franz

lying shot through the back, and in great pain, among stunted '*Knie-holz*'—a plant something like our whin bush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jäger rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the Knie-holz he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound. We stanched the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Götting said he knew of a châlet some way off, to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz. I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable Knie-holz, which threatened to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unnerved and half blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up. Götting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to traverse; he was a small man, but seemed to be all wire and muscle. It was, however, evident that at the slow pace we were obliged to go, we should never, even if we knew the exact direction—which by the way none of us did—get to the châlet before nightfall. Some other arrangement must be made. Götting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the châlet. Götting

was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it. We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the châlet was in a hollow about half a mile above, and to the left. Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions, except a few sandwiches, with Franz and Götting. A weary walk brought us to the peak, beyond which, according to Götting, we were to see the snow-field. But there was nothing of the sort there: peak rose upon peak, but there was no great level snow-field stretching away at our feet, such as he had described. We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress, the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were settling on the higher summits of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm. However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Götting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward. Tired and dispirited, we walked on, turning round only to look at the gathering clouds that were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind too began to rise. We determined to go downwards, indeed we were too much exhausted to go any higher, or waste any more time in looking for the

châlet. The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind that whistled round us made the descent most dangerous. Great spattering rain-drops now began to fall, and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out. The storm increased, and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all round us, illumining for an instant the awful grandeür of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead—each crag and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it an hundredfold. We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them, and stood waiting for the storm to abate. When we again commenced our descent, we were trembling with cold in every limb. The air, which was warm enough before, was now piercingly cold, and the wind drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force. I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was to be crossed, I gave the warning, 'Look to the right,' or 'to the left,' as the case might be. Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with the greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground. Here we again encountered thickets of Knie-holz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped

by a precipice, or 'Wand,' down which it would have been impossible for a goat to go. It was a sheer descent of at least 80 feet. This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but, as far as we could see, the wand extended for miles. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel, who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet. I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by bushes of the Knie-holz. 'We are saved, we are saved,' he cried, and explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in; and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a circular hole in the rock forming the Wand, by which the chamois hunters scaled this otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and, fearful of losing the spot, had stood over it and called till I came. We slid safely down this chimney-like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and, easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and half frozen, at ten o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter; three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a

few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted—not so much from cold, as Götting had contrived to light a fire, and they had plenty of provisions—as from loss of blood.

"I once asked Siegel what he would have done if we had not found that opening. 'We should,' he said, 'have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which would of course have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others.' Whether we were likely to succeed in doing so, cold, hungry, and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

"As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound, and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day."

CHAPTER VIII

Cambridge

'Neath Brick and Stone all Learning here
  Is loud with young men's clamour:
If Whewell's talk we must revere,
  We love best Kingsley's stammer!

There Poetry and History live,—
  He twirls the globe to show us:
O weariness! where dons but give
  Their classic nag to tow us!

Here bridges beautiful are bent
  Above a ditch's turnings!
Their system's type! Yes, Ornament
  O'er little that is Learning's!

The bridges seem but built to prove
  How art can nobly wreathe them;
There's something for the dons to love,
  Though nothing move beneath them!

As flattened as the country round
  Seems here all good ambition,
Unless by mathematics crowned,
  Or classics' worse fruition!

There *are* some changes in Cambridge now —and there is a little more modern knowledge given in the college lectures. The last time I was there it was for the purpose of being "Doctored," and my memory of places had somewhat failed me. Going with a lady through one of

the colleges, she asked me its name ; I had forgotten, but replied, " We will ask the first young fellow we meet." We passed through a dark passage from one court to another. A stream of students was pouring down a staircase into the half-lit corridor. I button-holed one, and said " What college is this ? " A Japanese face looked up into mine and said somewhat indignantly, " Trinity Hall ! Why ! Don't you know ? " So this old place had modernised itself, or, as the Germans say, had " oriented " itself, and had joined the wisdom of the modern East to the study of Greek and Latin !

Rifle-shooting and occasional country visits had made Cambridge tolerable for a year, or less than a year only. When a man is young and has already been dosed, though in full mental health, by old Greek and Roman doctors, he longs to escape from them. The only thing I cared for in Greek was the song " *Eros pot in rodoisy*." The only things I cared for in Latin were some of Horace's songs. Was it worth while to try to like more of such at Cambridge, after Eton and St. Andrews had failed to create anew an affection for the classics, felt only as a vague archæological fancy as a boy ? When one is longing to know the present world, is it wise to tie youth down to the old ?

Why do we persist in this extraordinary laming and limiting of a young man's natural ambition in learning ? Are not modern languages just as good a mental exercise ? After having once laid down

in childhood a platform of Greek and Latin, why not let the brain range over the languages derived from the ancient roots? When we draw a tree, do we always think it necessary to explore the hidden stems that are underground? Is time of so little moment, in our momentary lives, where there is so much that is vital to learn, that we must needs shorten the days available for useful knowledge? Why is a young Englishman or a young German as a rule less well equipped for the struggle of life, and for making himself a home in new lands, than are others, like the Scot or Irish, who have less pedantry, and practise a wider range of knowledge in their schools? The Irish and the Scot may place themselves on a lower level than the English boy if they take up Gaelic only as a compulsory language as well as Latin or Greek. We must distinguish between archaic forms of thought and expression, beautiful as these may sometimes be, and modern "use and wont." We must give the yearning for knowledge in a boy an ampler field.

Cambridge was only a larger paddock in the classical enclosure which had surrounded us at Eton where the only useful things acquired—and these were outside school hours—were the games and the acquaintance of many boys. There was only one master among the many at Eton who made friends of the boys and talked to them of men as interesting and more to be imitated than those who led the forces of Rome or Greece. As a "holiday task"

we were sometimes encouraged to read up and write out parts of English history; but the living Britain, her Colonies, and dependencies, the living action in European and other states, we were not taught to know.

Was it to be wondered at if we felt the University tedious, after the first joy at its novelty? With so much young manly life shut up in the old college walls, we had only the Union Student Debating Society to help us to realise outside wants. We wanted, many of us, to know the real world, not that of philosophic Dons, willing only to discourse on the bones of the blessed in ancient church or state history. We had seen all the Newmarket races, we had shot many of the neighbouring squire's pheasants, we had won many of the volunteer silver cups, we had cheered the University crews—all this was some comfort; but more was wanted. At a supper at Cyril Flower's (now Lord Battersea), talk fell on the attempt at insurrection in Jamaica, and my friend Strutt and I resolved to visit the West Indies. In a few days we were off, and never again went back to the fogs and shades and the cloisters of Cambridge.

1867.—Dined last night with Kingsley. He was charming, but I think him extravagant in ideas on some subjects, especially on "race and blood." He tries to make out, for example, that the French Revolution arose chiefly out of race hatred. The nobles,

he said, were Franks, as shown by their light hair, in opposition to the dark hair of the plebeian Gauls. He must be working hard, as he has to preach the University sermon on Sundays, and lecture three times a week besides. His lectures are excellent.

He had a stutter when speaking, and this could only be prevented by a continual flow of sound. If he paused, the difficulty of utterance began again. The remedy he found successful was always to keep the voice sustained, making one sentence follow the other without break of sound. This made the delivery appear a little hurried, but his style was so good that interest never slackened. There was one lecture I especially admired—a wonderfully vivid description of Harold's battle in the north-east, and of his march, after his victory there, to fight the Normans at Hastings, and the resulting fight at that place was marvellously described.

Won the Trinity Cup, rifle-shooting, with a fair score. Parties of some kind are perpetual here. You are asked out to breakfast, lunch, tea, or supper, and the latter lasts from nine to twelve very often. We had a jolly party at Thomson's (Lord Knaresborough) last night, all Eton men, and all consequently pleasant—good wine, good singers—then home to college, Melgund with a white bulldog he is very fond

of, and which always goes about with him. No dogs are allowed in college, so the difficulty was how to get the dog and M. in. The gate was locked, and the porter in letting us in would be quite close to us and only too easily spot the dog. But the animal was put under his gown, making it bulge enormously in front, and a tail or a paw was always insisting upon sticking out, and would not be packed in. One of us went and knocked, and as soon as the porter appeared stood in front of him, and engaged him in the closest conversation. Another went in front of M., edging round so as to be always between the porter and the bulging gown, and all passed safely, the dog behaving magnificently, and only giving vent to his feelings by wagging his disengaged tail, which looked so like the piece of white silver on the gown that the porter was quite unsuspicious. A final gathering in my rooms, with some mulled claret, and then M. was got out of college in the same manner with the discreet dog. Melgund and Aberdour are the best riders here.

We who pay higher rates are called "Fellow Commoners," and wear high hats and a blue gown with silver zigzag ornaments—much the sort of thing in which you would dress the magician in Aladdin's play; "noblemen," who pay still more, have black gowns and wear a gold tassel on their "mortar-board" and caps. Is not this very childish? We have visited dear old Lord Hardwicke at

Wimpole, a place with an interesting painted chapel and good avenue of trees in a large park. He "comes out strongly" on naval matters.

He does not agree that the Duke of Somerset is doing the right thing at the Admiralty. He thinks the waste and expense prodigious—the French ships, especially the *Couronne*, better than ours. He wants a system of light and heavy ships, as we had before. "The next time you fight the French, they will be in battle order. They will have their light ships, with good guns in front, and they will disable your rigging as your heavy vessels approach. When you are crippled, the heavy ships will sweep alongside your damaged hulks and complete the work. Unless you fight in their way and have light ships to engage as skirmishers, and then the heavy batteries of guns behind, you will be beaten." He thinks the economy and excellence prevailing in the French fleet admirable.

I am getting very tired of Cambridge. It seems to me that both in England and Scotland the public schools and universities do really the reverse of what ought to be done in the way of allocation of subjects for teaching. They give most of the boys' and men's time to classics, and the lesser part to what they call "special subjects." Why don't they do the opposite? Why is not the direct training for a life's work made the chief thing, and the classics the lesser object? What is a luxury and decoration they make the chief food

and the main structure. Surely science and all its branches, useful mathematics (not too hard driven as here), mechanics, chemistry, languages, knowledge of commercial affairs, and of law, etc., are the things the men will want. Why not supply them with all that is possible while they are young? Who remembers or cares for classics, except as a luxury? Oh! the misery of this waste of time. Students, unless they are prodigies, will not give more than a certain time to work. Masters and professors seem to try to make the time as useless as possible. I long to get away and see something of a less perverse world, less hampered by old fashions of teaching, less limited and more practical, as I should think almost every other "seat of learning" is outside these fine old walls.

We were allowed to do something useful in drilling. The volunteer corps was fairly good under the command of Colonel Baker, a brother of Baker Pacha. We paraded once with the Oxford corps on their fine parade ground, in haymaking time, and the file fire of sneezing from hay fever, as we advanced in line together, was enough to show we despised all enemies. Our rifle range was a very good one, and some of us once improved upon it by trying to hit the targets from the top of one of the college towers, using a new "match rifle." The bullets may have hit something, but certainly not the targets.

The best clubs were first the Union, where politics were discussed, and where Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice was perhaps the best speaker, and the other club was the Amateur Dramatic, where the acting was often excellent, although we had to take ladies' parts. As to the teaching, the answer of Whewell, Master of Trinity, to a student who said that there was little work done, was typical of the general tone: "If you wish to work," he said, "there's nothing to prevent you!" Of course this all depended on the nature of the work one was encouraged to do, and the nature of the work favoured as instruction was not encouraging.

ON CHARLES KINGSLEY'S DEATH

Manly soul, we mourn the parting
That consigns to English earth
Him whose pure and hardy spirit
Honoured well his English birth.

Fair ideal of our manhood,
Moulded of the metal fine,
That could counter back a buffet,
Trenchant, cleave a base design.

High of spirit, scorning meanness,
Yet of nature humble, true,
That would love to yield its reverence
Where he saw it justly due.

Real and open, undissembling,
Loving joy as he loved truth,
Preacher of no sad religion
That would kill the joys of youth.

'Tis the man thou did'st remember,
Not the priest who is divine,
If like thee of simple honour,—
Pure in every word and line,

Not in vain their lifetime's labour,
Quiet tho' such lives must be,
Of the men who, dying, leave us
Living men, like Amyas Leigh!

Here is a carpenter's bill :—

		s.	*d.*
Ap. 16.	Makin a Weelbarrer and a wooden do.	8	6
Ap. 19.	Makin another and a wood do . .	8	6
		8	6

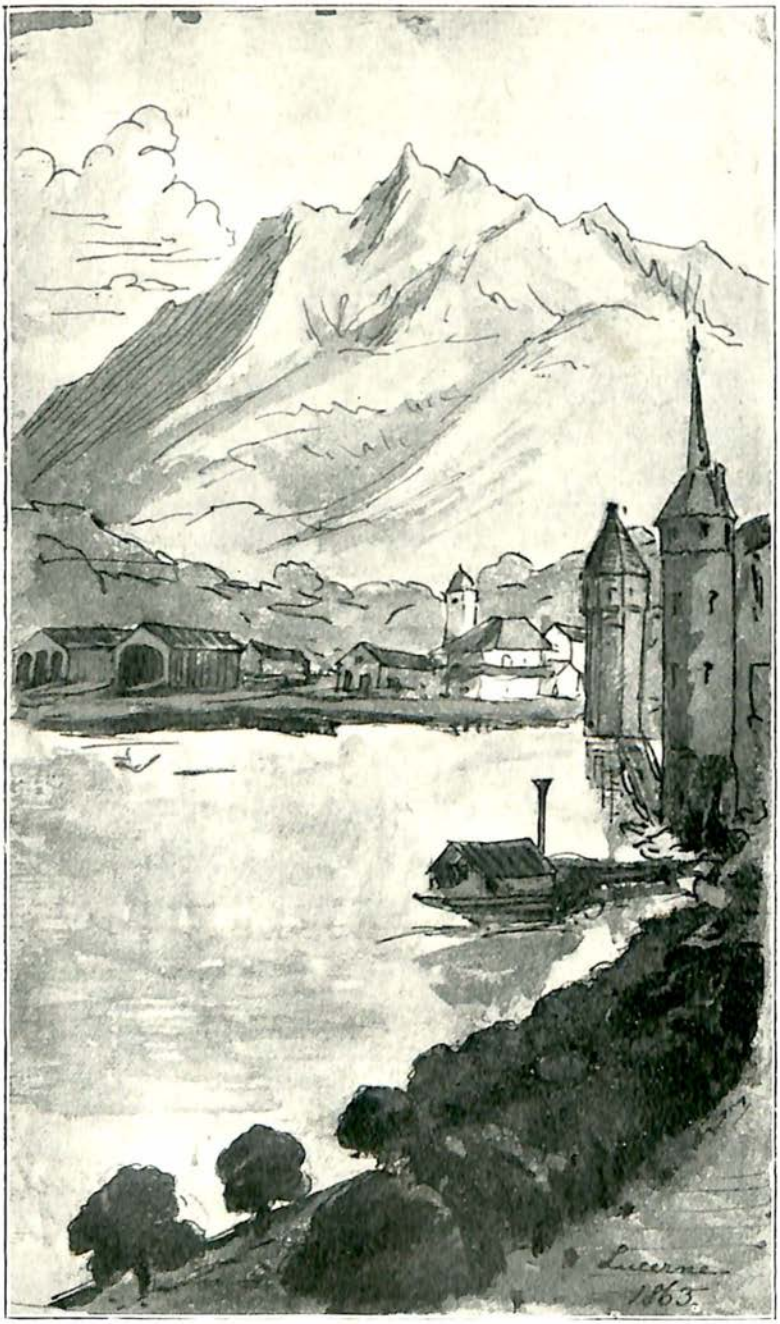
The peculiarity is that seemingly both "barrers" cost 8*s.* 6*d.*, and yet the sum total is only 8*s.* 6*d.*

The explanation is that the first item is "Makin a Weelbarrer and a wooden do" means making a wheelbarrow but it would not "do." So only one "barrer" is charged.

Here is another bill :—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Osafada	0	10	6
Atakinonimone	0	2	6
	0	13	0

Which being interpreted is "Horse half-a-day," and "A-taking-of-him-home."



From a drawing by the Duke of Argyll

LUCERNE, 1863.

CHAPTER IX

"Bellinzona, 1866.—If you can imagine the feelings of a small dog after it has made a good spring to gain the top of a wall, but has only managed to scrape his paws on the top bricks, and then tumbled back ignominiously, you can imagine mine.

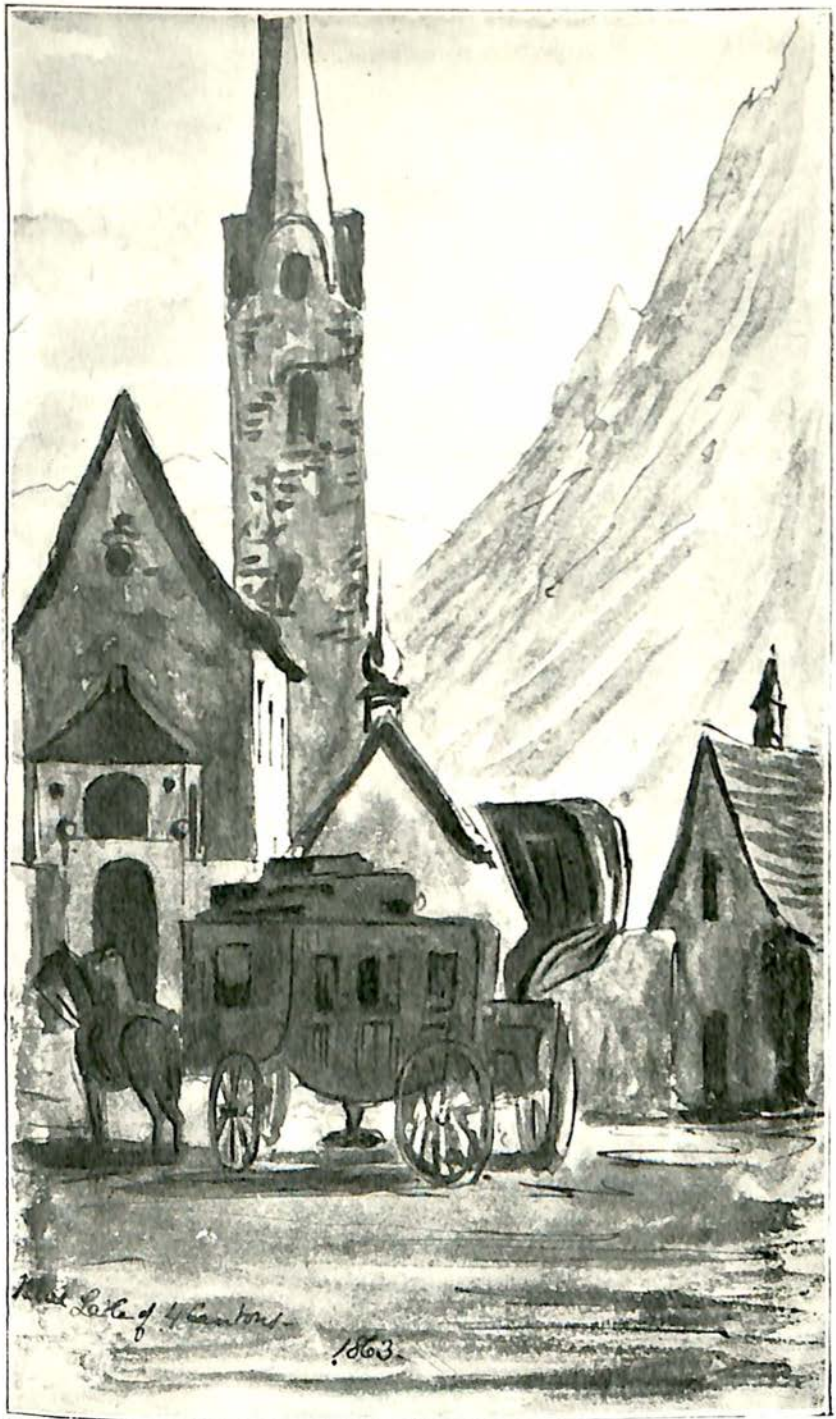
"There never was such bad luck. If I had started three days sooner from Florence I should have got over, for the pass of St. Gothard has been closed for the first time this year, yesterday and to-day. The snow-fall has been tremendous, breaking the telegraph wires, and stopping all communication. I got up to Faido in a four-wheeler —then changed to a sledge carriage, which did not always get along well, and sometimes stuck so badly that I and two other passengers had to get out and shove behind and do what we could to help the horses. This operation repeated several times did not tend to make me more comfortable when we got in again, and the snow poured down uninterruptedly, and underfoot it was in a very wet condition. We got on with difficulty beyond Airolo, and within no long distance of the top,

when the attempt was given up as a bad job, the conductor being in a funk about avalanches which had begun to fall. The last passage over the top is made in small open sledges—one horse to, and one man in, each. I was not sorry to have a few hours at an inn, instead of in such 'machines' in such weather. The snow is four if not five feet thick up there, and in drifts of course much deeper. I came back with a Swiss who had gone just before me, and who had to get out and help the conductors to clear a path through an avalanche that had obligingly fallen across the road.

"We are both in a very bad temper. I am off in another two hours' time (at 2.30 in the morning) for Lago Maggiore, to hear if the Simplon is possible, and if it is not to go straight to Turin—Susa—and over the Mont Cenis, which I suppose must be open.

"What a bore Alps are!"

It is becoming difficult for modern travellers to imagine any one crossing the Alps on a road, or traversing the Atlantic in a paddle steamer. Yet I have done both more than once. The coach road over the Mont Cenis is preferable to the tunnel, to any one desirous of getting a full impression of a first journey over the snowy ranges of Central Europe. It was delightful to pause at Modane, and to rest there for the night, with the frosty sky radiant with stars, above the soaring



From a drawing by the Duke of Argyll.

"DILIGENCE" AT ALPINE VILLAGE, 1863.

mountain forms, which shone white, or smirched with the black that told of rock or pinewood.

Who can forget the feelings with which one looks at the first real "Alps"? And then how pleasant the cold sunshine in the morning as the coach became gradually packed with passengers and luggage, and the slow ascent was begun along the excellent road, while the ravines on one side of the limestoned terrace way became ever deeper and deeper, the view more entrancing of chalet and mountain hamlets, with their church spires, and the wonder ever greater how men could choose to live in such steep and cold places. Oh, the long, long pull up the steep ascent, the ever-varying glory of sun on peak and glacier and snow-field, giving an ever-growing admiration of the wonderful views, until at last the summit of the pass was reached, and the descent, the Italian descent towards the plains of Lombardy, began. And then the eager expectation, until at last, past the avenues of snow slopes and meagre pines, the blue loom of the distant flat country became discernible, and we knew that we looked on Italy.

The capital was then Turin. Cavour was in power. His country had become one kingdom, save only for the "enclave" of the Papal States, a mere district around "eternal Rome." The Parliament was sitting. The session was held in a large semicircular hall, as seems the invariable custom of the Latin races. The form is that of

a Greek theatre, with the Ministry on the stage, and the Deputies each at their desks in the half-circle, fronting them. It was the tribute due to the leading part Savoy had taken in the unification of Italy that the Parliament should first meet at Turin, though the sentiment of the people already tended in the direction of Florence, nay, even of Rome itself.

Cavour, a little man, with round bald head, white hair, and shaven face, firm mouth, and gold-rimmed spectacles concealing sagacious eyes, was "the observed of all observers." "If you want to get entrance into the House, you must ask for 'il Deputato Lacaita,'" said an old friend to us. How was it that an Italian Deputy could be an old friend of us "young people"? Because this gentleman had lived long in England, had married a Scotswoman, and was a great friend of Mr. Gladstone and of the old Duke of Devonshire, for whom he had at one time acted as Librarian at Chatsworth.

Lacaita had always been a fervent supporter of a United Italy. He was a Neapolitan, and the story of how he became for so many years a naturalised Englishman, before his own country's unity allowed him to go back to take part in its public life, was a curious one. Even as a youth, he had liked the English, and had in a measure learned the English language. During the reign of "Bomba," as Ferdinand was nicknamed at Naples, a party of English made an excursion

to the lovely island of Capri, whose rocky outline bounds the sea-view from the Bay of Naples. They invited young Lacaita, then a barrister at the Neapolitan Bar, to accompany them. Arrived at the island, they lunched in high spirits, and some chaff took place among them as to the Government of Naples. It is supposed that some chance words of Lacaita's were overheard by a waiter and repeated to Government spies, but nothing was said which could, except by the basest distortion, inculpate him as guilty even of an indiscretion. The party reached Naples happily, and nobody dreamed of anything but pleasure in the recollection of the day.

Very soon afterwards, Lacaita was walking along the Sea Parade, when a man passed him, and as he passed said to Lacaita, "Fuge, fuge" ("Fly, fly"). The man walked on quickly past him, without turning his head. Lacaita thought this a strange warning, but did not like to take any notice of it in so public a place, and continued his walking. But after a short interval, another man passed him, and this time Lacaita's arm was significantly brushed by the passer-by, as though to excite attention, and again he heard another voice saying, "Fuge, fuge," and the second man passed on, as the first had done. Aroused by this second rencontre to the suspicion of something uncanny being meditated against him, Lacaita quickened his pace, with the intention of going home. Too late;

for he had only proceeded a few score more yards when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Looking round, he found he was arrested by two policemen. These hailed a cab, and, placing Lacaita inside, entered with him, and drove off to the prison!

Luckily for the young Italian advocate, some of his English friends happened to see his face at the cab window. They saw, also, the uniform of the police who guarded him. They understood the situation from a sign he was able to make to them. They at once went to the British Representative, told him they had seen their friend in duress, and begged him to make inquiries as regards the arrest. The Minister to the Court of Naples did so, found that Lacaita had been arrested for alleged seditious talk at a picnic party when on the Island of Capri, and that he would be kept in prison. Then began a persistent English agitation, and he was finally allowed his liberty. He attended a reception at the palace, but the King, passing him, would not look at him, much less speak to him. He was made to understand that he must leave the country, and he came to England, and was a *persona gratissima* there in society. He was invited to many country houses. One of those he frequented in the north was that of a Scottish judge, Lord Murray, who loved to yacht about the the west coast, and leased for many years the house and estate of Strachur on Loch Fyne, which the Roman banker, Mr. Plowden, bought long afterwards.

At Chatsworth he met a great number of men whose friendship was dear to him. His son became M.P. for the town of Dundee. But at the time when we were told by him, at Turin, to ask at the door of the Parliament House for "il Deputato Lacaita" he was really in the companionship of his ancient Neapolitan friends in the United Parliament of his beloved Italy. There were notably two there who had suffered much in the cause for which he had so nearly suffered also. These men were Poerio and the Duke of Caballino. Long imprisonment in the Castel Uovo, the egg-shaped fort in the harbour of Naples, had been their lot; each of them had despaired of ever seeing freedom again. The narrow dungeon and chains had been their fate for year after year.

Both bore evident marks of the severity of their confinement. Both were then at Turin, and very willing to speak of their experiences to sympathetic Englishmen, yet all they said was said calmly, and without rancour. Our friend brought several others; among them Cavour, courteous, clever, and more like a vivacious little family doctor than the physician of a kingdom's welfare. He had been a sapper, or engineer, and had designed the fortification of Vintimiglia; and when the French insisted on having Nice, Cavour insisted that Vintimiglia should remain Italian.

Then there was a striking-looking priest of liberal opinions, Passaglia, and other deputies, of whom I

chiefly remember Massari. The next time I entered an Italian Parliament, Florence had been exchanged for Turin, and the pleasanter banks of the Arno for the Po.

No place can feel colder than Turin in winter, with its fogs and dampness; and Florence's arcades, though not so numerous as those of the Lombard Capital, have never the draughts and mists of the north. Again I saw deputies rise and speak, and be congratulated by their colleagues, by hand-shakes, when they sat down; an altogether novel practice to us colder-blooded Englishmen.

Again, long afterwards, I attended a Session of the Italian Parliament, and this time it was at the Monte Cittorio, in the Roman Palace, of that name, which is devoted to the assemblage. Again the place seemed hardly worthy of being the head-quarters of the kingdom. I do not think there was a single survivor of the Parliament that I had seen so many years before at Turin. The Marquis Rudini may have been the sole exception. Lacaita was dead, and all those to whom he had introduced me.

What enthusiasts we children were in the cause of Italy! How we admired the good stout house of Savoy! With what eagerness, in the days of the Crimea, we looked out in the illustrated papers any drawing of the "Sardinian Contingents'" camps on the Tchernaya, the little river on our extreme right flank in the lines before Sebastopol, where General La Marmora, with his superabundant



From a drawing by Swinton.

LADY CONSTANCE GROSVENOR, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Youngest sister of Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll.

moustaches, guarded the rear of the allied lines!

It is strange what a courtier the moustache is, and how it invariably jumps up, or lies down, at the caprice of the moustache of the Sovereign of the land! King Victor Emmanuel had a magnificent, waving, double brush of a moustache, which waved away in space on each side of his fine manly countenance. And his army incontinently followed suit, as far as they could; but it was not given even to Lombard upper lips to be always so magnificently hirsute as was the Sardinian King. So men did what they could, in this Sardinian army, to be loyal; and if the moustache would not grow out in almost equal thickness from nose to ear, it was made to stick out in waxen spikes at right angles to the nose.

The finest example of this kind of decoration was seen in the case of the Duke of Genoa, the King's brother, a fine fellow in all ways, who was much fêted when he came to England. Among other entertainments given to him was a dinner in the great banqueting-room, over the entrance of Stafford House, looking out over the portico, on the Duke of York's former stable-yard. We boys were, as usual, in Highland dress, and were told off to act as pages, to stand behind the chairs of the chief guests. I was behind the Duke of Genoa's, and shall never forget the effect on me, of those moustaches, even although only seen from the back.

My feelings were those of pure, unmixed envy. I had a vague impression that everybody at Genoa must go about with these hairy stilettos openly displayed, for the terrorising of Frenchmen, and of any others with whom they might disagree. But the ladies sitting at his side did not seem at all alarmed, although I thought that one sweep of the head thus adorned might knock my grandmother backwards, chair and all, or forwards, prostrate among the plates on the table. Nothing of this character happened. The adornment was not used at all, at least on this occasion, as the crocodile is said to use its tail to knock its neighbour into the soup of Nile water, or backwards on to dry land. Indeed, my grandmother seemed to like the swinging tails, and we certainly all admired the handsome man who wore them.

But far beyond our admiration for the House of Savoy was our adoration for Garibaldi, the man who made the Sardinian and Savoy Kingdom that of Italy. His heroic figure seemed the very ideal of all that boys long for: calm courage in the hell of battle, a leonine confidence that communicated courage to all around him, the fixed resolve to venture life, and all, on the cast of fortune, at the right time; the crusade against despotism, bigotry, and bad government of all sorts, as we were taught in England to consider the normal state of all the little Courts of the Italian Peninsula.

What had Austrians and strangers to do in Italy?



From a painting.

A RECEPTION AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

asked we, who had no personal knowledge whatever either of Austrians or Italians. But were not the "Tedeschi" Courts, or the Bourbon Courts, relics of the horrid Bonaparte, whom, we had always heard, had been the scourge of Italy? and was not Italy very beautiful? and how would English boys approve of Prisons for political opponents? or admire their states, not one of which had proper Parliaments and proper policemen? We did not care to argue further than that we knew that all the little Princes did was "a beastly shame," and the liberator Garibaldi was "a ripping good fellow"; and so, when the leader and organiser of the "1,000" of Marsala, of the men who had conquered Sicily and the Neapolitan Kingdom, came to England, we were on the tip-toe of excitement. And so were even all the servants in the houses where Garibaldi was first a guest.

He landed in the Isle of Wight, and went as guest to the Seelys and the servants there straightway brought him coffee; but in their hurry they had placed salt instead of sugar in the sugar basin, and the poor General found to his surprise that English custom apparently salted all coffee cups. Exactly the same thing happened at Stafford House, when the time came that he was at last brought into the hall, and received sitting (for the wound received at Aspromonte made him very lame) the congratulations of all present, the servants again brought him salt instead of sugar. But with the sole exception

of this lapse in sweetness of his coffee cups, what a wondrous reception the people of London gave to this single-hearted volunteer soldier! There were too few police in the streets to keep order, although the Government might have anticipated an enormous crush. The only organised men to assist the police were the volunteers from England who had served under the General during his campaign. These were a most useful band to keep a way for him in his entry into London. For the people were beside themselves with enthusiasm. I never saw a crowd so genuinely excited and delighted in England. The numbers were vast, and with such numbers it was impossible there could be good order, for the crowd was helpless against itself.

The Duchess of Sutherland had invited the General to take up his abode at Stafford House, and had sent to the station one of the open carriages of the model she always used. Four horses drew it, two postillions riding them, while four persons could be seated in the carriage, and there was a "rumble" behind, which held two footmen. It was with the greatest difficulty that the lame General could be got into the carriage through the crowds at the station, and then began a most toilsome, slow, and at one time even dangerous journey, through the streets and across the bridge. It was on the bridge crossing the Thames that the moment of peril came. The people, unable to withstand the pressure of their own numbers,

forced the carriage on to one side of the road and then further even, on to the sidewalk. One of the postillions, an old friend, named Donald Sutherland, who long survived as an innkeeper in Argyllshire, often told me how he thought his last hour, and that of the General, had come. For it seemed as though the carriage would inevitably be pushed over the parapet into the Thames below.

The horses were at the barrier; Donald said he got his foot out of the stirrup, to try to scramble on to the led horse, and drop on the crowd beyond, for he thought the next moment "they would be over." But the red-shirted volunteers, and a few police, made a desperate effort, and the seething crowd was forced back on itself, and the carriage was drawn on to the centre roadway.

The arrival at Stafford House was again a scene of somewhat dangerous, because utterly uncontrolled, turbulence. It seemed as though some of the good-natured and struggling crowds must be crushed under the horses, or against railings and walls. Hands clung on all sides to the carriage. The weight was so great on the rumble behind that it came down bodily, with the two footmen in it on the heads and shoulders of the mob. But again the red-shirted volunteers did manfully, and squeezed a track through the multitude, and then had the greatest difficulty in preventing the people from entering the house with the General. The

great mahogany doors had to be pressed back against a mass of humanity that seemed determined to enter, in sheer rollicking enthusiasm. After a reception in the hall, the General, who was fatigued by all the homage paid to him, was shown his rooms, which were those facing, on the ground floor, Clarence House. Here he was, at last, left in peace for the moment.

One of the most remarkable opportunities given to the people to again show their feelings for him was that given by a visit to the Crystal Palace, and another, when his friends and distinguished sympathisers were able to see him more privately, was at a party given for him at Chiswick. There, under the portico, Mr. Gladstone, with others, waited for him. And Gladstone, when Garibaldi had slowly ascended the left-hand outer stair, met him with a fervent hand-shake, and Garibaldi, holding Gladstone's hand said, with deep feeling, the single word, "Précurseur!" meaning that Gladstone had paved the way for his own effort in Italy, by inclining public feeling, both there and in England, against the Government Garibaldi had been instrumental in overthrowing.

All this enthusiasm on the part of the people for the Italian liberator, and the manner in which the Duchess and her friends in London had received the hero, was, of course, little to the taste of the ultra Tories. They dreaded "the sentimental" gush shown by the Stafford House folk, recalled

old civilities extended to them at the little Courts of Florence and Naples, and prophesied that no good could come of a movement which had so vigorous a flirtation with revolution. But these good Legitimists did not see that revolution against evil government is not a revolution against the rights of man and the consequent ownership of property, and were led away by the mere name. If they themselves had been obliged to live permanently instead of resting only as birds of passage under the Austrian or Bourbon rule, in Southern Italy, they would have welcomed the Liberator as keenly as did the Whigs.

Lord Shaftesbury, who was of a totally different Tory "stripe," and who knew the London people very thoroughly, having spent his health and strength in their service, was of quite another opinion, and kept saying: "Bless me, why, bless you, Duchess, you have done a great good," and he went on to assert that the General, being a simple man, would have been got hold of by intriguing politicians, having their own little game to play in domestic politics, and made a cat's-paw by them, for the increase of their own importance. Although no Government troops kept the road clear for him, and he was only unofficially welcomed, no man ever received a more national welcome.

His appearance was very peculiar, partly owing to the costume he wore. The great characteristic

of his presence was a singular immobility and calm. But he had a ready and very pleasant smile, when the fine blue eyes under the straight fair brow shone with an honest benignity which was very striking. A good, straight, well-formed, "important" nose, with full fair beard and moustache, a good forehead, very straight in line in profile with the nose, and hair worn to a length a little beyond the ear lobes, all gave a look of quiet force. There were many deep wrinkles at the corners of the eyes. He looked more like a Norman than an Italian, and there may have been Norman blood in the Genoese family from which he sprung.

He wore a "pork-pie" or round small sauce-pan-like black cap, and a poncho, or long cape cloak, made of the grey-blue colour of the Guards' new overcoat. Underneath this he wore the plain red shirt which had become the uniform of his volunteers. His lameness from the wound in his foot was always very apparent. One knew, from hearing him speak, that he believed his task, though so nearly accomplished, was not completed, in his opinion. He could not bear that the Pope should be cursed by what Dante had called the curse of worldly government; and the Papal States were, it was well known, a mark at which he would, some day or other, launch his men. He will always stand out in history as the pilot of the ship of the reconstituted Nationhood of Italy.

He gave one the impression that any fear,

hesitation, or fuss, in action or in peace time, were things utterly impossible for him to be troubled with. He had none of the vivacity or gesticulation which we are wont to associate with Italians. I never saw him excited, although I have seen him in at least one trying situation. A quiet dignity seemed always to possess him. While others raved around him, his face appeared absolutely calm. Such calmness as this is a great possession for a man. It seems to lift him above his fellows, and keeps him on the straight path while the passions of his companions make them sway this way and that. It was long before there was any opportunity of seeing him again.

From the Duchess of Argyll

We had a long waiting yesterday—first on Dover House roof to see Garibaldi pass Whitehall, and then at Stafford House, but well repaid. His face is sublime : all one can imagine.

When he passed, it was the most thrilling thing. The people pressing so close round him that he seemed borne on their shoulders. He standing and waving his arm for four hours. He acknowledged he was very tired when he arrived at last, and when I took him to his room he said he would like some bread and cheese and go to bed. So we had only five minutes of him.

We are now going to Chiswick. . . . Mama is off

to Stafford House to dine with the General there, Chiswick was very successful—not a very large number of people—almost all family—Lord Russell, Lord Clarendon, Mr. Gladstone all presented to him. Garibaldi saying "Oh," with surprise after each name, and then making little complimentary speeches in French. I wish you had seen the entry yesterday; it was the greatest ovation that has ever been paid to anybody, the crowd cheering not with separate cheers but with one great roar. There is to be a great "drum" at Stafford House on Wednesday, and on Thursday he is to be taken to the opera. So you see he is to be made very much of.

CHAPTER X

Inveraray (*November*, 1863).—We had a grand otter chase at Kenmore. There is a large cairn on the sea-shore in a bay, a great jumble of rock. We were nearly successful in bagging a very fine otter. The dogs found soon, and made a great row, deep down under our feet, the otter giving, every now and then, a surly grunt. Three of us had guns, and we were all watching the place where we thought it would bolt; but he was so long about it, and the dogs seemed so far away, deep under ground, that we had begun to get a little careless, when one of us suddenly caught sight of him coming out of a cleft between two great stones. A shot was fired, but missed. The next who got a chance was an under keeper, who hit the otter in the side with one barrel. I was too late, as the beast was hidden from my view behind stones while this happened, and I only caught sight of him as he plunged into the sea. A salute to the tip of his tail, as he disappeared, was the only thing I could give him, and so we lost him, and hoped the keeper only

wounded him slightly, as seemed to be the case.

We immediately loaded, and, taking different stations along the rocks, waited. There was no sign of him until two fishermen in a boat shouted they saw him. We rushed along the very rough shore, as fast as we could, to the place where his wicked-looking little head came up out of the sea, opposite the keeper, gave a grin, and disappeared. The keeper's shot specked the water all round where the head had been, but again too late. Another interval of a few minutes, and the little black snout with long whiskers appeared for a moment, a little farther out. I tried my rifle, but the ball was an inch too high. Down he went, and we never saw him again, as it was too dark. The terriers thought they had seen him under a large stone, over whose sides a thick tangle of seaweed drooped into the water; but, after rummaging about the place for some time, they gave it up as a bad job.

We had sometimes more picturesque otter hunts, up the three rapid streams which flow through the three glens near Inveraray. It was always at daybreak that the start was made, when the regular pack was brought along the country-side by the gentlemen who kept them going, and who hunted all that part of the west coast; fine young fellows they were, and there is now not one of them alive. It is probable that the overheating from running

and working with the hounds, and then wading in the cold water, is harmful, for I never knew a man who hunted otters much to live long.

But the "field" was a most picturesque sight, when the dogs were well under way, searching all the overhanging banks, and wild rock rents, and stony heaps of boulders along the banks, which are usually deeply shadowed by wood. The huntsmen were in short corduroy breeches, but the following was one of ladies and of kilted men. Far up some deep glen, where cliffs overhung lovely pools of amber water, the otter would be found to have got into some rock ruckle, and then the fun was begun with the terriers. These would chase the otter into all his hiding-places, and then you might see him, through the clear water, sally forth by some subaqueous passage, take a swim round the pool, without ever once showing his nose to the hounds waiting and baying above, and re-enter his fortress by another waterway. He was more often successful in cheating the dogs than the hunt was in killing him. Sometimes when the dogs were not very near, he would leave the stream altogether and take his way through woods for half a mile at least, in order to take refuge in some cairn in the afforested mountain side.

We had one especially beautiful scene, when the kilted figures were grouped eagerly at the foot of a cascade, and the ladies were peeping from above, holding on to branches of trees, whose boughs,

of tawny gold and light yellow, with the enduring green of the oak above, hung over the white foam of a waterfall which descended into a pool so deep that it looked a brown-black, with only the amber fringe of the shallows near its outlet. The otter had defied us long, but at last was driven into the pool, and, trying a dash down the current, at the "tail of the Lynn," was overtaken by the maddened dogs. Their prey was taken from them and lifted on a short spear, while they leaped up and made music louder even than the cascade itself, in its time of wildest "spate."

Gamekeepers have killed most of the wild animals which used to prey on game. I have only once seen a marten in the Highlands. They are rare now everywhere in Great Britain. I was crossing a burn in a wood in the hills, when a little creature the size of a cat sprang from above, on to a big stone in the burn, and, seeing me, turned towards me, showing the yellow-white patch on the breast which distinguishes the marten. It would be worth while to keep these creatures in some enclosure for the sake of their fur, but the difficulty of having a fence "marten proof" would be great. Polecats, again, have nearly disappeared. I have never seen more than three in Argyllshire, but they do exist in the wilder parts. Badgers are more frequently seen, and I have dug them out of their burrows on mountain slopes, and marvelled at the brave fights they made against the dogs, when

it seemed impossible that any number of their enemies could kill them. As regards wild-cats, although they are to be met with in the north-west, they have vanished from the more southern parts.

The keepers we employed were usually men of the district, and had not much respect for any one who was not of the neighbourhood. One told a story of a showman's big ape. The animal, a big hairy brute, had been taken on tour through Aberdeen, Inverness, and Oban, and had finally come to Inveraray, a good deal the worse for his expedition to Scotland. But heavy clothing had, it was hoped, brought the baboon's health "round again." At Inveraray, seeing woods all about the town, it made up its mind to escape, and did so, but starved in the woods, and, getting very sick, came down again to the side of a road near the town, where it died. Two of the farmers found it as they wended their way homeward, after refreshing themselves at the inn.

"Deaeer me, what na beast's yon?"

"It's no a beast—it's a man."

"A fery hairy man," said one.

The other drew near, and, after an inspection from some yards away, replied: "It's a man, but did ye ever see such a hairy man? It canna be a Highlander—no, no, it canna be a Highlander; do ye thinks it's a Lowlander, Donald?"

"I think not; I don't think a Lowlander is quite ever, ever so hairy as yon."

"Deaeer me," said the first, "I think it canna be a Highlander; I think it canna be a Lowlander. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll just go to the Castle and just see if any of the English visitors are missing since the yesterday."

To turn to less doubtful natural history. The sea has brought its wonders to our shores. A boy saw something splashing and shining in the shallow waters of the bay, which sweeps up almost to the roots of the old beeches of the avenue planted at the foot of Glen Shira in 1620. He saw it was a big round fish, of a strange kind. He got help. It was encircled with a net, and dragged to shore, and lo, it gleamed like burnished steel and silver, blue above, with many half-crown-like spots, with crimson fins and tail, and the body very thick and round. This was a fish known in the Japan seas—the opah, or sunfish. At another time the fishermen out in their boats saw, to their surprise, a white island rise like an iceberg from the blue waters. They saw the white gleam vanish, only to be traceable in its quick course just below the surface. It was manifestly a whale. They were right in their surmise. It was a *Beluga arctica* strayed from the seas of Spitzbergen, and come to see what the herring of Loch Fyne were like. Whether the herring appreciated the compliment of the great white whale's visit is doubtful.

There were few herring in the Loch that year. Some said that the whales and steamers had alarmed

them and that they had sunk to the bottom of the tremendous chasm, seventy-five fathoms deep, that is called Loch Fyne. Others said it was not the whales and steamers so much as the trawlers who scared the fish. Now, the trawlers are men who come with a couple of small sailing-boats acting in pairs, and trawl or sweep with their nets the water between each boat.

Sometimes they came with little steamers for the same purpose. Since this kind of fishing has been going on, say the old hands, the catch of herring in Loch Fyne is now no longer the regular thing it used to be in old days. What was the method then? Quite a different thing. There was no splashing, no noise to drive away the timid shoals. Quite silently the boats of the drift-net fishermen—larger craft than the little ones now used for trawling—would set out at evening, and drop their nets so as to form a wall in the waters. Against these walls the shoals of fish would swim in the night-time, entangling themselves by the gills only, so that the bodies of the fish were not squeezed or damaged as they may be with the regular work of the trawl-netting, and at the first grey of dawn the wall of net was lifted.

What a wondrous sight this afforded to visitors! A night spent in a good large fishing-boat could be quite cosy, and then when the time for lifting the catch came, it seemed as if a silver carpet were being slowly drawn up by the labouring fisher-

men. So heavy was often the "take" that the nets were damaged by the weight of the fish. Every mesh held a herring. "May a herring always hang to you" ("Semper tibi pendeat halec") is the motto of the Borough of Inveraray; and so it might have been until to-day, say the burghers ruefully, had it not been for the legalising of the trawling. The herring are great Tories. They never say, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis"; on the contrary, when good customs change, these fat fish, like rich men, say they will take their capital away, and won't take the trouble to change their habits by staying where they are bullied.

As with beasts of prey, so also with birds. I remember the fork-tailed kites, quartering the skies with the buzzards above the hilltops. Now we never see a kite, and buzzards are rare. Peregrine falcons also used to breed in at least one of the precipices, and are now gone. We never had regular hawking on the moors. Falcons were caught, reared, and trained in the old fashion, first with a lure, then with pigeons, and were at last taken to the moor and loosed at grouse. Flying at herons was sometimes also an amusement, but was not liked so much by the owners of the falcons, as the birds sometimes got harm from the heron's beak. But with grouse there was no difficulty, and it was a very pretty thing to see the peregrine single out the prey he wanted from the covey, and strike it down. The kestrel and

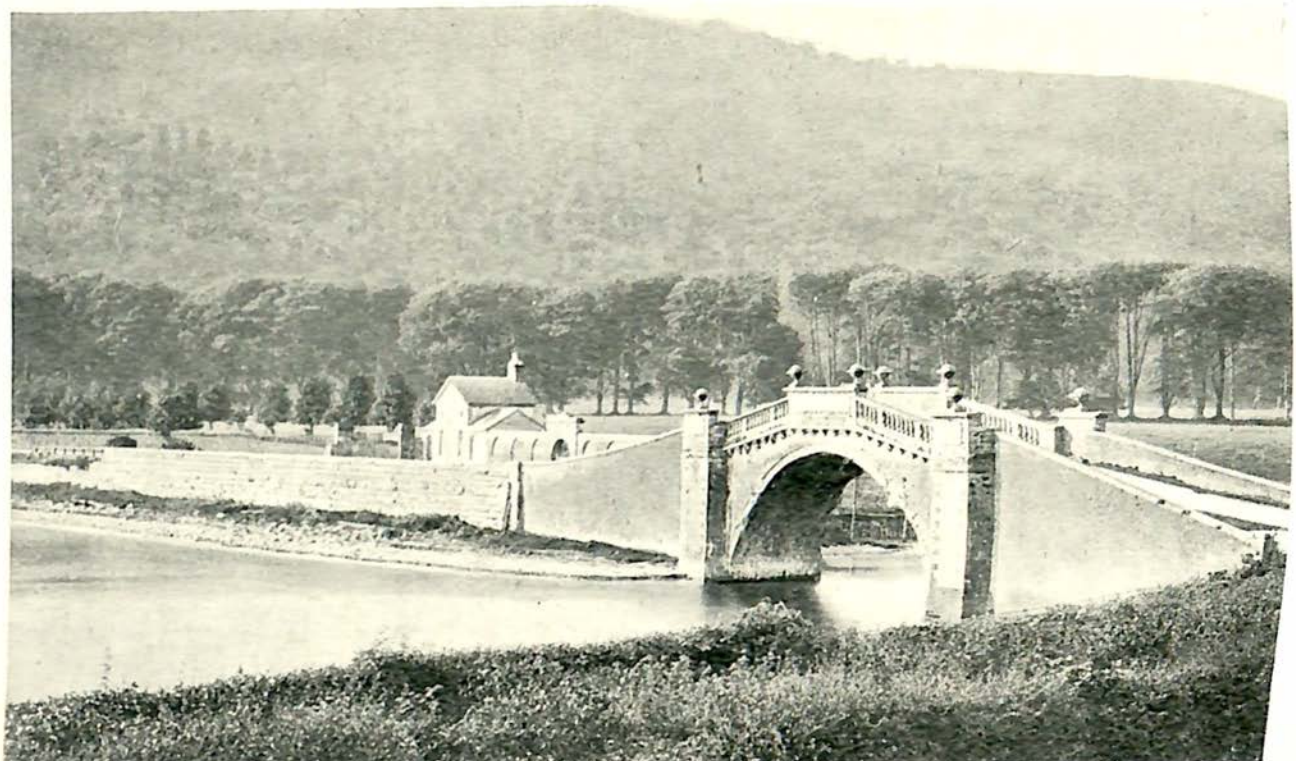


Photo copyright by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

SHIRA BRIDGE, INVERARAY.

merlin are the only hawks now seen, and neither of these has ever been trained by us.

It is curious how the training of wild creatures is only attempted by some races, and how others never seem to have imagined that the attempt to use them for man's purposes could ever be made. Hawks were as common in the Highlands as they were in England or on the Continent, and yet to use them in the pursuit of game was never thought of by the Celts.

The same curious want of imagination is seen in America, where none of the Indians ever thought of doing that which is commonly done by all the Northern Asiatics, namely, the training for use of the carriboo, or reindeer, always used by the Laps for milk and haulage. But this does not prevent the imagination of the less resourceful folk from thinking themselves superior to the others. One head keeper we had was always looked upon as an inferior craftsman by his Highland colleagues, although he was a very deft fisherman, and a very knowing fellow. But courage, as he himself said, when courage required anything in the water, was not his to boast. A lady whom he was attending, whilst fishing, slipped from a rock where she had been standing, and fell into a pool. The fall was nothing, but the water was deep, and she was just disappearing when David, our friend from Fife, managed to catch the end of her skirt and pull her to shore. As soon as she opened her eyes, David shouted excitedly to her, "Mind, I would na have swum a stroke for ye!"

And another day, when my father and he were fishing in a moorland lake from an air-inflated, gutta-percha canoe, their little vessel passed over a ledge of reeds, that made a hissing sound against her bottom as though air were escaping. David instantly took a mortal fright, and shouted to my father, "Mind, if she rive, I'll hold on to ye!" which declaration made my father forthwith provide David with a cork jacket for his own special and separate use, on all such joint boating excursions.

But he was a good walker, and could outlast most men on the hill when after a deer, or on the long tramps to near the summit of the highest mountains when the quest was after ptarmigan, turned snow-white among the snow in winter, or when the great wilderness of moorland, over 1,600 feet above the sea, and lying in white desolation between Loch Awe and Loch Fyne, was traversed by the sportsmen in line for the sake of shooting the "blue" hares, now all white save the tips of their ears and their eyes, which alone showed on the wintry uplands.

The hills along the shore of Loch Fyne have been well planted, the face of the slopes towards the water being covered with trees, so as to give the effect of forest belts, deeper than in reality, for the reverse slopes have often been left for farming. Some of the beech avenues were planted in (about) 1620, in the days of the Marquis of Argyll, and very many more date from 1750,



From a photograph.]

THE TAPESTRY DINING-ROOM, INVERARAY.

when Duke Archibald was engaged in building the present Castle, and in removing the old one. The old town also, which had grown up at the mouth of the river Aray, close under the Castle walls, was removed and built again on a jutting promontory a few hundred yards away. The beautiful palladian bridges which span the Aray and Shira Rivers were built at the same time, an enormous amount of labour going to their construction. The river near the Castle, and for a mile above, was embanked and artificial falls made at intervals to check the winter rush of the torrent from doing harm to the banks, which near the sea were most skilfully dyked. A large lagoon was filled, and became a fine pasture field.

The trees have flourished wonderfully. There is a great Scots fir 123 feet in height, and a silver fir 145 feet high, and this is said to be the tallest in Great Britain. A laburnum recently cut down measured nine feet three inches in circumference, at five feet from the ground. There are Spanish chestnuts, worthy in size of the South of Europe, but their fruit is poor and small.

The place and woods suffered much during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when a surprise attack gave it into the hands of the Stuart party. Seventeen gentlemen of the name of Campbell were hung in cold blood, though every usage of civilised warfare would have demanded that they should have been kept as honourable prisoners. The Macdonalds

burnt a number of women and children alive, in a barn in Lorne. Two successive chiefs of the Campbell Clan, father and son, suffered death by beheading at Edinburgh. It was only through the accident that a retainer was able to hide the family charters and papers in a cave, that these documents escaped destruction.

In the eighteenth century, when the next head of the Clan came with William of Orange from the Low Countries, in 1688, matters mended. Argyll placed the Scots crown on the King's head at Whitehall. His son was the commander of the Whig and Government forces in the war of 1715. He spent much money at Inveraray; and his brother Archibald, who succeeded him as third Duke, carried out his plans, and added greatly to them. Indeed, during the whole of the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, works were incessantly carried on under the sense of security given by the failures of the Jacobite faction to upset constitutional government. During the insurrection of 1745, the fourth Duke commanded the militia of the west, and his son was at the head of the men of his name at the Battle of Culloden. Not allowed at Falkirk to do more than guard the camp, his militia covered the retreat to Linlithgow, and their leader busied himself with the raising of men for the coming of the Duke of Cumberland with more of the regulars, ensuring the final victory near Inverness.

It is curious to note among the trees those that



From a photograph.

THE SMALL TAPESTRY DRAWING-ROOM, INVERARAY.

have not flourished, as compared with others. For instance, many tulip-trees are recorded as having been put into the ground as vigorous plants in 1760, and in 1905 only one survives. This has attained the height of about sixty feet, and is in good health. Of the oaks it is difficult to judge, for the best were taken for use in ships, during the wars with Napoleon, and none were left of any remarkable size. Some of the larch attain to over a hundred feet. Of all recently planted, the British Columbian Douglas fir thrives the best, and is likely to show a growth as good as in its native woods, where a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet has been recorded. It is one of the bad consequences of the death taxes that few will now plant forests, for the taxation of all that is visible at capital valuation deters any who do not want their successors to pay over and over again on the same thing.

There is a very beautifully fashioned and interesting cannon preserved at Inveraray. This is a gun got from the wreck of a vessel of the Spanish Armada, in the year 1670, at Tobermory Bay, in the island of Mull. It is a French weapon wrought at Fontainebleau, for Francis I. of France. On the fore part of the "chase" it has in relief the "Fs" of Francis's name, and the *fleur-de-lis*. On the vent it has the King's cognisance, a salamander in flames, the old belief being that a salamander was so icily cold that no fire could harm it. The

"cascable" or button at the butt end of the piece, is made into the likeness of a pomegranate, and is bored through, evidently as an afterthought, so that a rope could be passed through the hole to assist in slewing the gun round in taking aim on board ship.

That one of the French King's guns should have been recovered from the wreck of a Spanish vessel seems strange. It is, however, explained by the records showing that some of the cannon captured from Francis in his invasion of Italy, at Pavia, were put on a vessel contributed to the Armada by the State of Tuscany. The ship was named the *Florencia*, after the capital of Tuscany, and when she got to Vigo a Portuguese captain, Pereira, and crew were put into her. She joined the great fleet of Medina Sidonia, was in the action in the Channel, and was one of the vessels which escaped north into the German Ocean, and so made her way right round the "Orcades" or Shetland Isles, and, coming down the west coast of Scotland, took refuge in the bay of the "Well of Mary" in the Isle of Mull. Scotland was not at war with Spain although England was, and there was no harm that could threaten her in a Hebridean harbour; but her captain was foolishly persuaded to take some part in a feud between the Macdonalds and the Macleans, and it has always been reported that the loss of the ship was owing to the act of a Macdonald.

This man had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards



Photo by Endsman.

ARMADA GUN.

Made for Francis I., captured at Pavia in Italy and put on the *Florencia*, Commander Pereira, for the Armada.

while they were assisting the Macleans, and it occurred to Pereira that such a prisoner might amuse his friends at Lisbon or Vigo. He therefore prepared to sail, and took the prisoner with him, but took little precaution with regard to him. As the ship was lying in the harbour the Macdonald got at the powder magazine, and blew the vessel into the air. Every one perished. Only some horses are said to have escaped.

In 1670 the Earl of Argyll engaged a Swede to dive with a diving-bell. The Duke of York, as High Admiral, interfered, claiming Crown rights. Argyll resisted and won, in a case brought before the Scots Courts, as Argyll was Admiral of the Coast. The Duke wrote him a handsome letter, acknowledging that he had been in the wrong, and saying that he hoped it would not be taken amiss that he had acted as he thought it was his duty to act. The sole result of the diving operations of the year was, as far as we know, the recovery of this handsome gun, the surface metal of which has now acquired a pleasant green tint, and is still in such good condition that I have seen heavy charges fired from it for saluting purposes.

At the hotel in the town, Burns wrote on a window :

> Whoe'er he be who sojourns here,
> I pity much his case,
> Unless he come to wait upon
> My Lord, their God, His Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in His anger.

But this was before our days of motor-cars, billiard-rooms, and the admirable care and comfort Mr. Gilmore ensures to every guest in the twentieth century, at his hostelry.

The family which for so long a time has made this place its head-quarters moved here from Loch Awe, where a castle on an island in the narrow part of that Loch was the first considerable stronghold they possessed. Near it, in the "String" or Pass of Lorne, their ancestor Colin Mhor, or Black Colin, fell pierced by the arrow of a murderer hiding behind a rock by the wayside. His fathers called themselves originally not Campbell, but O'Duin, or sons of Brown Diarmid, the Celtic hero who eloped with Queen Grainia, wife of King Fion, and who, like Meleager, slew a terrible wild boar.

The name is undoubtedly Norman, and is found in France under Cambell, Cambellanus, Campell, while there is no name the least like it in Gaelic history. O'Duin took the Norman name after the marriage of his mother, the daughter of Paul, the Treasurer of the Celtic King. It was as much the fashion for Celtic maidens to marry Norman knights, as it is to-day for American maidens to marry British men of birth. The name of the French Ambassador to the Court of Queen Victoria, and now to King Edward, is the same. His name

Cambon is simply a variant of Fairfield, as Cambell is also. Sometimes the "p" is kept, from the old Roman "Campus"; at other times it is dropped.

Tradition is seldom wholly wrong, and in this case tradition is backed by charters proving when the name O'Duin was dropped for that of Campbell. People speak of the name as "curved mouth," and say Cameron means "curved nose." Cameron has no Norman tradition, but Cambronne is more like the name than the Gaelic pronunciation of "arched nose." Personal peculiarities may lead to nicknames, but nicknames are seldom adopted by children, unless there is something to be proud of in the name. Norman rolls have the name. Scots rolls have not; and in the days when the Norman marriage took place, all Gaelic chiefs were counted, as were the Jews, as son of so-and-so, who was son of so-and-so, *ad infinitum*; or at least until the deluge drowned the backward counting.

That this careful counting in remembrance of their genealogy was common among the Celts arose from the very simple fact that unless a chief kept his descent continually repeated to men who could not read, his followers would not remember his descent. If they forgot that, they were apt to flout his patriarchal title to command. His chiefship depended on the tribesmen remembering why he was chief. His patriarchal power was more absolute than that of a modern father in his own family. It was everything in the tribal organisation. It made

him their chief, for whom, as for a father, each member of the tribe had to lay down his life if called upon to do so. Others might be adopted by the clan. The Campbell Clan was good for over 5,000 swordsmen, and this meant something in the days before the thirteenth century. In the fourteenth, the whole army of Scotland assembled on the field of Bannockburn was only six times that number, namely, 30,000 men. The chief was king and high judge of his people. Some of these attributes remained to a late day. Argyll was Hereditary Justice of Scotland, and the jurisdiction was only bought out in the eighteenth century.

The last state trial was perhaps that of Stewart, who was condemned to death for the murder of Campbell of Glenure. The trial took place in the house now used as the Chamberlain's House. There one can still see the traces of the bars that kept the prisoners in the lower rooms. The Duke, as judge, sat in the room above. The executions took place on a mound, where now stand two old beech-trees, close to the landward side of the old road to the Castle. This road left the shore at this point, and was carried by a bridge which has now disappeared up to the old town and Castle, which stood eighty yards nearer the river than does the present Castle. A finely sculptured cross now standing in front of the village esplanade has on it good specimens of the patterns which were brought from Italy by the monks of the Irish Church.



From a photograph.

THE TAPESTRY BEDROOM, INVERARAY.

These designs came originally from the East, and the identical undulating floral scroll on the side of this monument can be seen at the present day frequently employed by the brass-workers of Cairo. The cross was in the market-place of the old town, raised on a platform or stone "stance," and from this place proclamation used to be made of any document affecting the lieges. In miniature its form was like that of the market-cross platform at Edinburgh, but the metropolitan one has no central ornament.

There are now plenty of red deer among the woods and hills in the neighbourhood, and a large number of Highland cattle share with them the pasturage. There was no drainage made in the glens of old, and the only land which could be cultivated was on the slopes where a natural drainage allowed man to put in patches of barley or oats, the ploughing all being done by a hand plough, such as is still seen in remote parts of Ireland. All the land of the valleys has been reclaimed from heather and marsh and bad grass, at an enormous outlay in drainage and general improvement. The venison for the consumption of the household used to be got chiefly from a deer-forest called Coriante, in the district of Cowal, behind the modern town of Dunoon. Old rents were paid in bolls of barley, or oats and cattle. The introduction of sheep was comparatively modern, and the innovation gave a use to the hills which they formerly did not possess, the cattle being poor and small.

At the time of the building of the new Castle, the poorer men all wore the kilt and plaid, and blue bonnets, and the women the plaid, either over their shoulders or drawn over the head. Shoes were not much in request. The richer classes wore the cocked hat, and long coat and knee-breeches in fashion among the Lowlanders. The houses were mere rough stone cabins, thatched, with the fire in the centre of the one room they contained, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the thatch. At Inveraray the earls had built stone and slate houses in their town, and there were some of two stories. I can remember several of the older and more primitive cottages in the country districts. One which Rob Roy lived in, when under the protection of the Duke of Queen Anne's time, was inhabited till recently. A cow had one end to herself, the family the other. Rob Roy's knife-handle of cow's horn was found not long ago. "R. Mc.G." were the letters cut deeply on it—a curious relic of the last of the freebooters.

Of legends of the neighbourhood there are several of comparatively recent date. Here are two of them.

"On a fine summer's evening in the year 1755, Major Campbell of Inverawe was walking by himself on the hill of Cruachan. Suddenly there appeared to him a wild-looking man, evidently in abject terror, his feet cut from running over rocks on the steep hillside. He threw himself at Campbell's

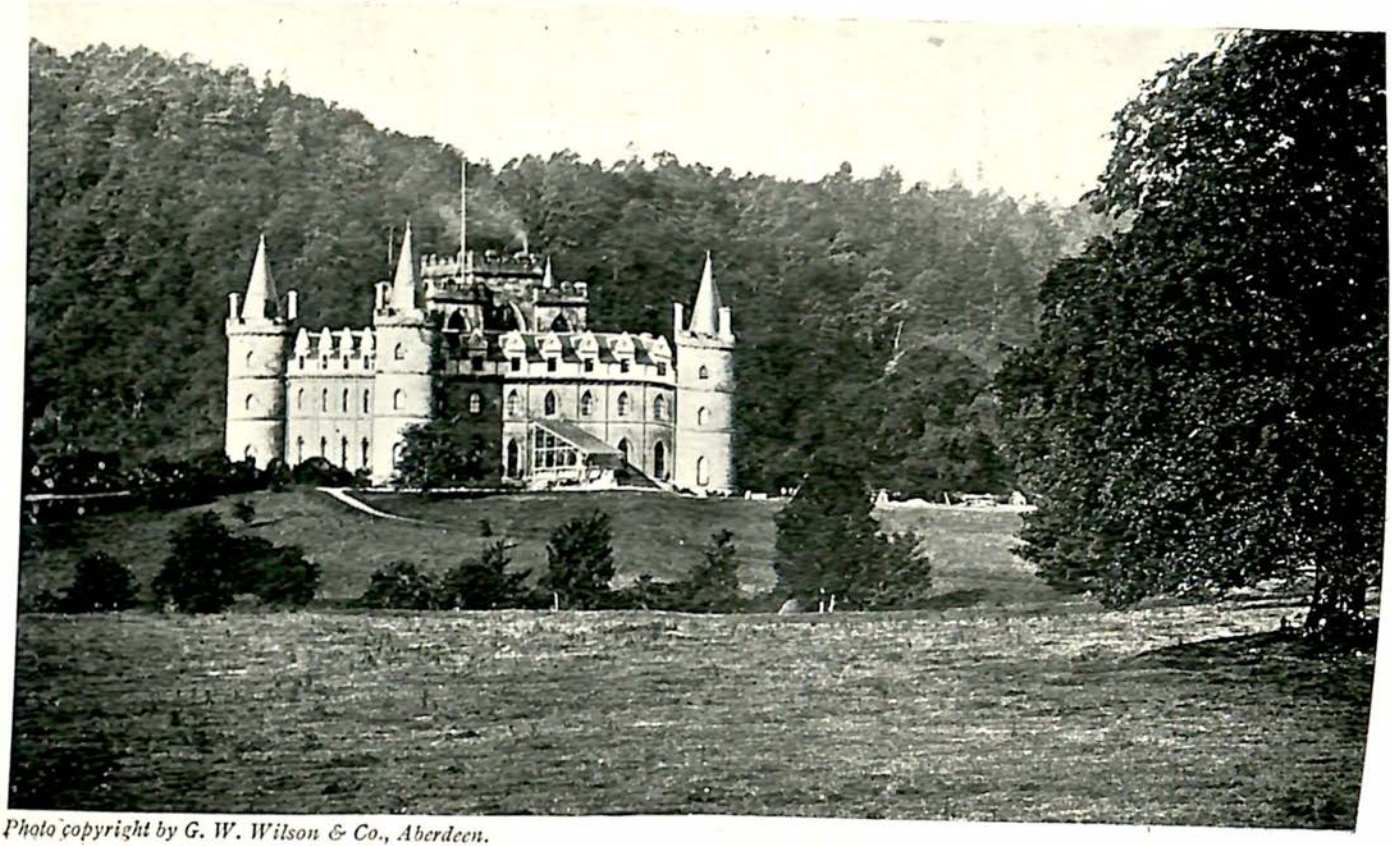


Photo copyright by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

INVERARAY CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

feet, imploring his protection from his enemies who were pursuing him. Inverawe, filled with pity for the miserable man, swore on his word of honour, as a Campbell, to protect him from his foes, whoever they might be, and hid him in the cavern of Cruachan, the mountain whose peaks look down on Glen Aray from Loch Awe. No sooner had Inverawe placed the man in safety, having promised him to return daily to the cavern with food when the coast was clear, than he met a clansman who reported to him the murder on that very evening of his foster-brother, to whom he was devoted. The avengers, his informer excitedly declared, had followed the murderer, one known to them by the name of MacNivan, until near Cruachan, when suddenly and mysteriously all traces of him disappeared.

"In consternation Inverawe listened to this tale of bloodshed, feeling that he was actually giving sanctuary to the red-handed murderer of his beloved brother.

"Even under the circumstances he determined not to break his word. Tossing on his bed that night, there appeared to him the vision of his murdered brother, who pronounced slowly and sadly these words, "Inverawe, blood for blood. Hide not my murderer from vengeance." Notwithstanding this warning, Inverawe, true to his word, early next morning took food to the cave where the miscreant lay concealed. Again that night in his dreams his brother's wraith

stood by his bed, and repeated the words. At daybreak next morning so impressed was Inverawe with this second appearance that he hastened to the hiding-place, this time roughly threatening the prisoner and warning him to escape as best he might, without further delay. Inverawe retraced his steps homeward, hoping that this would end the matter, but what was his horror when for the third time the wraith appeared by his bedside, this time blaming him bitterly for not having carried out the duty of revenge for the death of a clansman, and the ghost ended his last warning with these mysterious words:

"'But we shall meet at Ticonderoga.'

"Nearly bereft of his senses, Inverawe hurried to the cavern, but the murderer had fled. His last chance of retaliation was gone, but the words 'blood for blood' never ceased to trouble his mind. He hailed with joy the orders for foreign service. In the year 1757 the 42nd Highlanders, in which Inverawe was then serving as major, were lying at Albany, expecting to take their part in fighting the French. One day Inverawe anxiously inquired of his colonel if ever he had heard of a place called Ticonderoga, and he explained his terrible interest in the name to his brother officers at mess. They of course treated his story as an hallucination pure and simple. Inverawe was much liked in the regiment, and, seeing how the matter troubled him, the word went round that no further allusion was to be made to it.



Photo copyright by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

THE CROSS AND PIER, INVERARAY.

"The next summer the regiment was ordered to storm a place of the name of St. Louis. That was its name as given by the French, but it turned out that the native appellation was Ticonderoga! One of the Intelligence officers, on learning this, informed Colonel Grant, who said, 'For the love of God, keep it from Inverawe.' The place was stormed, and, among those who fell, mortally wounded, were Inverawe and his son. Inverawe, with his dying breath, said: 'This place is Ticonderoga, and not St. Louis. I know it, for I have seen my brother!'

"On the very day that this fight occurred, a Sir R. Hart, a physician at the Castle, happened to be walking with two friends in the vicinity of Inveraray Castle. A bright light in the sky attracted their attention, and they distinctly saw what they instantly set down as a mirage—the reflection of Highland troops evidently engaged in storming some place. At the same instant the two Miss Campbells of Ederein were walking towards the Castle, and their attention was drawn to a bright vision in the sky — the young ladies even asserting that among the familiar faces of those they saw fall were Inverawe and his son.

"Now for what one may look on as a piece of absolutely independent evidence as to the truth of some mysterious mirage at Inveraray, on the very day of the assault (July 10, 1757), at far-away Ticonderoga. A certain Ottway left an account

of what his father and grandfather saw at Glenshira one summer's eve. Whilst on the Garron Bridge, they saw coming towards them on the road a regiment, and the evening sunlight, though they could not see the faces of the soldiers, shone on the arms they carried. They seemed to leave the road and wade through the Aray. The elder man of the couple had served in the Argyllshire militia during the suppression of the Highland Rebellion in 1745, and was much interested in the sight; and, in answer to his son's inquiries, 'surmised' it was a regiment returned from Ireland after, perhaps, landing at Kintyre. After crossing the river at some distance from where the men stood, the little army seemed to approach them. To get out of the way they both leapt over the adjoining dyke. On returning, what was their astonishment to find no trace of a soldier anywhere!

"To his dying day the old soldier said, 'If a vision it was, it was not sent for nought!' and that it might, in his opinion, be a forerunner of things to happen. And later, at the time of the Irish Rebellion, he lived in constant hopes of seeing a regiment march across the Garron Bridge on its way to Ireland.

"As for the visions seen in the sky at Inveraray it is a well-known fact that when, many months later, the news of the death of Inverawe and his son arrived, the Miss Campbells, as well as the inhabitants of Inveraray, were already mourning

their dead, with the certainty born of that summer night of July 10, 1756."

Some of the realisations of Highland prophecy are very difficult to understand. For instance, the people in Glenaray used persistently to allege that there was a golden treasure hidden in the valley, and that this hoard would not be found until it was found by the son of a stranger. The children of the farmers knew the tale, told them by their grandmothers, who had received it from older generations. So they searched, and laughed at the idea, and played hide-and-seek in all sorts of places, and peered into crevices and banks of burns, but all to no avail. Then, when drainage had reclaimed a field near the present high road, and when ploughing on the new-drained land, they blasted with powder the big rocks that had either fallen from the hills above, or been dropped by ice in prehistoric days on the floor of the glen. Such a stone was one day blasted, and under it were found three solid gold bracelets, of the fashion seen in Ireland. These are heavy rings, with small cusps at the ends, which do not meet, but have spaces at the ends for a woman's wrist to slip through. One had no cusps, but a slightly thickened ring at the ends. There, then, was the treasure found at last! But where was the son of a stranger? Close by, for the youth who held the plough was the son of an Englishman—a rare being in those parts at that time!

Unfortunately, it is not in all cases of such finds that local tradition still exists to tell the people to search. Thus it was that in Islay, when several such bracelets were found, they were thought to be old brass handles, and good for a chest of drawers, and the finder used them as such in his cottage. Then there came along one wiser than he, saw the chest, examined the handles, kept his counsel, offered £2 for the furniture, and this being gladly accepted, the "brass handles" disappeared with him for ever.

Another bracelet was found in Kintyre of exactly the same cusp-ended pattern. Some very fine bronze swords, a bronze scabbard, and spear-heads were found, all belonging to the remote age that often startles us by the beauty of the work. It is probable that the race who used such things in the north got them by barter from the south, for the swords and gold rings have their exact counterparts in the Lowlands and in Ireland; and all manual work found in pottery in the north speaks of a rude native manufacture, and gives no sign of artistic value. Life must have been too rough, and peace and plenty too rare, to allow the dweller in the Glens or along the Atlantic shores to be more than a fighter or a fisherman.

CHAPTER XI

Jamaica

The tropic isles in jewels glow;
  Their sapphire seas enfold
In emerald curves and thundering snows
  Sea-sands of pearl and gold.

The darkest woods are gemmed and bright
  With gleam of flower and fern,
And ruby-throated birds alight
  Where crimson cacti burn.

And every shade is comrade true
  To harmonies of tone,
From the ethereal sky of blue
  To every shell, sea-strewn.

Each fairy fish, each dazzling bird,
  Seem gems that one and all
Are wrought in forges none have heard,
  Where never footsteps fall.

Hail! Topaz, Ruby, Amethyst,
  On Feather, Sward, and Tree,
By lips divine to colour kissed
  On Mountain, Forest, Sea!

No town is visible as you approach Kingston from the sea. A long breakwater-like strip of mud and sand covered with belts of mangroves completely masks the basin on which it stands. This tree lives in the water, and sends down branches into it, forming fresh roots, and so becomes a dense crooked-pillared jungle among which the waves flow into endless slime and ooze.

The green thickets are full of water-snakes. There is only a narrow opening, and on the left of this the low walls of a long white fort. This is still called Port Royal, and is near the site of the old port of Jamacia; but the town and land sank together into the sea during an earthquake, and to see the buildings you have to look under water. It is said that walls are still standing deep in the sea.

Once you pass in, the Narrows are seen to form a screen concealing a wide harbour, and you find you can make a nearer approach to the fine hills that stretch away to the right, and sink on the left to lower ground. Filling up the front of the view at their base, stands the town, close to the water's edge; and this is the King's Town which became the chief town of the island and is now a large place.

You remember how full of Scots the colony was, and how Glasgow was especially connected with the sugar-raising of the island one hundred years ago, when men made large fortunes here, and came back to Scotland and bought out all their neighbours, and were West Indian "Nabobs." No millions are made now, but there are still great sugar-plantations, and there are fields of tobacco and endless orange-groves, and fine pastures at one end of the island for cattle and fine mountains at the other, and everywhere bananas grow and a fierce sun glows.

There was an attempt at an insurrection in 1865, and the white inhabitants were in real danger. An

armed vessel should always be kept there, or within easy reach, as the same thing may occur again. My first visit was in company with Sir Henry Storks who was sent out as Commissioner of the British, Government, to inquire about the cause of the troubles. There has been nothing of the kind since, a happy circumstance more due to accident and the want of a leader, and to the memory of the failure of the last rising, than to any real disappearance of the eternal difficulty of the government of blacks by whites under our system of equalising the unequalisable.

The finest scenery I have met with in the tropics was the bit of country between Milbank and Bath. We rode down, taking about four hours on the journey. No one thinks of walking here. Even if one wants to go to some place one's legs would take one to in five minutes, one never uses them, but always a horse or buggy—a "transport" used as much by the most healthy as by the most "patapouf" old tropical gentleman.

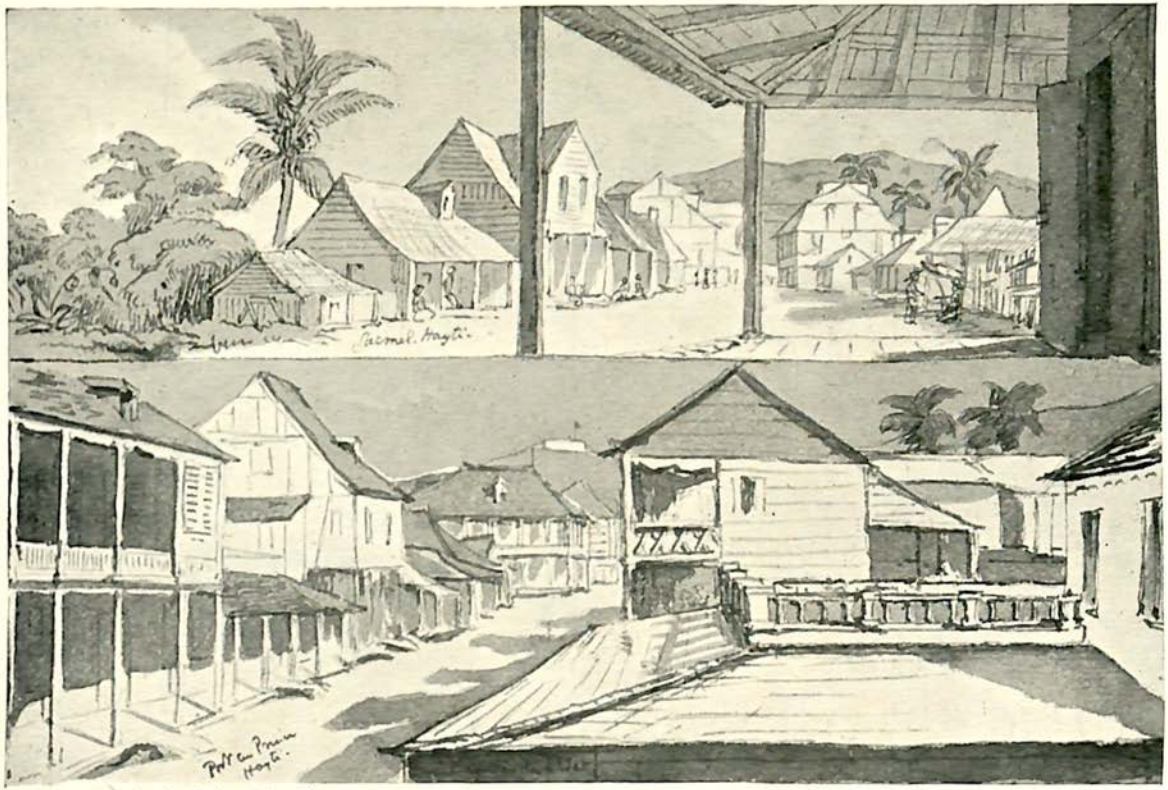
One breakfasts on fresh-water periwinkles, ring-tail pigeons, and coarse brown sugar and coffee. Then comes a ride; to-day we went through a valley, finely wooded, to the top of the pass. There were pretty rivers, especially one called the Rio Grande, winding along between the large boulders. I suppose some of the trees are native; but many—for instance, the cocoa, the mango, bread-fruit, and pimento—have been brought by the planters. The

cotton-tree is a magnificent forest giant. In this respect the towering domes of the groves of bamboo are beautiful in their feathery grandeur.

I am told that the Jamaica woods are inferior to those of South America. Certainly even the cotton-tree itself is not to be compared in beauty to a beech or an elm. The stem is straight and round. The bark glistens white. The branches are thrown out in a formal right angle, often at two or three heights on different sides of the trunk, and at a great height from the ground. The foliage is very scanty, and in no proportion to the immense size of the timber.

The greatest beauty in the woods lies in the undergrowth and creepers, and of course in the palms, when you have them ; but their zone is below, not in the mountains. In the hills you find lovely groups of tree-ferns, and there is a plant they call the Long Thatch that sprouts in great palm-like branches thirty or forty feet in length from the ground. Of the tree-ferns there are several varieties, and their lacelike fronds are sometimes banked on the slopes in a delicate forest of brightest green.

I saw more birds on this ride than anywhere before. One very handsomely marked, that they call the banana-bird, was common ; and a species of humming-bird, with a long tail and white breast, let us get close to them. Flocks of parrots were screaming in the branches. They are a large species and seem very wild. Of flowers there are few. Near the sea you may find the great crimson cactus.



From sketches by the Duke of Argyll.

HAYTI.

The top view, Jacmel. The lower, Port au Prince.

Elsewhere but little. There is a sweet-smelling tree-cactus called the Night-blowing Cereus, but one can hardly distinguish it, as it closes during the day.

March 7, 1866.—I went to call on a naturalist. We talked of sharks, and I told him a story I had heard of a diver having entered the funnel of a sunken ship, meeting a shark from the other end; the diver was not frightened, knowing the fish could not there turn on his side to bite him. "Oh," said our host, "they never take a man in midwater; everybody who can dive may kill them. They can only feed off the ground or on the surface, and a diver may let them smell him at their pleasure." This is not according to our ideas that a shark has only to turn on his side to tackle a man. Any one diving under them seems to be safe.

They say the black vulture with the red head—a bird to be seen by hundreds near every settlement here—came from Florida to Cuba and so to Jamaica. It is a useful scavenger, and is carefully preserved. A fine of £5 is the penalty for killing it. There is also a black-headed vulture, but it is not so common. You would have delighted in a garden at a villa where we sat among the flowers and pepper plants, and humming-birds flew like insects all round us, moving just like some kinds of fly over the plants, and remaining quite stationary for a while in the air, and then darting off.

The picking up and eating of sugar-canes—formerly a misdemeanour—and previously always

allowed to slaves—has been made a larceny, and this fills the prisons.

Columbus gave his name to part of this island. Many of the Spanish names have disappeared—Jamaica was Cromwell's contribution to the expansion of the Empire, and he did not like the old names of streets and districts, for they were all named after saints. Instead of the musical Spanish, we have the ugly White Church Street, Red Church Street, Spanish Town, for the old "St. Jago de la Vega."

All the country about Moreland in Vere district is uninteresting, as it is flat, and covered with the short wood of the cashaw, a tree somewhat like a mimosa or an acacia, with a flat top and bright green foliage. It belongs to Mr. Mitchell, my Irish friend, who does not mind how hot the sun is; and to-day it was perfervid, making the yuccas along the road-side glitter. We are near the sea, but there is no open beach with yellow sand and white surf, but instead an eternal belt of mangrove rising from the water, and casting back into it numberless forked roots, making a wood-tangle impenetrable to any but the alligators.

Zachary Macaulay, the historian's father, had estates here, but they are hardly cultivated at all now. The cane-fields of this estate are magnificent. There is no crop so handsome as the sugar-cane. It is sheathed in long reed-like leaves, that cluster thicker at the top and fall drooping downwards. We saw the cutting of the cane, and the

pressing of it, and all the work done, to the final stowing of the fine brown sugar in hogsheads. Splendid oxen are employed, fourteen to the plough in some cases. The most picturesque part in the whole process of sugar-making is that when you see the great wains loaded with sugar come in, drawn by the cattle, to the pressing-roller. The negroes look like bronze statues when you see them half-naked, each muscle glossy in the sun, as they bear great loads to the roller and stand round while it sucks in and crushes the bundles, and sends a white stream of sugar juice into the pipes leading to the boilers. That crushing and that white stream will go on now, night and day, for nearly three months, at the end of which M. hopes to have about 350 hogsheads from each of his three estates. The heavy smell of sugar-reek from the boiling-house, or the more disagreeable smell from the still-house, makes one glad to halt some distance in the shade of the house.

The blacks were getting up "Courts of Justice" of their own. Here are the minutiæ of one such meeting:

"Memory of a Meeting held on July 11, 1863, Unonimously carried that Mr. W. C. Winknot be appointed State General.

"Move that the qualification of barristers and lawyers be a certificate from the Judge and be receiving a fee of £1. That the fees of the Peace Office for each Process be £1. That two Petty

Sessions be held, and that the Court of Arispagus be held on August 4, 1863.

"Resolve that all person or persons that shall wilfully misbehave themselves in the vicinity of the Court, the same shall be committed for trial, and if won't submit be disbands as Unsivilise.

"Resolve that 3*d.* be considered as a pound, and due deference be paid to the Chairman and his sobadinates.

"Resolve that the Prevance Marshal General do stick up a list ledgable writen.

"For every omission £4 and likewise every officer, in the same for omission or neglect of Duty."

Another paper gives another "Memory" of a meeting held, where people were elected for the offices of "Judge," of "Clerk of the Peace," of "Prevance Marshal," of "Inspector," of "Sergeant," and one unfortunate to the post of "Privett." One man was appointed "Founder," whatever that may have meant.

The cattle pastures belonging to Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch are very fine, and he has a large property which pays well. Lord Dudley has also a nice place in the hills, one vast tract of orange-groves, the prettiest part of it looking like the crater of a volcano, for there are hills all round and a great circular flat in the centre. There is a good house, and the coolness was delicious—so long as you did not drink the rum always generously offered to you.

Spanish Town, of old the chief city, has round-arched solid buildings, for the Spaniards wherever they went reared walls as though they believed there were no earthquakes to be dreaded. The thick walls give great coolness, and if men have a fancy for light woodwork structures they can raise them on these solid platforms. I confess, however, that with earthquakes in view I would rather build lightly on the ground and have a chance of escape into the open made as easy as possible.

Dr. Macgregor, speaking of the pleasant looks of some of the negro children, tells me that when he asked a mother the name of her child she put her arms akimbo, threw back her head, and answered proudly, "Victoria Cleopatra, sar." And I hear of an African lady who came to one of our missionaries to get a baby baptized; the name she gave it was "Twenty-two, Queen Street," which was the address of the mission house in Edinburgh in Scotland! The father had heard the words so often from the minister's lips that he thought it a most becoming name.

I took a nice mulatto boy from Jamaica as a servant. He amused himself at several places to which we travelled by enrolling himself as a Freemason, taking oaths to divulge nothing, and then coming to me and telling me all that had happened to him. It was no use telling him I did not want to hear anything about his experiences. We all liked him—even when he was impudent

and said to us one morning, when he found us awake earlier than usual, "Hallo, sars, anything frightened you this morning?"

Kingston, 1907.—Mr. Mitchell wrote forty years later: "I have been waiting to write to you until I had something to say, and now unfortunately I have plenty—Kingston, as you know, is in ruins—at least, so much of it as is not in ashes. The disaster must have been known in England within a few hours of its occurrence, for a man staying here received yesterday a telegram from Cardiff on Tuesday to this effect, 'Reported that Kingston destroyed by earthquake; are you safe?' Professor Milne would by means of his instruments have located the disaster.

"Now for my own experiences. I had gone down for the 'Conference,' and as I wished to see Dr. Water and Sir D. Morris I called at the Miev, where the Conference was held, about 2 p.m. on Monday; but, finding that they would not be at liberty before 5 p.m., I went back to my lodgings and lay on the bed to rest (the bed was on the north side of the room) when, as I was resting, the wall opposite seemed to rise and fall outwards with a sound of a great explosion. Only a few pieces of wood, none of them heavy, fell on the bed, so I remained quiet; and when I saw that nothing more seemed inclined to fall I crawled to an angle of the room where there

were some strong upright posts and there I stayed until some one came (I was in an upstairs room), and then I went down the passages and stairs on to a lawn, where I found all the people assembled; and on that lawn we all remained until Wednesday, sleeping upon chairs and mattresses from the dismantled rooms; for the house, though standing for the most part, was dangerous and uninhabitable.

"None of us could get at our clothes, and so we remained. A fire was made on a part of the lawn, where water was boiled and food cooked. There were ladies of the party, both American and English, and I was to some small extent able to reassure them by saying—what is I believe the fact—that the first shock is always the worst, although small shocks or earth tremors are constantly occurring for some time afterwards—that was my experience in the Algerian earthquake, which differed, however, from this one in that there was a rocking motion. The room seemed to go backwards and forwards, whereas in this case the motion was or seemed to be vertical, with the sound of a violent explosion, and then the wall fell at once. I was in North A., the upper part of Kingston, not far from the race-course, where we should have camped out but for having a largish lawn. But for the magnitude of the disaster the spectacle would have been very picturesque. During the evening we saw the smoke and the glow of a great fire in the lower part of

the town, but there was no great danger to us, as the north wind would keep it away.

"On Wednesday morning, as the trains were then running, they sent me away, fearing perhaps the effect of camping out upon my eighty-three years. There was a curious scene at the station, which was still encumbered by bricks and all manner of rubbish, so that tickets were given out on the platform to an immense crowd. I travelled in a luggage van, one side of which was occupied by a bench on which was a girl with a broken leg, but who seemed to be getting on all right. The train should have started at 10.15; it started at 12.15 after a small tremor which frightened some people, and we, or rather I, did not reach Mandeville until 7 p.m, none the worse.

"But now comes the bad part,—it was the breaking of the electric wires probably which caused the fire to spring up simultaneously in various places. Fortunately it occurred in the larger streets, but one heard of some people injured by the earthquake who were unable to escape, and the fire did the most mischief. All, or almost all, the churches are gone. The parish church, which stood at the corner of an open space, was rendered unsafe, and we hear has been taken down, and so also in the plain of St. Andrews behind Kingston I am told that all the villas and residences are unsafe and will have to be in great measure rebuilt. The Government House is, I believe, all right excepting the ball-

room, which fell (there was to have been a ball on the Wednesday for the Conference people). The conduct of the Governor and his wife is beyond all praise. She devoted herself to the hospitals, and he took charge of the streets in so far as it was possible, to avoid pillage. No cable messages could be sent out on Tuesday. I believe an American gun-boat came in and landed marines in time to prevent an escape of the prisoners in the penitentiary, but on the whole I believe that the people behaved well and pillaged little, except some of the small shops which had been left derelict. Of the larger shops all, I believe, were burned.

"I was talking yesterday to an intelligent negro who had just come down. No one, he said, could go into the lower part of the town except at the risk of being shot, as sentries were posted to prevent it. In the meantime, gangs were being employed to clear away the débris, the Governor, he said, working among them. I asked what was the rate of wages. Sixpence an hour, he said. Trained nurses are in request; and two ladies here, one Canadian and one American, who have some experience went down yesterday.

"The effect of the shock was very little felt in other parts of the island—even Spanish Town escaped without material injury. I saw a man from Vere who was riding at the time, and he said that he saw the cornfields swaying up and down. A few chimneys were cracked, and that was all, as

far as I heard. It is where the mountains sink into the plain that the trouble occurs—it was so in the Algerian earthquake. Algiers, on the hill, escaped well, but Blidah on the alluvium was wrecked. The people who are suffering the most are not the labouring class, whose wooden shanties survived the shock, but the class above these, clerks, employés at stores, whose homes are destroyed and their means of living taken away. The clergy also, many of them, are in evil case. I refer to all denominations, for their churches have ceased to exist. And now I must conclude my tale of disaster."

CHAPTER XII

U.S.A.

MAY 14 TO MAY 20, 1866

A summer morning, just as now,
Brightened from yonder distant brow;
But lo! just there, all day a host
Broke like a storm-sea on a coast.
To fierce attack through copse and field
Rushed the steeled foe, as cannon pealed!
I leaned upon my sword as though
Forged from some brazen furnace glow,
With open lip and staring eye.
Now hell seemed opened suddenly—
There—there—they are! Fire, fire, stand fast!
Our flag waves high in smoke and blast!
And man on man but stands to fall,
For death to many brings his call.
I'm hurled to earth, and stabbed, and weak,
To answer back the stroke I seek;—
And round me, o'er me, and below
An awful wrestle—blow on blow;—
Then o'er our corpses' knotted heaps
A wounded charger rears and leaps;—
I see his fore hoofs' lightning gleam,
I see his spurred sides crimson stream—
I see his girths all smeared with blood:—
And 'twixt us with a flash and roar
The shrapnel's screaming o'er us tore,
As though a dragon rent the earth
And heaven fell in shards accurst.
Then dust and stour, and shriek and groan,—
Laurels of Death,—then sky, alone!

LILIENKRON.

May 14.—What we really wished for in travelling all the way to Lexington was to visit General

Lee. He is now leading a life of quiet and rest there, but employs himself most usefully as President of Washington College. His son, General Curtis Lee, is still under his command, for he is one of the professors at the military college. We had been able to obtain a letter of introduction to the father from General Wickham, and had posted it some days before our visit, so that we might know if there was any chance that the General would see us. When we returned we heard that both sons, General Curtis and General Hugh, had courteously called on us. A note was delivered to us, in which they said that their father was much occupied with business both morning and afternoon, but would receive us in the evening if we called at his house. At eight o'clock we knocked at his door and had not to wait a moment in the heavy rain which was falling, for we were at once welcomed, and found the whole family, the father, the two sons, two daughters, and Mrs. Lee sitting round their table reading the papers which had just been received from the capital. We feared we were disturbing them, but the General was most kind, asking about our journey to Virginia. His manner is very simple and dignified. He introduced us to his family, giving to both of his sons their title of "General," the rank they had attained to during the war. He is a fine-looking man, whom one likes at first sight, and is vigorous looking, holding himself very straight. His hair is rather thin, and quite white,

the forehead broad and the eyes brown and piercing, the nose slightly aquiline, and the upper lip, chin, and cheeks covered with closely trimmed white hair. He looks much bronzed, and must be about six feet in height. He wore a coat of Confederate grey, as did also both of his sons. Few here wear any other—a black coat is seldom seen.

We did not dare to speak of the past, for we felt that anything we asked would only seem as though the sadness of the situation of the Virginians was a matter of careless interest to us. He, however, himself spoke of the hardships all had now to endure, and how difficult must be the work of the re-establishment of the old relations. He showed no ill-feeling for the enemy who had turned the Shenandoah Valley into a desert. "Crops this year are bad enough, and it will be long before there is any improvement in the condition of the people." He inquired if we had been able to see many of the men in power in Washington, and then alluded to the various opinions held by politicians among the federal parties with regard to the government of the South. He said that it was useless for him to read debates in Congress and the Reconstruction Committee Report.

"The Radical party are likely to do a great deal of harm, for we wish now for good feeling to grow up between North and South, and the President, Mr. Johnson, has been doing much to strengthen the feeling in favour of the Union

among us. The relations between the negroes and the whites were friendly formerly, and would remain so if legislation be not passed in favour of the blacks, in a way that will only do them harm.

"We do not seem to see that they are raising up feelings of race—and if a bad feeling is raised in consequence of unfair laws being passed against the weaker party it must yield. The blacks must always here be the weaker; the whites are so much stronger that there is no chance for the black, if the Radical party passes the laws it wants against us. They are working as though they wished to keep alive by their proposals in Congress the bad blood in the South against the North. If left alone the hostility which must be felt after such a war would rapidly decrease, but it may be continued by incessant provocation. The Southerners took up arms honestly: surely it is to be desired that the goodwill of our people be encouraged, and that there should be no inciting them against the North. To the minds of the Southern men the idea of 'Union' was ridiculous when the States that made the Union did not desire that it continue; but the North fought for the Union, and now, if what appears to be the most powerful party among them is to have its own way, they are doing their best to destroy all real union. If they succeed, 'Union' can only be a mere name."

I said that it seemed to me when speaking to Northerners at Washington that there were many

who would work for reconciliation, and approved the President's action to that end.

"Yes, there is much talk," the General said, "but none seem to be courageous enough to oppose the Radicals, who are therefore able to do what they like, and no one stands fairly up to them to hinder them. Surely if the Union be worth preserving at all, they should try to conciliate the whole nation, and not do all they can against the Southern part of it."

I said I thought that the great majority repudiated the violent words of Thadeus Stevens, who had shouted, "The best place for the rebels is Hell, fenced in by bayonets," or words to that effect. There is one proposal to confiscate rebel lands, so that they may be ultimately given to the blacks; and the disfranchising clauses for the whites of the South in the Reconstruction Committee's Report, which are not likely to be acted upon.

The General was of course quite against any weakening of the State governments, and hoped that their powers would be largely left to them. I asked him if it was true that he was writing a History of the War, for very little was known of the enormous disparity of forces. I was sorry to hear him say: "No, sir, I am not writing any History of the War; I am only collecting documents, official and otherwise, that were lost or captured during the retreat from Petersburg. The disparity of forces throughout was very great. At Sharpsburg I had

only 35,000 opposed to 120,000, and at Chancellorsville 45,000 all told against the enemy, who had a number equal to that brought against us at Sharpsburg."

It seemed remarkable that his voice never expressed bitterness, but it did express great sorrow when he mentioned the continuance of Northern hatred. He remembered Hartington's visit, and spoke with hearty appreciation of the conduct of several Englishmen who had served in his army. When we went he insisted upon coming out to the portico with us, to light us down the few steps in front of the house; and the last I saw of him, as we floundered out into the darkness and rain, was his tall figure and face in the strong side-light thrown on him by the lamp he held in his hand, his two sons by his side.

Washington, 1866.—The President came in and shook hands and said "How do?" pleasantly enough. But this was all. During the short time he sat, a heavy man, with a look of great cleverness in his face, he did not speak one word. Secretary of State Seward did all the talking, which was at first complimentary to my father, and then a little about the Colorado business, and the way in which Sumner had found himself in a minority. There was something said favourable to rapid reconstruction and a generous policy. The President contented himself with merely

endorsing Seward's remarks, and when the Secretary talked a little of the Radicals a visible expression of pain came over Johnson's face. He said good-bye and that he was glad to have seen us, again pleasantly enough, and the interview was over.

Seward took us afterwards over the rooms of the house. In the Reception Hall there was a chair or two with the satin covering very much out of repair. Seward pointed them out to us and said that the reason they were in that state was that they had been "just left so after President Lincoln's death." Congress each year votes a certain amount for the repair of the furniture of this house. During Lincoln's last year of office the Congress differed from him upon a question regarding the treatment of one of the States of the South, Louisiana, and a question of the same nature has now caused the split between this Congress and President—and no money had been voted and the chairs had been left to be torn.

We dined with Sir F. Bruce and his niece, and the attachés. In the evening there was a flood of black-coated men surrounding Sir Frederick. I asked who they were and was told that they were governors of lunatic asylums. It was a deputation received after dinner—quite enough to destroy Sir Frederick's digestion! He disbelieves in the possibility of white labour in the South, and in the policy of the Eastern States. Even if white labour were possible, it's not likely that it will be got. He believed too that the mortality among the

blacks had been fearful. More infants had died under the age of five years in 1865 than the total number of blacks whose deaths were registered in 1865. The flocking to the towns that had caused this mortality was, however, decreasing. Sumner was a good deal chaffed about the increasing power of the West, and was told that the East would shortly find itself nowhere. "I'd make you an even bet," said Sir Frederick, "that if annexation there be within the next twenty years, it will be the annexation of New England to Canada, not of Canada to the States."

April 25.—We dined at six with Mr. Seward *en famille*, as his note of invitation said. His two sons, Colonel Seward, and Frederick, his daughter, a Miss Perry, and Sumner were there. His son Frederick looks delicate and still wears a black fur cap to conceal the marks of the wounds on his head. Seward began about my father, saying he knew that he was the best friend the North had had during the war. Lord John Russell had been cold in his tone, and Mr. Gladstone had made that speech, which could not be forgotten by Americans, in which he had said that Jeff. Davis had made a nation. "How strange of such a man—a deep thinker—to have supposed that, while we before had managed to become a great nation in spite of slavery, the very men who had caused a weakness could, by separating themselves from all that had caused strength, constitute

a great people." Lord Russell too had spoken of the wish of the North for empire. He had told them that it was for that, and not for the principles of justice, not for freedom against slavery, that they were fighting. My father had been staunch to them throughout, and they had recognised in him their firm friend.

Then he spoke of the Capitol. "It is the people's house, and as such it was determined to make it one of the finest buildings in the world. This nation does not reward its officers. It tells the Cabinet to look out for lodgings for themselves. It does not pay them well or give them fine houses. The President himself has a comparatively small house, to teach him his place, and to show him his position is not that of a king, but only that of the man chosen for a time as the first magistrate. Your Houses of Parliament have not the same predominance in the city as the Capitol has here. Your people's house is herein fitly symbolising your constitution—not the grandest. At Rome there is the sign of priesthood, and St. Peter's is the building that towers above all others."

A jaguar's skin was on the floor in front of the fire, and they talked of it as having just come from Mexico, a present from a Frenchman. This led to jokes on the French retreat.

Secretary Seward shows the effect of the attack made upon him last year. He was so good as to say he would like to show us the room in

which he was lying at the time it happened, and gave us a detailed history of all that happened until he became unconscious. The house is one of moderate size, and built on the common plan of a dining-room fronting the road on the ground floor; the drawing-room is on the second floor, and over the drawing-room is Mrs. Seward's bedroom. On the landing at the top of the stairs on the second floor two doors open. One the would-be murderer must have known to be the Secretary of State's, the other was the door of Fred Seward's room. On the right and left are two other doors, to rooms occupied by the daughter and elder son. Half-past ten had struck and all was quiet. There was a gas-light burning on the landing.

The room where Mr. Seward slept was almost completely darkened, for he had suffered because of a fall from his carriage; in this accident his eye was injured, and light was painful to him. His daughter sat in a corner of the room not far from the foot of the bed, which was placed at right angles to the door. A soldier who had been a hospital orderly acted as nurse, and was sitting on the right of the bed near the window. The surgeons had contrived a sort of wooden frame to keep Seward's injured jaw from moving; and, fancying in his weakness that if he slept the broken bone by falling might cause lockjaw, he did his best not to fall asleep. He had an odd fancy that by lying on the edge of the bed he might be kept awake by the thought that

if he dozed off he would fall off. But he was half unconscious. He lay on the side of the bed furthest from the door, which was open, the light from the gas-jet on the landing being shaded by curtains.

A man called at the house, and rang the bell. A coloured servant opened it, and was told that the stranger was bringing medicine from the doctor. But he gave a name which was not that of the doctor attending Mr. Seward, and the boy was suspicious and wanted to take the medicine. The visitor said he must take it up himself. The boy went before him upstairs remonstrating, but, thinking when on the flight of steps near the side room that he might be scolded for making difficulties, returned down the stairs. Young Mr. Seward, from the room he occupied next his father, heard the talking, and came out. He found the man, who was unknown to him, just at the top of the stairs, and demanded his business.

The same story about the doctor was told, and Fred Seward said he would take the medicine to his father himself. No, the strange doctor said, he must give the dose. He was then told he could not go in—that he must give up what he had in his hand. He persisted. Fred Seward, who thought him merely an impudent fellow, said, "No, you shall not." The man said, "Well, if I can't, I'll take back the medicine now." He was told he might do so, and turned and went down some of the steps. Then, as he afterwards said, he remembered his oath not to fail, and returning,

sprang up the landing, drew a revolver, and presented it at the son's head. The first cap snapped—the trigger was again pulled, and again the pistol missed fire. The man then, taking hold of the barrels of the pistol, gave two such blows with the butt that the pistol and Frederick's skull were both broken. Then drawing a knife he dashed past, the knife making a cut on the doorpost, and was by the side of the bed in a moment.

Miss Seward, watching in the room, heard her brother's fall, and stood up with the cry, "He is going to kill my father. Oh, don't let him kill him!" Mr. Seward, partially roused, was able to watch all that was occurring, but felt no fear and could not understand why his daughter was staring and pointing at some one near him, and then he saw a man above him. In his weak condition he had no feeling but that he must die, as he had often expected that he would be assassinated. It was to be expected!

He can recall now that he saw the hand and coat-sleeve of the murderer. The sleeve was of a grey cloth: he wondered why the man was in a tweed suit. He says his eye wandered from the arm to the face, and he thought that the person who had so suddenly appeared was handsome. He then felt a gush of warm water, as he thought, on his cheek, and the splash and warmth came twice again, once on each side of his face. The thought then came that it was not hot water, but came from himself,

and then he knew it must be blood. He had drawn himself to the edge of the bed, and then fell over it to the ground.

"The man—who in those three strokes had cut down to my throat on two sides with two stabs, and with the third had left one of my cheeks hanging down in a flap—now moved round the foot of the bed to get at me on the other side. He was met by the soldier and they had a tussle on the floor. Payne, the assassin, was breathless and tired with the excitement and the violence of his attack upon me, and the soldier, though wounded, was able to drive him to the door. All this had happened in so short a time and had made so little noise that my other son knew nothing of what was going on, but entering as Payne had been driven to the door, he helped to drag him to the stairs, down which he dashed and, mounting a horse, got away."

Fred Seward's head had to be trepanned, and two fearful plaster patches on the skull show where the pistol-butt blows were dealt. Mr. Seward himself talked in quite a lively way about the whole affair, sitting on the bed puffing at a cigar, and going round and standing at the side to show the assassin's position. He described it so graphically that I felt quite sick with the horror of it. The first thing he remembered after tumbling on to the floor—when he felt much as a man does in a dream when he thinks he is falling from a height—was to feel two hands under his arms, and a voice saying

"He is not dead." He said faintly, "I am not dead. I am not dead." Then he was in the bed with the doctor by his side and a taste of tea in his mouth. This revived him, and he asked for the slate on which he had been writing since his jaw had been broken, and was able to write a few words.

Mr. Seward says it is not the business of the Federal Government to interfere with the States about education of blacks or whites. He thinks it is probable that the State Governments will support the schools, for it is their interest to do so, and to raise the standard of intelligence among the people. "The whites will buy the lands, not the negro. In Jamaica you had a different state of things. There were not enough whites to buy the lands, and the negro could get his plot and squat on it. Here the white men have the capital and will secure all the lands. There is a constant influx of white men now, and it will in time become greater. The emigration stream does not flow directly to the south. It passes to the west, but Americans are moving south. We must avoid creating any fresh antagonism between the whites and blacks. If the suffrage were given to the coloured men they would send people here demanding things that it would be impossible to give them. It would raise the feeling of the whites against them, and there would be a war of races most disastrous to the blacks."

"Mr. Sumner," he said jokingly, "is the man who has preached peace. It is I who have always

practised it; and I have always hated war, and sought to avoid it as far as possible." Sumner, I thought, did not look pleased. It was the only bit of Seward's talk he heard, as it was said so that it should reach him; the rest was said to me quietly in a corner of the room, and out of Sumner's range of hearing. He told Sumner, too, to observe how the West was increasing. This new State admission gave them more power. "Westward tends the star of Empire," he quoted. "You think it is the beginning," Sumner said. It seemed that the Secretary had spoken to show Sumner how necessary it was to make allies, or at least not have enemies in the south, but it will take much to teach Sumner that.

Chase and Sumner were talking at one time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Grant's face flushed up, and I heard him say with a good deal of energy, "Well, there's one thing I want done about that Paris Exposition. I want none of our people to send one thing there unless every French soldier has been withdrawn by that time from Mexico."

"Well, General, they are to go by instalments, you know," said Sumner.

"Not a bit of it," said Grant angrily, "they won't go till they're obliged to. Troops and artillery are the only things that will make them quit hold," and proceeded to talk most violently on the subject. Sumner bent over him and asked him if he would like a war with France, to which he gave

no answer. If ever Grant gets power, no European Emperor in Mexico will be long without a war with the United States on his hands.

The Indian troubles, Grant thought, were entirely owing to the bad faith kept by the white settlers and hunters in the West to the Indians. "I have seen an Englishman who belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company quite able to mount his horse and ride right away among the tribes most hostile to us, just because the Indians know that the English have always kept faith with them."

In the smoking-room after dinner the General became quite communicative and talked away for about an hour and a half. Of Lee, Grant spoke with great respect, saying that he liked him, that Lee was a gentleman. Colfax pumped Grant well, but I noticed that the tone used towards him was almost one of pure flattery, and Grant rather put my back up by the way he would never confess that he had ever been beaten. He said that Lee had told him he was not for Secession. He did not consider it necessary, but he had thought it his duty to go when his State went. "I never took that view," Grant said, "as to State rights, and I remember years ago when there was some talk of such a thing in Missouri that I resolved, come what would, that I should stick to the Union. I looked upon it as showing the demoralisation of the time that such talk should be possible, that men could think in that way."

I asked him a good many questions about the war. Joe Johnson, the Confederate leader, he thought fully as good a general as Lee, if not better.

"Lee's army, just before the taking of Richmond, I should set down at 80,000 men. I had 130,000 all told. We had the outside, and he the inside, which gave him an advantage. He was able to concentrate on any threatened position fully as many men as I could bring to the attack. We had an advantage in resources."

He set down the loss of the Confederates at the great battle of Pittsburg as amounting to 20,000 men. His army lost 12,000. "Well, General," said some one, "we were pretty well whipped that first day, though we whipped them the second."

"No, sir," said Grant, "we were not. We were always confident of beating them. They brought all their troops on the ground the first day. I had a whole fresh division coming up, and I knew we should drive them the next day."

The losses of troops "were always very heavy when an attack failed. If we broke through their line there was not much loss in general on our side."

"It was during a retreat after an attack had failed that the troops got so badly cut up?"

"No, sir, we never retreated. The loss was after the failure of an attack."

"Yes, after the failure."

"We never retreated," again said the General.

Sherman, he said, he should put first among

his generals—above Sheridan; but Sheridan was the next best and he should consider a war conducted by either of them, even if their command embraced the united action of several armies, quite in safe hands. Sherman had been uneasy when Hood replaced Joe Johnson before Atlanta. "He is such a damned fool that I don't know what he'll do," Sherman had said. "Now with Johnson I know pretty well what is likely to be done. He is an experienced soldier, and fights like one. You never know what Hood will do next." Grant said, "I knew of Johnson's being superseded as soon as Sherman, for we were in constant telegraphic communication, and I took quite the opposite view about it that Sherman did. I was very glad to hear of it."

We asked about his own suspension of Thomas when he allowed Hood to shut him in.

"Yes, well, that's true. I was considerably annoyed at Thomas's slowness. He had, as I knew, whipped the enemy badly, and Thomas ought to have at once rushed out of Franklin and given battle. We were superior in force, but he waited for the arrival of other troops that were then on their march to join him. I sent message after message to him ordering him positively to move out and attack Hood, and when he did not I telegraphed the message suspending him and putting Schofield in command. Thomas sent back word that he was very sorry, that he would of course go

without a word if I wished him to, but that he had made his preparations and was confident of whipping Hood. I then countermanded his suspension, but sent Logan down to be near to take command if necessary, and myself started from before Richmond, and had got as far as this Washington city, on my way west to Thomas's army, when the news came in how he was moving out, and then of his success. As I said in my official report, that success was the only thing that justified his conduct. He is sluggish, and I would rather give Sheridan a job to do, if it should be either the taking or holding of a position, than Thomas. Sheridan is like a little bull-dog. If he once gets hold he won't let go. It is impossible to shake him off."

Speaking of the Southern States, Grant said that he did not think they would insist much on the representation of the blacks in Congress.

Chief Justice Chase I found to be quite in favour of giving the blacks all rights, including the right to vote. I was surprised to find this man, who is looked upon by Sir Frederick amongst others as anxious to get the democratic votes for the next presidential election, so decided in favour of a measure against which the whole democratic vote will be thrown *en masse*. "It is not possible for us to give this right of voting to the blacks of the South immediately, but I am quite in favour of it, and that it should be done as soon as it

is possible to do it. In Louisiana I think the coloured men are in general most intelligent. In the towns too they are sharp enough. It is not as it has been in Jamaica, where there were few white men from whom they could learn. Here they hear so much talk that they know fully as well as most people what is going on. You will always find that they know their minds."

General Howard argued thus, saying, "Yes, the other day I was in Washington when there was that immense mass meeting of coloured men. I and others addressed them, and the applause did not come generally when we appeared, but it was the points in our speeches that they applauded. They know their friends. If the President goes against them they know well enough what to think of him."

"You must remember this," said Mr. Chase, "that we consider the right to vote is of itself a good educator. We believe that the best education a man can receive is the privilege of voting. He becomes a person of importance and is run after and spoken to in a very different way than when he has no vote. It is only on some plantations that the grievance of the blacks is so gross as is represented. In a few States the black vote would certainly swamp the white, but I do not believe that the antagonism of whites and blacks would be increased by the measure. On the contrary I believe it would be lessened. In one of the Southern towns there is now a newspaper edited

by a black man. He says in his paper that the antagonism is much heightened at present by the suffrage being withheld. 'You keep us out,' he says, 'and deny us full rights, and till we get them we will make war upon you.' It is true that power would be given to many ignorant men, but the giving of that power is the best means of dispelling the ignorance. I do not believe that they would act in a body against the whites. On the contrary it is probable that they would split into sections, and follow the lead of white men."

Sherman seems the most able of the men I met last evening. He spoke of the difficulties between North and South as not of vital importance. "If we surrender our attempt to give the Southern negro the suffrage, and if they surrender their attempt to get representation for negroes whom they don't allow to vote, the difficulty may be bridged over. It is not fair that the South should be able to get a number of members into the House as representatives of negroes whom they will not allow to have any share in the Government. It is one of our first principles that men who have a share in the Government shall alone be represented."

It is a curious thing, in reference to the common supposition that the best and hardiest soldiers come from the country, to hear American officers declare that they found during the Civil War that the town lad, even after many years of behind-the-

counter existence, could usually outlast and outmarch the big country bumpkin. The explanation given was that the town man's meals were often more uncertain and eaten at less regular hours than were those of the countryman, who got "knocked up" by an unaccustomed irregularity in this matter.

CHAPTER XIII

Rosneath.—There were two old castles, about a mile apart, which dominated a narrow tract of water. These were Ardencaple and Rosneath Castles. Each stood near the shore, that of Rosneath on a sharp acclivity immediately above a bay, and that of Ardencaple, which looked down on a flat tract of land between it and the shore, was itself perched on the edge of a plateau whose abrupt fall to the water meadows showed that the sea's waves had in distant ages flowed at its foot. These two fortalices guarded the narrows between a long peninsula which hangs down from the Highlands into the Clyde estuary, and is eight miles long and shaped like a pear, and the higher hills of northern Dunbartonshire.

The loch widens out as it nears the Argyllshire mountains, whose fine outlines frame the view to the north. From sunrise to sunset the lovely colouring is ever changing on their rugged forms, and evening brings them out in blues and purples against the reddened skies. Their shadows dip into the waters of the loch, which forms a secure harbour, and used to be the place where vessels

before proceeding on a voyage adjusted their compasses and made trial of their speed. This is the Gare or Gairloch. Gar is the Celtic for "short"; the loch here is called by that name, because its eight miles give it a short length as compared with the twenty miles of Loch Long, which is a deep fiord running up just at the foot of the Argyll mountains, and only separated from the water we now look upon by a narrow neck of rocky hills.

It is curious how these Celtic words for "water," "long," and "short" survive in river and sea inlets. In the Avon we have the Celtic for "river" or "water." In the Garonne we have the old language for "short river"—Gar-avon, contracted into Garonne. So at Inveraray we have the Garonne, or "short water," flowing out of Glen Shira. So the name in France was given to the river which was short in comparison with the Loire, the next big stream flowing westwards.

The Gareloch may some day be used for docks, for there is at one place a depth of glacial clay on its western shore of no less than eighty feet! It would afford a wonderful shelter for the building of ships of the largest size, and a war harbour unrivalled on any part of the coast. But the lovely peninsula has long been the favourite abode of men who can ensure that many families can have good air and pleasant gardens there, while they themselves can reach Glasgow for business and return by an excellent steamer and rail service within two hours.

The two ancient castles at the entrance of the loch belonged at the beginning of the nineteenth century to two brothers, the one being my grandfather, a second son of the fifth Duke, or "Field-Marshal John," as he used to be called, and the other to his elder brother, who was a friend of George IV., who insisted that he should take the office of Lord Steward, which post he filled when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. "I always thought him a most agreeable man," she used to say. But he was, like many men of his generation, a very extravagant man, and greatly impoverished the estate to which he had succeeded.

The Castle where both these brothers lived in their youth with their father was a curious old pile of buildings with two great and lofty round towers. The walls between these and the ancient walls behind them had been pierced for larger windows, and the appearance of the little fortress much spoiled by these alterations, when in 1803 the place took fire one afternoon, and before the old Duke, who was taking his accustomed drive along the loch shore, could return, the main part of the Castle was destroyed. A few chimney-pieces and portions of the tapestries, old chairs, and some paintings were all that was saved.

A wing built almost over high-tide water remained; but this was soon taken down when the ruins of the burnt portion were carted away, and a determination arrived at to build again. Bonomi,

an Italian architect who built Eastwell and other large houses in England, and was then a fashionable favourite, was chosen as the best man to put up something quite different and quite modern. He proposed a design for a small Italian palazzo, with portico and balustraded architrave all round a parallelogram a hundred and eighty feet long. This was at once commenced, but never finished, as it took too long to build, being constructed wholly of finely cut sandstone blocks brought from Garscube, near Glasgow. The Field-Marshal died, and his son had too many debts to pay to continue the work. The old man used to reprove his boy for his taste for dice and cards, while he himself was content to improve his estates, and live upon them.

He left his mark in agricultural associations in Scotland, and in great barns and farm buildings during the last years of his life. "Young Hopeful," on being told he was spending too much, wrote to his father saying that it was all very well to scold, but that his father must remember how much his beloved parent had himself spent on his favourite hobbies of fine stables, etc., for his farms. The ancient warrior immediately made a note in his favourite red pocket-book, which said: "Write to George, who says I also spend much money, that whereas he spends on cards and follies, I spend for the dignity and importance of agriculture." So ever afterwards a wonderful pile of stones for cows and horses, adorned with towers and battlements, at Rosneath,

has been called "The Dignity and Importance of Agriculture."

But when the sons married, the second brother, my grandfather, got the Castle on the opposite side of the water for his portion, and it was there that his children were born. The eldest died when about sixteen, and the younger and a sister remained with their father, who had served at Walcheren with the Guards and afterwards became M.P. for Argyllshire.

Lord John Campbell was a good Tory, and a good turner, and produced wonderful things with his "Rose lathe" in ebony, ivory, and silver. He did not send my father to school, as the boy's health was delicate, but kept him at home, and fed him on good porridge.

Years after, when my father was at Balmoral, as a Minister in the Government of the Queen, a discussion began among the ladies and gentlemen at breakfast on the virtues of porridge. It was condemned by several as too tasteless, and as not giving real nutriment. Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, was one of the grumblers. My father, hearing some disparaging remarks on the qualities of the favourite Scottish food, said in the positive manner which was natural to him: "Porridge—why, excellent stuff—couldn't be better. Why, I was brought up on porridge myself." Jenner looked across the table with his sharp little eyes at him, and said,

"Yes, and a good specimen of the result I suppose you think yourself." Mentally there was no doubt that there could hardly be any improvement, but as to physical powers of limb Jenner had perhaps a good deal of right on his side, if such can be judged by the results of nutriment alone, for the Cabinet Minister was not as strong a man as the physician. But he was very quick with the gun and rifle, and had a fine voice, which could carry much further and could influence far more than could the doctor's, and both lived to about the same age—the doctor of course having the advantage in the number of creatures killed by the pair.

As a child my father's great delight was to sit in a little round window in the tower at Ardencaple, and watch the birds; and the love of natural history never left him, and was an unceasing source of delight.

Always vehement in argument, he was an excellent orator, better than Gladstone, and equal to Bright, because his audience always felt that he was a thorough believer in the truth of all that came from his lips. This gave my father and the great Birmingham speaker the hold they had over a wider audience than the number collected to hear them. They were not daunted by the changing opinion of constituents, or others, to change themselves. I have heard members of the House of Commons sitting on committees, where they ought to sit as judges, utterly uninfluenced by any evidence



From a sketch by Lord A. Campbell.

GEORGE, EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, AND MR. GLADSTONE

but that brought before them, decline to give their vote with their colleagues from the Upper House, because, as they said, "We must think of what our constituents may say." No speaker who speaks from a brief can have the respect that a man can enjoy whose brief comes from his conscience and his own belief of what is best for the public interest.

He began writing and speaking very early, married at twenty-one, was in the Cabinet at twenty-nine, and remained a member of the Liberal Party, and was with them in office, until the "early eighties." Mr. Gladstone had become a convert to the separation of Ireland as a nation from England when my father retired from office—but not from public life, for he frequently expressed his opinion in the press and on the platform.

His affection for Rosneath was greatly lessened when Ardencaple was sold, for it was always a trial for him to look across the water and see the place he had so loved as a boy cut up with roads and villas, and the only alleviation of this came in the knowledge that the locality would, under Sir James Colquhoun's management, not become another centre of smoke and noise, but be kept for the refreshment of the toilers in the business houses and shipyards of the Clyde. He loved to take us over to show us the "carpenter's shop" in which his father used to work, a building on the walls of which, in stone panelling, were the arms of the

Duke of Hamilton, his grandmother having been Duchess with that title before she married her second husband. There had been great friendship between the boys of her two families. He was always at pains to tell us the history of our name, and of the place where we lived. It was certainly a tale to please boys. Rosneath meant, he said, the Point of Horses, and Ardencaple the Point of Mares, and tradition said this was where the ancient kings used to keep a stud of horses. Certainly in very early times it had been part of the King's lands. Being so separated by the sea from the neighbouring rich country of the Lennox, or "Leven-ax"—"the land of the River Leven"—it had been a convenient refuge from the turmoils of all times. The patriot hero Wallace, destined to die the death of a martyr for his country by a cruel death inflicted by Edward I. of England, had lived here.

Then we were told to look up the Clyde, and to see first, near us, the wood-covered promontory of Cardross, where Robert the Bruce lived out his last days, a man stricken with disease, and able only to sail about the wide estuary. Further towards Glasgow we could see from part of the grounds the twin peaks of the Rock of Dunbarton show dimly, a little blue hillock near the river. This was the old Dun, or Fort, of the Britons, a name now sometimes vilely corrupted into Dumbarton, although Dunbar has escaped this desecration of an historical appellation.



From a picture by Swinton.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

There, he told us, was a monument to our folk we should remember, for we had twice got possession of that little Gibraltar from the enemy, once in the days of Bruce, from the English, and once in the days before Flodden, when the traitor Duke of Lennox had been obliged to surrender it to us. It was for this service to the Crown that Rosneath had been given to our ancestors. So we were as children inclined to grow up in the belief that English garrisons and rebels existed for the express purpose of giving estates and castles to virtuous Campbells, who of course were always on the right side, and consequently their advantage was always for the public good!

But there were manifest tokens that this credulity must sometimes be shattered. Not far off was a church. Adjoining the church was an old aisle where rested the coffins of our ancestors. Two of the corpses within those coffins were headless. This was a truth that could only be explained on the supposition that the British public had resolved that the opinion held by these two men of their own virtues was not consistent with the safety of the state, and had cut the heads from the trunks of a father and son, the one following the other to the scaffold after the lapse of twenty years. We were taken to see these coffins, and were told that the skulls buried at our feet showed in each case the hole made in the top of the skull by the iron stake on which the head had been fixed, after it

had been severed from the body by the fall of the knife of the Scottish guillotine—the so-called "maiden," a straight-shaped "chopper," falling in grooves at the pull of a rope—upon the neck of a man the State called a malefactor.

Yes, after many generations of success, after union with the reigning house of Stuart in two generations, after the filling of all the great positions of State, after death in the battlefield with the king at Flodden, came, a century and a half later, the evil days when fortune fled and confiscation and massacre overtook those who had lived here. It was in the days of Archibald, the eighth Earl, that the stroke fell. Here a young man, with a young wife, he had built and planted, and been happy. With Margaret Douglas, who would not have been happy? They had their cyphers carved on a stone, still preserved—A C and M D intertwined. The fine avenue of yew-trees at the little village called the Clachan had been planted by them. Theirs, too, was the work seen in an old manor-house near the triple alley of lime, chestnut, and yew. The seventeenth century loved to write its dates in large plain Roman letters on its walls. All went well at first, and then came the wars of religion, the English strife between Roundhead and Cavalier, the breaking out of the wild McDonalds, and other clans in the north, the burning alive of all the women and children by these savages in a glen in Lorne, the preparations for defence, and then, when

organisation and concord were established, the successful penning back of the outbreaks, the co-operation with Cromwell and Leslie, the access to power destined to last for a short time, and to vanish with the coming back of Charles II.

Do dogs share in the telepathy or mind communication of the wireless telegraphy of the brain? Are well-proved instances on record that the love of master and dog makes the animal know anything of evil happening to the master when at a distance from him? It is a curious inquiry. Certain it is that at the hour when the Marquis of Argyll suffered at Edinburgh the dogs at Rosneath burst out into howling without any cause, and the people all spoke of it as a sign that they knew of the killing of their owner.

And once more another era of trouble, and another sacrifice and disaster, when after one successful escape made from the Castle at Edinburgh the ninth Earl again challenged fortune; and desperately invading Scotland with a handful of men, met with less support than did his friend Monmouth in England, and was taken and beheaded by the same instrument which had killed his father.

We were shown the charters and documents of that century, mouldy and defaced by damp and bad usage, and were told that it was a marvel that any of them remained to us, for during the occupation of our house by the enemy, these had been hidden away under a rock in the district of Cowal.

Then again there was a change, and instead of English frigates coming up the narrow seas to hunt for Whig invaders, the Whig Navy came to see that Protestant William's friends were allowed to possess the ravaged lands in peace, and the Jacobite clans be kept in their place for a while. It was, however, only for a season, for in 1715 they were "up" again. Rosneath was garrisoned. Ships came up to the Castle Point to embark men and arms, and sailed again to keep watch and ward on the coasts to the north-west. The Kintyre and Argyll and Lorne districts were safe, but all to the north of Oban and Dunstaffnage was once more in the hands of the followers of the house of Stuart. The Duke marched straight upon Mar's army at Sheriffmuir, where he could only bring into action under 5,000 men against Mar's 8,000.

The right wing of each army routed the force opposed to it, but next morning, when an attack was to be delivered, the Jacobite host had fled, and so there was again peace till Argyll died, in 1743. Then plots began anew, and broke out in flame two years later. We could see from a window in the castle a passage over the peninsula from Gairloch to Clyde, where an old farmhouse and a fine fir marked a farm called by the Gaelic name of Mamore, or Big Pass. This was the home of the cousin who succeeded Marlborough's general, and who had to keep the western seaboard for the Government. A letter to him from his son, who was leaving for the

front with his regiment of Highlanders, says: "I have sent round to our men in all districts. How angered I shall be with them if they do not come forward." They did come, as of old, and fought at Culloden. For 150 years thereafter we have had peace.

So we talked and listened to the tales of old, and heard much of the events of the day. My father preferred to live on the Clyde when he was in office, because he could reach London with only one night's travel, and so lose little of the daytime he so much enjoyed in the country. Although his father had been a Tory, he had himself embraced the Whig doctrines, being greatly reinforced in these by his marriage, for my mother's people were altogether Whig. He had met her first at Taymouth, when the Queen had paid Lord Breadalbane a visit. It was in the beautiful walk, bordered with great beeches, by the side of the swift waters of the Tay, which are overshadowed by fine trees near the Castle, that he met her and her mother walking. She wrote in her journal that evening: "Lord Lorne is also here, a young man who has written on the Churches." This was what she had been told about him, for she had not ventured to plunge into the intricacies of the Scots ecclesiastical question, and the pamphlet he had written on the subject, entitled, "A letter to the Peers from a Peer's son," had not been given to her.

She had already, however, been remarkable as a

young woman who took the deepest interest in public discussions. She never put herself forward in these matters, or desired to have a vote, or "keep a salon," or to become but what she was later, namely, the best of wives and mothers. But she was always eager to hear the talk of interesting people, and was enthusiastic about any one whose character and actions she approved. Mrs. Fry, the Quakeress, known for her good deeds, Lord Shaftesbury, with his ragged schools, and many another worker had her support and admiration.

The beautiful domain of Taymouth, with its castle full of guests, and with many Highlanders encamped on its lawns, was the ideal of a Highland home, and her love for Dunrobin and for Scotland must have made her at once interested in a youth who was the chief of Lord Breadalbane's clan, and had a place not very far from the banks of the Tay, of like attractions. Her mother arranged this acquaintance, and she accepted him as her husband in 1844. There never was a more ideal married life: she was his constant companion.

In the country they would go and mark trees in the woods together, taking a forester with them to consult as to the best way of thinning and planting. She introduced new patterns and flowers into his gardens, but always kept in view the limitations imposed in regard to expense by the recklessness of his predecessor. When the famine caused by the potato blight came, she did all that was possible to



From a photograph.

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, MOTHER OF THE AUTHOR.

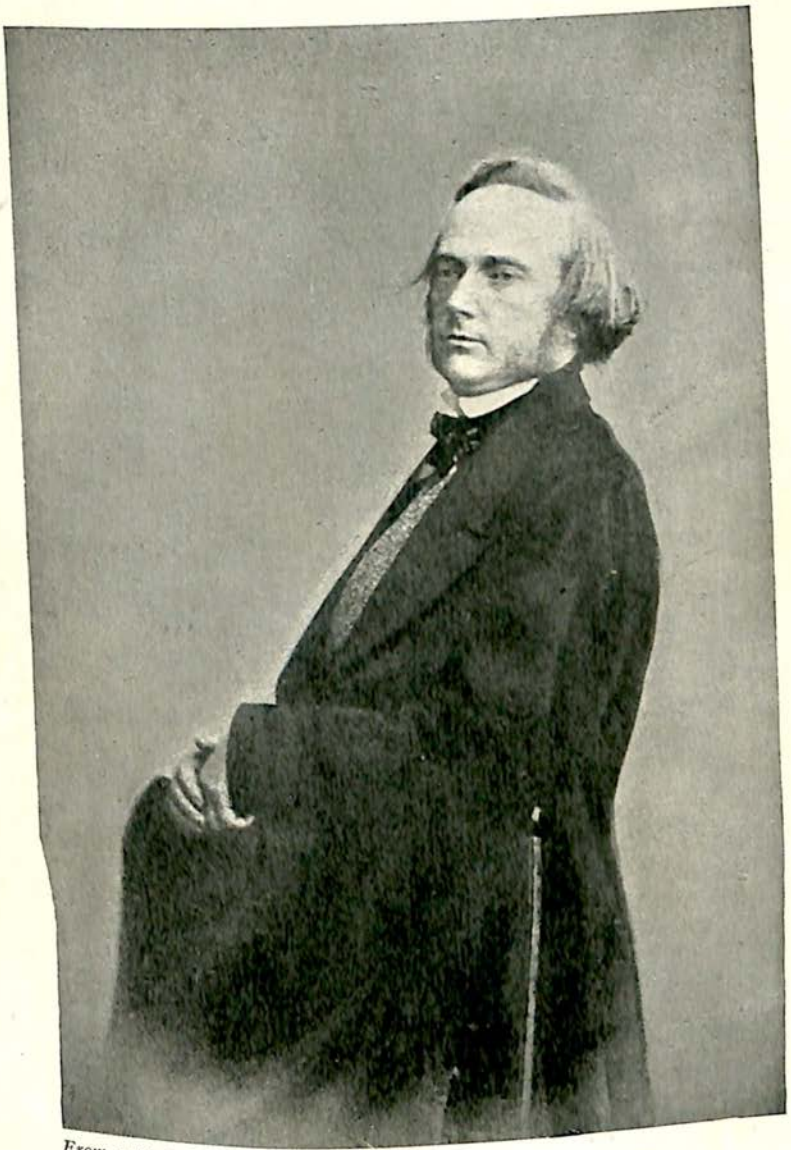
help the people, and to give a better chance to those who were hopeless by seeing that they were well received and well settled in Canada. She used to accompany my father in many expeditions to his northern estates, but she used always to tell us to remember that when we married the man must go on his own hunting and shooting or any long expedition by himself, and that it was only when able to "dawdle" that he should ask his wife to accompany him, for, she said, "any other plan always ends in the man taking too little exercise and the wife too much."

I was born in 1845, and other children came, until there were twelve. She never tired of sitting in the room where my father wrote, or of having him read what he had written for her criticism and approval. For some years after their marriage they lived, when in London, with the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, and then at another London residence he possessed in Hamilton Place, then a *cul-de-sac* off Piccadilly, but now constituting the lower portion of Park Lane. From the Hamilton Place Gardens, near Apsley House, one could always see the iron shutters that the Duke of Wellington insisted upon keeping on his windows, to remind the London mob of how they had smashed them in the Reform Bill Demonstrations. My mother would tell us of the ingratitude shown at that time to the great Duke, and relate how anxious they all were when further rioting seemed likely, and what a relief it was to

them when the Duke of Sutherland came back very late from the House of Lords one night, saying that the Bill had passed the Upper Chamber, and that there was now no chance of its being necessary to employ troops to keep the populace in order.

Later in their married life they lived at 15 Park Lane, a narrow house and very noisy. One of the most hospitable of the hostesses in that street was the Duchess of Gloucester, who lived at the corner of Piccadilly, in the house subsequently occupied by the Duke of Cambridge. A crowded ball for children held in a large upper room was attended by all the Stafford House children, a very numerous contingent; and the Duchess of Gloucester, with grey curls on each side of her head, and a small cap above her good-natured face, was most kind and attentive to us all. This house has been taken down, but Park Lane remains as narrow as ever, and its noise nearly as great. Hamilton Place has been made a thoroughfare to relieve the congested traffic.

We emigrated to Carlton Terrace, and then to the Duchess of Bedford's charming villa on the east side of Holland Park. When we took possession of this villa, there were fields and orchards all round it, with the exception of four other villas in a line with us, each having a large garden. These gardens continued to Church Street, and the little parks of the houses where Queen Anne's



From a photograph.

THE EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL,

Father of the Author.

boy, the Duke of Gloucester lived. An astronomer, Sir James South, had a nice place where Airlie Gardens now stand. There was high grass in summer by the roadside. There were green fields down to Kensington High Street, one row of buildings only blocking the view of that road.

Woodpeckers, nuthatches, many warblers, from blackbirds to whitethroats, and blackcaps, were my father's delight. Macaulay lived next door to us, and we boys used to climb a tree and sit reading in its branches, and see the great historian reading also as he walked up and down on his verandah. Often he would come to see us, and whenever the conversation was led to some subject specially difficult to recollect, he would say, "Oh, don't you remember," and then pour out a torrent of instruction from the exhaustless stores of his mind. We looked upon him as almost supernatural, especially after we had to repeat the whole of the Lays of Ancient Rome, the fine verses that we knew had come from him, but which made us almost wish that we had no such distinguished Scottish poet.

Of my mother's sisters, the youngest, Constance, was the most beautiful. She married Lord Grosvenor, afterwards Duke of Westminster. She was a most lovely girl, and was often with us in Scotland, always desirous to organize some expedition on horseback, or in boats, to visit

everything within reach, or, when compelled to keep near the house, arranging a "hide-and-seek" in the great garden, and concealing herself in the heart of the thick foliage of some big Irish yew.

The letters on pages 204 to 224 show how wide were the interests husband and wife took in affairs when they were both young. In later life my mother's letters to Senator Charles Sumner, then Chairman of the Committee of the American Senate on foreign affairs, contributed much towards pressing our friendship with the United States when the North was much exasperated against England during and after the American Civil War. With Everett and Sumner in America, and with Bunsen—who was for many years Prussian Ambassador in England—their correspondence was constant.

On a measure regarding the Presbyterian Church of Scotland being debated in 1874, Disraeli, whom I met at dinner, said, when I told him I was going back to the House at once, being quite as anxious for the Bill as he: "Oh, I do not call it our Bill at all. It is the Duke of Argyll's Bill, and Lowe and many others said they would vote for the Duke of Argyll against Gladstone." Jenkyns, the M.P. for Dundee, amused me by saying he would oppose the Bill, as he believed that when endowments belonged to congregations it would be impossible to get hold of them.

My father to the last day of his life took a great interest in Protestant Church affairs. He had been keen for the surrender of patronage in his youth. He was inheritor of rights of presentation to thirty-six livings. It is very doubtful if they are so well given now as of old. But election of a minister gives the people the satisfaction which a democracy thinks better should be held in common rather than individually. The efforts to make popular the Protestant Church have not as yet resulted in uniting the two sections into which the Presbyterians divided, mainly on this question of patronage. The division now practically takes the form of voluntaryism, or the position towards the State of "Hands off." The Established Church has the position towards the State of "Hands on," but only in matters of the Church's selection. Neither section can swing free of the Common Law, any civil action being taken to the Law Courts, and neither Church is able to evade justice under any pretence of religion. If they quarrel, they at all events quarrel with open eyes, and do not "go it blind," which is held to be the chief virtue of the Romans.

My father had none of the narrowness of views too often held among a section of the party with whom he worked up to the time of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. The extract on pages 225–6 shows how this struck an American writer on reading some remarks made after his visit to the U.S.A.

Duke of Argyll
(then Lord Lorne)

Stafford House
Aug. 7. 1865

My dear Sir -

I was much gratified, I assure you, by your kind note rec^d yesterday - which I should certainly have acknowledged sooner, had I not been very much fatigued from having been writing a great part of the day.

It is, of course, impossible for me to say whether I shall ever be able to fulfil a wish I have long had, in visiting the United States. No one, however, feels more strongly than I do the deep interest which attaches to the character & institutions of your great People; and I am sure that it be ever right to leave for any length of time the Country in which one's influence

and duties lie, it would be for the purpose of seeing a
studying one in which some of the most remarkable
principles of Political Knowledge, are in process of manifest
development. Englishmen have too long dwelt upon the
surface of a Society, whose whole interest consists in being
essentially different from their own. I shall esteem myself
fortunate, if ever I do enter that Society, in having so
competent a guide into its deeper meanings; and if I
never do, I shall entertain with pleasure, the recollection
of your kind offer.

Allow me to express my reg
great regret - a regret felt by everyone whom I

have heard speaking of the subject, - that any circumstance should remove you from a place in which you have secured the esteem, and - what is sometimes too easily obtained from Englishmen - the regard of all with whom you have come in contact.

Lady Lotte desires to be very kindly remembered to you & to your family, and hopes that the period of your departure may be perhaps, delayed

She is going on very well - as also her child. I am My dear Sir with much regard Sincerely Yours

Lotte

[TRANSCRIPT]

STAFFORD HOUSE,
August 7th, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much gratified, I assure you, by your kind note rec[d] yesterday—which I should certainly have acknowledged sooner, had I not been very much fatigued from having been writing a great part of the day.

It is, of course, impossible for me to say whether I shall ever be able to fulfil a wish I have long had, in visiting the United States. No one, however, feels more strongly than I do the deep interest which attaches to the character and institutions of your great people; and I am sure that if it be ever right to leave for any length of time the country in which one's influence and duties lie, it would be for the purpose of seeing and studying one in which some of the most remarkable principles of political knowledge are in process of manifest development. Englishmen have too long dwelt upon the surface of a Society whose whole interest consists in its being essentially different from their own. I shall esteem myself fortunate, if I ever do enter that Society, in having so competent a guide to its deeper meanings; and if I never do, I shall entertain with pleasure the recollection of your kind offer.

Allow me to express my vy great regret—a regret felt by everyone whom I have heard speaking of the subject—that any circumstances should remove you from a place in which you have secured the esteem, and—which is sometimes less easily obtained from Englishmen—the regard of all with whom you have come into contact.

Lady Lorne desires to be very kindly remembered to you and your family; and hopes that the period of your departure may be perhaps delayed.

She is going on very well, as also her child. I am, my dear sir, with much regard, sincerely yours,

LORNE.

Received 7 Aug. 1848
Ans. 7 May 1849

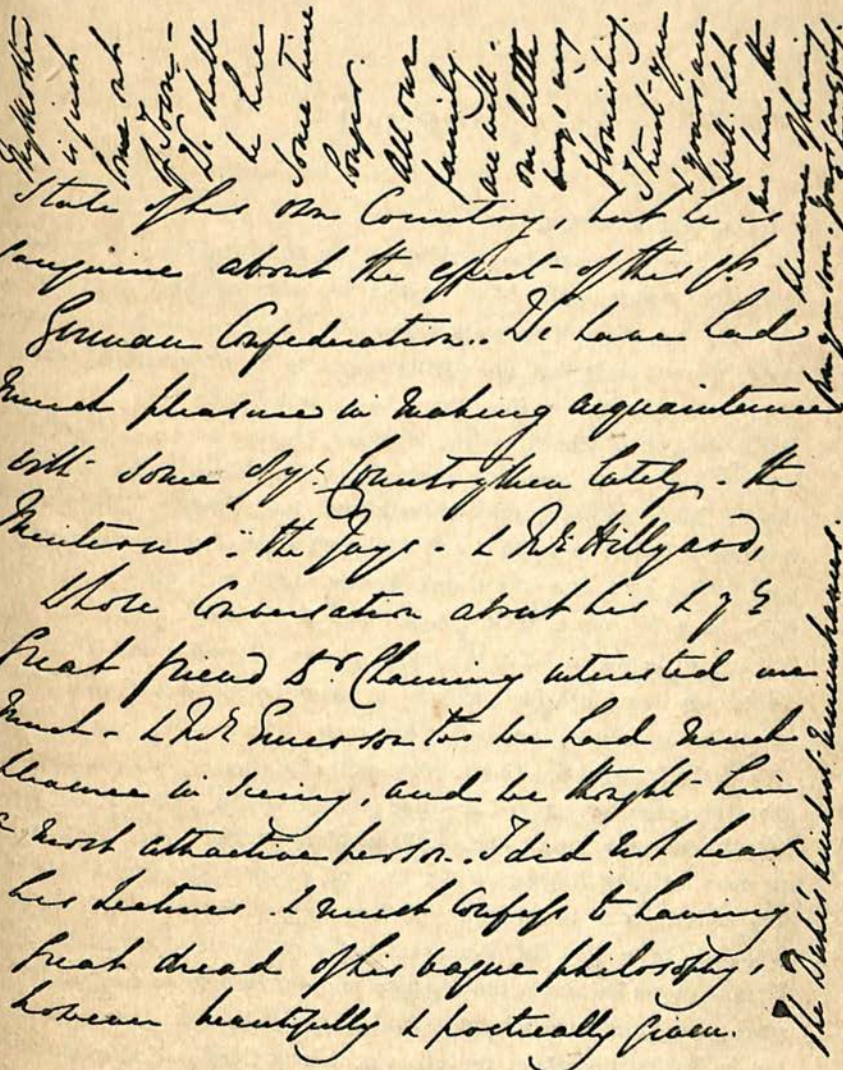
The Duchess of Argyll

London July 13th. 1848

Dear Mr Everett. I have been so long taking of you and thanking you for the interesting Report of the Blind Asylum you were so good as to send me. but it is difficult to write across the Atlantic in such times as these. for one feels that one's letter ought to be an interesting one. What an Earthquake shaking time these last months have been. the last Paris Revolution Lord Lorne - the bloodiest, bitterest civil war avoided into such a narrow compass - the Safety of the Throne

depending on those reckless but boasteful
Gascons of the Garde Nobile — The Everett
has rather helped to justify Louis Philippe's
want of resistance at the end. For
at that time the Garde Nobile united
with the people & have been Clamorous
against him — The Archbishop's death has
a bright spot in the midst of the
horrid picture — It will probably never
be known how much life has been lost —
as many bodies were thrown into the
Seine as soon as the Conflict was
over — the loss was least on the

side of the Insurgents Guizot thinks
well of Cavaignac, and we hope that
the suspicions at Constantine are unfounded,
and that he can get rid of Prince Jerome
of the noblest position ever conferred on
Man - Guizot has borne the loss of
power with Philosophy - he is busy
with the History of Consulate. Bunsen is
still here - I do hope that he is to
remain with us as Ambassador of
Germany (You know that the Separate
Ministers are to be merged into one) -
We must have felt very painfully the



[TRANSCRIPT]

LONDON,
July 13th, 1848.

DEAR MR. EVERETT,

I have been too long writing to you and thanking you for the interesting report of the Blind Asylum you were so good as to send me; but it is difficult to write across the Atlantic in such times as these, for one feels that one's letter ought to be an interesting one. What an earth shaking time these last months have been—the last Paris outbreak was horrible—the bloodiest, bitterest civil war crowded into such a narrow compass, the safety of the Town depending on those reckless but wonderful *Gamins* of the Garde Mobile. The result has rather helped to justify Louis Philippe's want of resistance at the end, for at that time the Garde Mobile mixed with the people w^d^ have been of course against him. The Archbishop's death was a bright spot in the midst of the horrid picture. It will probably never be known how much life was lost—as many bodies were thrown into the Seine as soon as the conflict was over. The loss was least on the side of the Insurgents. Guizot thinks well of Cavagnac, and one hopes that the suspicions as to Lamartine are unfounded, and that he has not thrown quite away one of the noblest positions ever conferred on man. Guizot has borne the loss of power with g^t^ philosophy, and is busy with the History of Cromwell. Bunsen is still here, and we hope that he is to remain with us as Ambassador of Germany (you know that the separate ministers are to be merged into one). He must have felt very painfully the state of his own country, but he is sanguine about the effect of this g^t^ German Confederation. We have had much pleasure in making acquaintance with some of y^r^ countrymen lately—the Minterns, the Jays, and Mr. Hillyard, whose conversation about his and y^r^ great friend Dr. Channing

interested me much, and Mr. Emerson too we had much pleasure in seeing, and we thought him a most attractive person. I did not hear his lectures, and must confess to having great dread of his vague philosophy, however beautifully and poetically given. My Mother is just come out of Town. We shall be here some time longer. All our family are well. Our little boy is very flourishing. I trust you and yours are well. Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you soon. The Duke's kindest remembrances. Yours ever truly,

E. ARGYLL.

(Cannes (Var, France) 19 Febry 1859

My dear Duchess

After many exploring researches we have at last settled at this marvellously beautiful place, and live on the very strand of a bay, second to none, except (as to grandeur not as to loveliness) that of Naples. It is here that at the beginning of last week we received your most kind letter. The sight of your handwriting always electrifies me, and I had long time been without news from you. I should have answered immediately, but I wished to write to you about the great crisis of the moment, and could not do so earlier. My Life of Jesus carries me away from morning to night, and leaves me no rest till I come to a stop: I had to fill up a chasm in my conceptions of 1850 and of 1835, and it is only yesterday that I have joined the two ends, and have now only the finishing of the last days. Every day I feel myself more humble before that divine figure of Christ, but also every day I think I discover some new truth. All our knowledge of God & all blessedness of our heart centres in Christ's own inward consciousness of his identical nature with God - see Hebrews Patricia - and this we know through John

particularly. You will find some hints about this in the Third Volume of my Hippolytus-Work which by this time you will have received together with Vol. II.

Now let me thank you for not giving me up, in spite of absence & occasional silence, and for giving me news about yourself & the dear and your whole lovely family. We have had also our share of family afflictions, rather more of abundant blessings all around us: the precarious state of the health of Henry's excellent wife and the death of Georgie's last child, a girl of three years.

As to myself I can not be thankful enough for having been conducted to this place: I am 10 years younger already than when I came here. I walk about every day, morn, afternoon, eve, and our house & my Library in particular, with a Terrace contiguous to it, have sea and sun and stars all the 24 hours round. I just compose every day from 6 to 8 hours, & have still leisure for taxing exercise, in a temperature all the winter from 60 to 70°. We have a small but select & distinguished circle around and near us: Prisseuille (who is recovering) R. de la Hilaire, Gaillardin, Reynaud, & other members of the Institute: besides our Christopher Columbus, D. Brougham, who is ready & attentive, pursuit-ified. We stay here till 26 April.

Now to politics. The Italian question has been taken in hand by a man who, if honestly setting to work, can solve this Gordian knot & solve he will it or cut through. War is inevitable. Our department swarms with troops, they say from 50,000 to 60,000: at Toulon all is in a bustle as well as at Marseilles. Nobody wishes for war here, but nobody doubts it will take place. Observers coming from Rome, Florence, Turin, Milan - all with & behind me the same.

Ollen gazette est. Now as to judging the question: firstly, I will first dispel it as I conceive it politically to be. It is nonsense to expect of the monarch to begin war by breaking the treaties, & attacking Lombardy or moving Piemont attacks it. He simply withdraws - says to Cyrist - his troops from Rome, enjoins the Austrians to do the same with the Legations, & protests against all interference. He has given warning of that, at the Conferences in Paris 1856: he has since promised his progress to Austria June 1857: he had undoubtedly made the same communications to the Pope. His pamphlet draws the curtain sufficiently to show what is behind it. All what is stated in this very remarkable & bold semi-official manifesto, as to the Italian questions - viz. Central Italy - is true: he might have said more. It was I who had to draw up the Memorandum of the European Congress at Rome in 1832, which Pio IX took as his basis in 1847: Gregory XVI had accepted it, with joy his Ministers with rapture: Emperor Francis of Austria put in his Veto, after his Ambassador had accepted & hailed it! And for what cause? Because it was proposed to have a Consulta at Rome, of 8 Members, said by the 8 Consulte provinciali consisting of Representatives of the Municipalities of the Towns, which Municipalities were to be

'élues par la population'

leaving to the Pope either to renew their old historical Statutes (which all were aristocratic, some oligarchic) or to octroyer them a Loi electorale. Those 4 words would (said Emperor Francis) obliger him to give up Milan. The project fell to the ground; we all foresaw & foretold the consequences: Pio IX adopted the abandoned child & gave in 1852 the Municipal Law. Now, what has Italy say? He presents no project of his own, but only hears of the Exigences

Pontiff; as to the Govt of the R. State, provincial & the Confederation. This second project I cannot believe to be imaginary, but it is the proposal of the reigning Pope, then accepted by 3 Italian Sovereigns. Evidently it is intended to form a powerful State in the North, excluding Modena, Parma, Lombardy & the Legations, with the K. of Sardinia at the head, ceding (I suppose) to France a part of Savoy (not the Chablais) and le Comté de Nice, both of which are not Italian but French. I do not think Nap. has any arrière pensée besides, as pretext: & it will, I suppose, be in the power of England & Prussia to keep such projects in check, if necessary: but would it not be wise to take soon to an modest reading? Austria might confidentially engage the Pope to accept the Programme, & then conjure Emp. Francis to consent. But I do not know if will be done. Austria is more than ever based upon military despotism, supported by the Ultramontane clergy. The Emperor is entirely a German Nicolas, & one who may have the same end: But is his organ, but a willing one. So I say, Alles packt ein! The inventors of the Times know only the want of arguments the ministers could, like this stage, make war for & with Austria. I have reasons to think, our policy will be the same. In the mean time we arm, as you do. But hitherto the Emp. Nap., I repeat, is in his right, & though Italian questions require solution, however you in England might care for it: but it would be a short-sighted policy to take this view.

I suppose, the Ministry will fall on the Reform question, through the Ballot: but d'Jor. they seem care to outlive the 2d of April. Pray send me now a line. With best regards to the Dean ever

Yours faithfully
Bunsen

[TRANSCRIPT]

CANNES (VAR, FRANCE).
19 *Febry.* 1859.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

After many exploring researches we have at last settled at this marvellously beautiful place, and live on the very strand of a bay, second to none, except (as to grandeur not as to loveliness) that of Naples. It is here that at the beginning of last week I received your most kind letter. The sight of your handwriting always *electrifies* me, and I had long time been without news from you. I should have answered immediately, but I wished to write to you about the great crisis of the moment, and could not do so earlier. My *Life of Jesus* carries me away from morning to night, and leaves me no rest till I come to a stop: I had to fill up a chasm in my composition of 1850 and of 1835, and it is only *yesterday* that I have joined the two ends, and have now only the finishing of the last days. Every day I feel myself more humble before that divine figure of Christ, but also every day I think I discover some more truth. *All* our knowledge of God and all blessedness of our heart centres in *Christ's own inward consciousness of His identical nature with God*—see *Gottesbewusstsein*[3]—and this we know through John particularly. You will find some *hints* about that in the Third Volume of my *Gottesbewusstsein*, which by this time you will have received, together with Vol. II.

Now let me thank you for not giving me up, in spite of absence and occasional silence, and for giving me news about yourself and the Duke and your whole lovely family. We have had also our share of family afflictions, in the midst of abundant blessings all around us: the precarious state of the health of Henry's excellent wife, and the death of George's eldest child, a girl of three years.

As to myself I cannot be thankful enough for having been conducted to this place. I am 10 years younger already than when I came here. I walk about every day, m[s], afternoon, ev[s], and our house, my Library in particular (with a Terrace contiguous to it) have Sea and Sun and Stars all the 24 hours round. There I compose every day from 6 to 8 hours, and have still leisure for taking exercise, in a temperature all the winter from 60 to 70°. We have a small but select and distinguished circle around and near us. Tocquevill (who is recovering), R. de St. Hilaire, Garnier, Reynaud, and other members of the *Institute*: besides our Christopher Columbus, *Ld. Brougham*, who is readiness and attention personified. We stay here till 26 April.

Now to *politics*. The *Italian question* has been taken in hand by a man who, if honestly setting to work, *can* solve this Gordian knot, and solve it he *will* or cut it through. *War is inevitable.* Our department swarms with troops, they say from 50,000 to 60,000: at *Toulon* all is in a bustle as well as at Marseilles. Nobody wishes for war here, but nobody doubts it will take place. Observers coming from Rome, Florence, Turin, Milan—all write and tell me *the same. Alea jacta est.* Now as to judging the question itself, I will first define it as I conceive it politically to be. It is nonsense to speak of N.'s meaning to begin

war by breaking the treaties and attacking Lombardy, or making Piemont attack it. He simply *withdraws*—say 1 April—*his troops from Rome*, enjoining the Austrians to do the same as to the Legations, and protesting against all interference. He has given *warning* of that at the Conferences in Paris 1856: he has since presented his program to Austria, June 1857: he has undoubtedly made the same communications to the Pope. His pamphlet draws the curtain sufficiently to show what is behind it. All what is stated in this very remarkable and bold semi-official manifesto, as to the Italian question—viz. Central Italy—*is true*: he might have said more. It was I who had to draw up the *Memorandum* of the European Conference at Rome in 1832, which Pio IX. took as his basis in 1847: Gregory XVI. had accepted it willingly, his Minister with rapture: Emperor Francis of A. put in his *Veto*, after his Ambassador had accepted and hailed it! And for what cause? Because it was proposed to have a Consulta at Rome of 8 members, sent by the 8 *Consuli provinciali*, consisting of Representatives of the Municipalities of the Towns, which Municipalities were to be

"*élues par la population*"

leaving to the Pope either to renew their old historical Statutes (which all were aristocratic, some oligarchic) or to "*octroyer*" them a *Loi electorale*. Those 4 words would (said Emperor Francis) oblige him to give up Milan. The project fell to the ground; we all foresaw and foretold the consequences: Pio IX. adopted the abandoned child and gave in 1552 the *Electoral Law*. Now, what does Nap. say? He presents no project of his own, but only that of the Reigning Pontiff; as to the Govt. of the R. State and as to the Confederation. This second project, with the Pope as president, I consider to be *imaginary*, but it is the proposal of the reigning Pope, then accepted by 3 Italian Sovereigns. Evidently it is intended to form a powerful State in the North, excluding Modena, Parma, Lombardy, and part of the Legations, with the Kg. of Sardinia at the head, ceding (I suppose) to France a part of Savoy (not the Chablais) and le Comté de Rue, both of which are not italian but french. I do not think Nap. has any *arrière pensée* besides, *at present*; and it will, I suppose, be in the power of England and Prussia to keep such projects in check, if necessary: but would it not be wise to come soon to an understanding? *Austria* might confidentially engage the Pope to accept the Programme, and then conjure Emp. Francis Jos. to consent. But I do not think it will be done. Austria is more than ever based upon military despotism, supported by the Ultramontane clergy. The Emperor is *entêté*, a German Nicolas, and one who may have the same end. Buol is his organ, but a willing one. So I say, *Alea jacta est*. The invectives of the *Times* show only the want of arguments. No minister could, at this stage, make war for and with Austria. I have reasons to think *our* policy will be the same. In the meantime we arm, as you do. But hitherto the Emp. Nap., I repeat, *is in his right*, and the Italian question requires solution, however little you in England might care for it; but it would be a shortsighted policy to take this view.

I suppose, the Ministry will fall on the Reform question, through the *Ballot*: but d'Isr. has taken care to outlive the 1st of April. Pray send me soon a line. With best regards to the Duke.

Ever yours faithfully,

BUNSEN.

Cambridge April 5.
1874

Dear Duchess of Argyll,

I thank you most cordially for your kind letter of sympathy. Sumner's death is indeed a very great sorrow to me; for he was more like a brother than a friend. I know you would feel as I do. She always cherished an unabated affection

for you and all your household

I hardly know what more to tell you of his death than what you have seen in the papers. Seized near midnight by angina pectoris, and the next afternoon at three, dead. Among his last words were: "Take care of my Civil Rights Bill."

I send you to-day some papers, which may contain things you have not seen. In the unavoidable delay in forming the long funeral procession, the hearse stopped for half an hour in front of the door of his divorced wife. This, of course, was unintentional, but nevertheless it is to me very painful to think upon.

I have you any letters of Sumner, which might with propriety be used in preparing his biography? and would upon all occasions to be taken of them, or of parts of them?

With kindest regards to the Duke and your family circle, always

Yours faithfully

Henry W. Longfellow.

[TRANSCRIPT]

MAUDE,
April 5, 1874.

DEAR DUCHESS OF ARGYLL,

I thank you most cordially for your kind letter of sympathy. Sumner's death is indeed a very great sorrow to me; for he was more like a brother than a friend. I knew you would feel as I do. He always cherished an unabated affection for you and all your household.

I hardly know what more to tell you of his death than what you have seen in the papers. Seized near midnight by *angina pectoris*, and the next afternoon at three, dead. Among his last words were: "Take care of my Civil Rights Bill."

I send you to-day some papers, which may contain things you have not seen. In the unavoidable delay in forming the long funeral procession, the hearse stopped for half an hour in front of the door of his divorced wife. This, of course, was unintentional, but nevertheless to me very painful to think upon.

Have you any letters of Sumner, which might with propriety be used in preparing his biography? and would you allow copies to be taken of them, or of parts of them?

With kindest regards to the Duke and your family circle, always

Yours faithfully,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

An American letter on an article written by my father after his visit to the U.S.

"I suppose you have noticed the paper of the Duke of Argyll, under the title of 'First Impression of America,' the result of his visit to New York and Canada during the last summer. I do not know when I have seen so good a thing in its way—and so at variance with smaller and more pretentious travellers from Great Britain in this country. The style of his paper is so simple and natural, and admirably free from the irritating criticisms these visitors seem to feel themselves bound to make. His visit was very short, and made up of mere glimpses of the country, as he travelled through it; yet he seems to have taken it in at a glance. His descriptions repeat his impressions in so practical a way and so naturally that you feel at home with him as he makes his observations of the country he passes over, pointing out its beauties and explaining its peculiarities. Speaking of the progress of settlement, he notes what is accomplished rather than what is wanting. He writes likes a philosopher whose learning has not used up his common sense, while he looks upon the natural scenery before him with the eye of an artist and earnestly reproduces a plain and most pleasing picture to his readers. Referring incidentally to the aboriginal people of America, he speaks of them as a man who had studied them from a really philosophical standpoint. Nothing has been better said on the subject or so well accounted for their present condition than his conclusion that from a period many generations

ago they gave themselves up to the pursuits of war, until, though possessing many noble traits of character, they had become essentially rapacious, and an inbred thirst for blood had led them into and kept them in continual wars, in which they have almost perished as a people. He cites the Algonquins as a striking instance of this characteristic and its effect—than which certainly no better example exists. He leaves his readers with the feeling that his first impressions of America have been those of an observer who has *seen* whatever was before him understandingly, and has not overlooked what be professed to look over. The recently published letters of Dickens have provoked me to compare the manly and sensible way in which Argyll looks at America, with the narrow, sinister, and querulous style of that novelist whose friends have taken so much pains of late to invite contempt for his memory. But read Argyll's 'Impressions.' They are truthful. What is not so you may find in plenty without looking up the 'American Notes.'"

While eager that the greatness of his own country should not be clogged by nervous fears of expansion, and while deriding the fear of responsibility of Empire, he was no partisan of those who wrote down other nations. He could always find in their efforts to increase a pride that was justified. A Patriot himself, who opposed any weakening or division in our realm, he was never carried away by any

desire for conquest. The son of a soldier, he would not allow me to enter the army, which had been a fervent desire on my part. Yet he took all opportunity of fostering in his children a pride in the soldier's career. He took us to see the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, and we witnessed the procession from a platform erected in the gardens of Stafford House. The long *cortège*, the roll of the muffled drums, the towering car of bronze, the charger led behind it, with the empty saddle, the surrounding body of officers on horseback, made a deep impression on all who saw this wonderful display of honour to the dead Leader. He took us a day before to the lying-in-state in the church of the Chelsea Hospital, and we walked with him up the centre of the church, and looked with awe at the motionless figures of the Grenadiers, who, with arms reversed, bowed themselves over the butts of their muskets. We paused before the glare of light at the chancel steps, where the coffin with the sword and cocked hat was placed, and saw the general officers who stood around, while the black crowd, emerging from the obscurity of the rest of the building, thronged the space below, and then passed back in silence.

Again, when the troops, returned from the Crimea, were given one long ovation, as they marched through the huzzaing crowds, through the Horse Guards Parade, and up the Mall, he took us out on the Carlton House terrace, where we waited

with the Prussian ambassador, our friend the Chevalier von Bunsen, who was dressed in his gold and blue uniform, and a great cocked hat over his beaming clever face. The Guards came along amid a wonderful scene of enthusiasm, women rushing now and then into the ranks to greet their sweethearts or husbands.

He would love to make us repeat the fine eulogy of Tennyson, who makes Nelson from his grave ask who comes "with a nation's lamentation" to lie by his side.

> Mighty seaman, this is he,
> Was great by land, as thou by sea.
> Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man—
> The greatest sailor since the world began.
> Now to the roll of muffled drums,
> To thee the greatest soldier comes;
> For this is he,
> Was great by land as thou by sea.

He never had any hesitation about making war on Russia, and it was strange that the necessity of this war was as fully appreciated by the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, who had a passion for peace, as it was by the youngest among our politicians, or among our officers. During the period that preceded the Civil War in America, he always maintained that the North was in the right to resist any disintegration of its territories by war, and believed that war alone could prevent the evils of secession, as well as the domestic evil of slavery.

My father was a man who never smoked, and



From a drawing by Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, 1858.

GEORGE, EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, WITH LORD LORNE AND LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

never drank wine or spirits, only when ordered by the doctor. He had a great horror of any excess, and used to teach us how absurd it made men to lose their wits. Of one person who was always too fond of whisky, and who had a place much frequented by tamed wild pigeons, he used to say that even the birds were always confidentially saying to any visitor who came to the house "Ardnahoos fou" or the laird of Ardnahoos is always half seas over. Another, not a drinker himself, but a maker of whisky, he always called "Spurrits," after the pronunciation of that worthy, and one day wrote a letter to his friend Dr. Cumming, talking about "Old Spurrits." The doctor, in a fit of absence of mind, sent this letter to the individual thus characterised, and it was returned, to the sender's horror, with only a note in it which showed that the unfortunate man had recognised himself in the person so named. Nothing resulted from this except one remarkable fact: and this was that whenever "Old Spurrits" again spoke of his manufactures, he always spoke not of Spurrits, but of Speerits.

CHAPTER XIV

The United States, 1866.—Longfellow I knew immediately on seeing him. The pictures of him are good, but he is older-looking and his likenesses do not flatter him. He is of middle height, and his features are regular and the effect of his countenance very fine. He wears his white hair long and brushes it as do many Germans, straight back, and it falls over his coat collar behind. The eyes are very blue and piercing, his nose rather large, but does not seem so, as he wears a full white moustache and beard. He looks altogether as though he had been twin brother to one of the Norse demi-gods he loves to write about. The Sagas have a strange influence over his mind, and I was impudent enough to tell him that they were the only things in his last book which were not appreciated in England.

He asked about the Mabinogion books, but as I do not read Welsh fluently I could give no information. I sat between him and Palfrey, and told him how delighted I was to meet him, and what a pleasure his poetry has always been to all of us. He bowed and looked pleased. I led

him on to talk of Tennyson, and told him of T.'s admiration. He talked warmly of Tennyson's works, saying he thought "Maud" was the finest thing he had written, after "In Memoriam." Next he spoke of Swinburne, whom he seemed curious about—admiring his lyrics and thinking that his force lay in them—talked of Alexander Smith and Bailey, as curious instances of the way young men come to the surface suddenly and then disappear, apparently never again to rise.

I spoke of the translation of Homer, and told him that in Gladstone's and Tennyson's opinion it was nearly impossible to render it in English hexameters. He said he believed on the contrary that the hexameter was the only metre in which the ring of the original could be properly given, and that he thought the translation of Homer was yet to appear, and that it would be in hexameters. He said that no translation was worth much that paraphrased at all. It must be absolutely literal. He is translating Dante, and aims at giving the poem with exact literalness. There are no rhymes, and the lines are simply in a five-foot measure.

He has not been in England since 1842, and is afraid he cannot go at present, as his children are growing up. Talking of the popularity of his books in England, he said he met with a copy of some early poems of his in a shop near Charing Cross; they had been written when he was nineteen or twenty, and he bought the only copy he saw at once,

wishing to stamp out productions of which he was ashamed.

Dana looks much older and wears a grey beard. He was pleasant and spoke with pleasure of his visit to England. He is going there again next July. Holmes is the man who wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and *Elsie Venner*. He too had a son in the war, who was wounded three times, and yet looks very well after it all, and is also off to England. He is a handsome and most agreeable youth. I must tell him to call on you, as it would interest you to see a battered young Federal.

Longfellow came out of a side room, and welcomed us warmly. His room is a pleasant one, facing the river, and his books are all round him. In the recess of the window was a good-sized orange-tree. A tawny tyke of a terrier lay on the rug before the fire. The next room was the one where his wife's dress caught fire while making seals for her children. She rushed out to the staircase looking like a pyramid of fire, and was so hurt that she died. Longfellow never got over it, and they say that he has since been quite a different man in looks as well as in mind.

I am much pleased with a commission he gave me, almost as soon as we sat down. Going to a drawer and opening it, he brought out a fine Indian peace pipe of the famous redstone, which is much like the Rosso antico marble of Italy. It is

shaped a little in the form of a tomahawk, and ornamented with some rough inlaid steel or iron-work. The whole is polished. This pipe he asked me to give to Tennyson with his "love and admiration," saying he had never seen him personally, but knew him from his works. I told him I should make a special pilgrimage to Freshwater, to give it to Tennyson in person.

On the round book-covered table lay a huge volume of Dante, and the paper lying by its side was half covered with Longfellow's translation. It is not to be out till autumn. I saw one volume, but had no time to examine it. One expression caught my eye. A line ended in the words "serotine and clear." I pointed it out to L. with an inquiring glance—not venturing to say I had never seen it in the English language before. He said "yes," and mentioned the Italian word—almost identical, if I remember rightly—and said he thought that the word ought to be employed—which meant that he intended to introduce it that others should perpetuate the use of it, I suppose. I think it is too like the family of oil names to be pleasant—paraffine, kerosene, etc. Appleton thought it would not be left to stay where it was, as Lowell and other friends are in the habit of coming down to spend evenings with L., when he reads his Dante—three lines at a time—to the small audience, who do their best to cut it up.

I saw several editions of Dante in the room. He is studying the poem and making notes upon it. In addition he has made a collection of criticisms of all the best writers, and they are appended to the new translation. I asked him about Whittier, whose "Snowbound" I saw on the table. He praised many of his things, especially those written during the last four years, and said that Whittier still wore the Quaker dress.

There was much complaint about bird-shooting. He can't bear to see the robins and thrushes shot, and boys with guns are constantly prowling about, making poor L. run out of his house with threats to bring the police upon the offenders unless they move off. It is an offence, it seems, to discharge a gun so near the highway, so that he has the law on his side, and can scold to his heart's content. There was a story too, of annoyance from beggars who came pretending they were wounded soldiers, and asked for alms, being unable to work. Their hands were stuffed into capacious coat pockets.

"Where are you wounded?" L. asked.

"In the hand sir, and badly," was the answer, the hands being meanwhile kept carefully concealed.

"Let me see your hand."

"Why, you don't mean to say you disbelieve us?"

"No, no; but show the hand—is it badly hurt?"

"Oh, damn it! if you are one of that sort, we

won't have anything more to do with you," and off they went.

There was much talk of battles, on land and on sea—and then came complaints of the hotels, in which we cordially joined. L. said that he and A. came to Boston with their two wounded sons—tired and dusty, and wanting to have their wounds dressed. They walked up to the office of the Tremont Hotel. "Have you a room?" No answer—and then a denial. "Cannot you give us any accommodation? All we want is a room and some water—here are two wounded officers, who must have their wounds dressed." "No sir, no rooms here." The party was going downstairs, when some one met them who knew L., and who went up to the office clerk, and, having some connection with the hotel proprietor, obtained a room for them at once.

Sumner showed me the letters written by the Queen and the Empress to Mrs. Lincoln. The Queen's was short and written on some of that deeply black-edged paper she uses. It was very kind and tender, alluding to her own loss, and saying how much she could feel for Mrs. L.

CHAPTER XV

Berlin.—To please my home folk, who had not altogether approved of my cutting short the time at Cambridge, I consented to go to Berlin and to become a university student in 1866, after returning from America. I had a friend there who had become enamoured of all the pride and circumstance attending the return of the Prussian troops from their victories in Austria. He had in his enthusiasm become a candidate for the honour of a lieutenancy in the Prussian army. There were very few Englishmen serving in the army. But there was a cuirassier of my clan, who had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the second as well as the first great war, for he put a number of the French *hors de combat* with his sword at Mars-la-Tour, a battle which, by the way, was destined to put an end to the life of the captain commanding my young friend's squadron. Then there was a general officer, General von Wright, an Englishman most popular for his personal qualities as well as for his soldierly abilities. Berlin was indeed a happy city after her people had found themselves

victors over their great opponent and rival in the south. Austria had often threatened to become the chief power in Germany. She had allies far north, in the very midst of the territories which Prussia had always thought must be under Northern headship.

Prussian society loved to go bathing at Nordenei, and now it was doubtful if any one in society at Berlin would be favourably received there. Hanover had a compact army of 24,000 men, who none of them desired to serve under the black eagle of Berlin. Brunswick shared her sentiments. Further south Hesse Darmstadt was anti-Prussian, although her neighbour of Baden was more favourable to Northern leadership. Bavaria wished to stand alone, but preferred Austria to Saxony; her well-drilled troops were altogether at one with the King, who preferred the empire which had spread the German name over Hungary, half Lombardy, Venice, and Trieste, as well as given German sovereigns to the two Sicilies, and to the smaller Italian states.

The first fight was with the Hanoverians at Langensalza, and there the Prussians had the worst of the encounter, and the Hanoverians only yielded next day on being hopelessly outnumbered. While the Aschaffenburg fight raged, Princess Alice of England, who had married Prince Louis of Hesse, could hear from her room the guns of the opposing forces, where her husband's

men were making a futile stand against the Prussians, who numbered in the ranks of their cavalry Prince Louis' own brother.

These first contests made a great impression in England. There the "military authorities" were as a rule on the side of Austria, both in politics and in professional forecast for the future. Just before the war broke out I dined in a house where three of the highest officers in our army made part of the company, and these men expressed the opinion that the breech-loader was a mistake. Why? Because the soldiers would fire away all their ammunition, and would then be at the mercy of those opposing them, who had fired more slowly, and who would have amunition in reserve in the fighting line. If there was anything in this theory it was to be decided in the struggle that must take place when the Prussians forced the mountain passes to debouch into Bohemia.

And the trial soon came in the fights at Nachod and Skalitz, where again the needle rifle breech-loader triumphantly demonstrated the superiority of the new arm. But the Saxon and Austrian artillery batteries were excellent. It was apparent that in generalship the Northerners must show their superiority if great battles were to be gained as easily as had been the smaller fights. On swept the King's and the Red Prince's, and the Crown Prince's Corps d'Armées, ever on towards the Austrian massed array, standing on the ridge that rises

gently to the north of the little town of Königgrätz. The Red Prince's force (Prince Friederich Karl, the Duchess of Connaught's father) came first under fire, marching down the inclines that led to the banks of a little stream called the Bistritz. There they occupied a large wood ; but the Saxon artillery opened so heavy a fire that the needle gun could get no chance, and the battle-line could advance no further.

It was much the same in the centre near the King for some time. But on the left the Crown Prince's army came into action, after advancing through a haze that veiled the danger to the Austrians, and, with a vigour that cheered the centre and right, swept over the little river and up the opposite rising ground. "Forward," cried the Crown Prince, pointing the leading regiments to the line of their attack, a village on the crest of the ridge called Chlum, near which two trees grow singly. "Forward upon those trees" ("Auf den Baum gehts loss") was his order, and with one great heave the Northern blue masses swarmed onward, until Chlum under its village spire and the long back of the low ridge was covered with desperate fighters who fell thickly, but made the Austrians, once they were well within rifle range, fall far more quickly.

Too much expenditure of ammunition ? Not a bit of it ! There was still plenty to spare when the charging army, which had filled the neighbourhood

of Chlum on the left, to far on the right, with heaps of Austrian corpses, halted to watch their enemy retreat. They saw then, to their surprise, as they looked over the reverse slopes and the shelving declivities of the great plain before them, that its vast surface was full of Austrian cavalry, retreating everywhere. It was always a surprise why this arm had not been more used by the Southern commanders. Was it fear of the breech-loader? Anyhow, the fact was patent to all that the horsemen were to cover the retreat only. So the battle of Königgrätz was won chiefly by the flank charge of the Crown Prince's Corps d'Armée, and the Austrians retired through the town, using the rail to Pardubitz, and so on to Vienna as far as they could, and the Prussians were able to follow at their leisure, hardly hindered by any further resistance.

These had been glorious experiences for Berlin, and I was fortunate in visiting the city when it was full of just pride, and full of the men who in war had made themselves famous. "The young world city," they affectionately called the city that only within the span of the life of a man of middle age had been occupied by French troops, and whose sovereign had had to plead to Napoleon as conqueror. "The next time it will be different," they said significantly, and, as the events of 1870 proved, justly.

Nor was military fame alone represented at the capital; Ranke, Gneist, Lepsius, among the professors,

were famous men. Stockmar, Abeken, Gustav Freitag, and others, were men well known throughout Europe. Towering above all was Bismarck in political society, and Count Moltke in the army. Bismarck was huge, bluff, but courteous, and always speaking his mind, or what he wished people to consider to be his mind. Moltke was slight, clear-cut in feature as in mind, smooth-shaven, smooth-spoken, but decisive whenever he did speak, which was very seldom.

Like many capitals on the Continent, the appearance of the residential part of the town was handsomer than a town of such population would be in England, where everything seems to be built up anyhow, with little purpose but for cheapness and business. Abroad, the cities have more often, especially in the case of the newer parts built in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, been laid according to some Government plan. But after the spreading vastness of London, and the experience of American cities, it seemed curious that all the official and social life should be centred in a few streets. To the American, accustomed to the space between the Capitol at Washington and some of the Embassies of that town, or the Englishman, wont to think little of the distance between the Stock Exchange and Hyde Park, it seemed certainly a convenience that everybody who was anybody could be found within hail of the avenue "Unter den Linden" or of the Wilhelmstrasse.

The French Embassy was close to the Brandenburger Thor, the stately gate which closes the Linden Allee. The University was in this "Mall" of Berlin. So were many good houses and hotels, and the private palace of the King, for he liked to live in a house, looking like a handsome club-house in London, whence he could see the avenue, the throngs of people walking, and the equestrian statue of the great Frederick. To see the King sitting working at his papers in the corner window of the small palace was an everyday sight for all Berliners. "The good grey head that all men knew" was ever there "working away," as you might see a bank clerk at Drummond's Bank at Charing Cross, if the officials of that house were not so modest in obscuring their windows. The King sat behind plate glass, and all might observe him. As he looked up from his work, he could see, beyond the bronze likeness of his great predecessor, the wider space where the rows of linden-trees ended and the big open "Platz" began to spread its acres of pavement under the shadow of the imposing architecture of church and palace. In the palace the great balls and receptions were given in the White Hall, an immense room very well adapted for the purpose.

The chief season for "Functions" was in the winter. In summer the numerous sentries posted at all the official buildings wore white trousers, dark tunic, brass buttons, and the brassed and

spiked "Pickelhaube," or helmet. Cuirassiers in white uniforms, high boots, and bright metal eagle-crowned helmets kept the stairs and did duty in the ballroom. There the scene was always beautiful. The King and Queen Augusta were graciousness itself, and "made the circle," speaking to and remembering numbers of their guests as they passed round the room, and had others presented to them. The Crown Prince wore, as did the Great Chancellor, the white dress of the Cuirassiers.

The Crown Princess sought especially to speak to those distinguished in art and science. But art and the learned professions were little seen at this Court. It struck an Englishman as wonderful to what an extent the idea of rank from descent still prevailed in the capital. Anybody who was "von" so-and-so was "Hof fähig," or worthy to be presented at Court. But unless there was descent from landed proprietors, or army or naval descent, the person who had distinguished himself in the world of science, art, or commerce was, as far as official knowledge went, nowhere. The number of men with titles who had no thalers to support their rank was wonderful. Every man who had a title was condemned to transmit it to all his sons, and they had no resource, as a rule, but the army, unless they became practically the stable-men of their father or brothers. The younger children of squires, knights, and nobles never went to any colonies, for there were none for them to go to. They

never entered any commercial house, for that would have been beneath their dignity ; and dignity had to be buttoned up in a tunic and gilt buttons. They hardly ever stood as candidates for Parliament or for local management, unless as agents for a relation who might be a landowner. The army made them work, and, as far as that employment served, nothing could be better. But outside the ranks of the army there was nothing for them to do. They had to subsist on their dignity alone, which often made rather a poor show, as Americans sometimes told them.

At that time Prussia had only a few ships in her navy, and Prince Adalbert always reminded one that Germany might become a naval power, for he always wore his admiral's uniform and was ever visible at Court ceremonies, a charming, genial old gentleman. No one was thought more highly of as a soldier than was Prince Frederick Charles, who from wearing a Hussar red uniform went by the name of the Red Prince ; and his lovely wife was most popular, and always looked as if she enjoyed every ball as though she danced for the first time. The diplomats had on the whole the " best time." Benedetti was the French Ambassador ; Lord Augustus Loftus was ours, and the First Secretary was Mr. William Lowther, the father of the present Speaker of the House of Commons. Oubril was the Russian. These and their colleagues could see much and know all, and were not always in uniform. All the rest, who were worthy in the

eyes of the Court of being called mankind, were all tightly buttoned up at all hours.

Beyond the Brandenburger Thor stretched a charming network of rides through woods where the trees had grown to a good height. Even there all the riders, except the diplomats, appeared in uniform.

I do not know but what the Prussians were right to give all possible honour to the profession of arms. They need not have carried the matter so far as to look down on all the rest of mankind who could not be brass-buttoned, but the idea of military science being most honourable is good, if you do not make it all in all. The idea that every man is bound to defend his country is good. You may hunt all ideas to death. But the principle is sound. It is this principle which has given Prussia the lead. Prussia is now Germany. Germany has been able to prepare herself to fight successfully, front and back, if necessary, against a coalition of France and Russia. Germany, through her principle of devotion of a part of every man's life to the profession of arms, has become a great war power. The devotion of her people to the ideals of her statesmen has also made her a formidable sea power. Everywhere you find German travellers extending German commerce, and that commerce has at its back a navy second to none in the drill and skill of the men, and equal to any in the outfit of its individual ships. Socialism may knock Germany

down from within, but the spirit of her rulers has done much to make the knocking-down process one that will take time.

Now let us look at the home of the Warrior King—the great Frederick who made this nation. He was the ancestor of all German greatness, and his pleasure-house was the lovely Sans Souci, a one-story range of buildings in the Louis XIV. style on a hillside, covered with terraces and well wooded. On the other heights in the neighbourhood the trees had been placed with a skill worthy of Le Nôtre. There are lakes among the forested hillocks, and not far from Sans Souci, near the lakes, is Babelsberg, where King William, in the sixties and seventies liked to live. Below the terraces of Sans Souci is a fine palace with a dome, and built in red and white, with rooms in the French manner of decoration. Here the Crown Prince and Victoria, Princess Royal, lived as often as they could. On the parqueted floors the present Emperor and his brother Prince Henry used to tumble about and play marbles when I first knew Berlin, and the Crown Princess gave pleasant parties, to which guests were bidden from Berlin, the train service being very good, so that it was easy to go and return after dinner.

Alas! I was present too at the funeral service that accompanied the dead "Crown Prince" (Emperor Frederick) through the avenued woodlands of the New Palace, to the fine mausoleum on the other side

of the park. All the mourners were on foot. The coffin was placed on a gun-carriage, and behind the following of relatives there was a wide space. In the centre of this space walked alone Field-Marshal Count Moltke, and the representatives of the army and navy came only after an interval—a long train of men who had almost all of them been with the Crown Prince, this "Sun of Chivalry" through the deadly struggles of the Austrian and French wars.

But there were few, if any, shadows to mar the happiness of the days when I first knew these groves and terraces and palaces—the transplantation of the stateliness and brightness of Versailles, without the dreariness that the regularity of Versailles produces on the mind. Here there was variety and cheerfulness, and pine woods and wilder country alternated with the grand formality of avenues and statue-haunted groves. How eager and happy was the talk within doors on politics, on art, on all the interests of England and Germany! How joyous the laugh, and clever the characterisation of men, people, and things in the mind of the Princess Royal! There was nothing for which she had not sympathy, unless it were something vulgar, or autocratic, or senseless. Then, indeed, a scorn and a quick running fire of wit at the absurdity of evil pretensions would burst out, and the heartiest of laughs end the subject, while another was quickly launched for discussion. And the Crown Prince, gentle and

manly, would listen and speak now and then with a quiet authority which his wife would be the first to support. Sometimes the Grand-Duchess of Hesse, Princess Alice, would be there with her sister and her brother-in-law, who commanded a regiment at Berlin, at the barrack quarters of "Moabit," where regimental dinners used to be given, and I used to envy the imposing number of officers—about three times that seen at any British regimental feast; and what a noise we used to make, and how the champagne did flow—not at Potsdam, but at "Moabit"!

No hosts could be kinder than the King and Queen of Prussia. The Queen was fond of inviting a few persons at tea-time, and sat at her table with her ladies and a few invited officers and diplomats and foreigners, and talked of all things with much sympathy and intelligence, and would give her friends little souvenirs of herself—a seal, a ring, or picture. Often towards the end of the time she had asked her guests to stay, the King would come, always in undress uniform, and sit down also, and ask to hear the news they had to give him. With his small keen blue eyes, his grey side-brushed moustache, slightly curled short whiskers, and carefully shaved chin, he was the model of "the fine old Prussian gentleman, all of the olden time." He loved at these times rather to hear others speak than to say much himself, unless he told of some occurrence that had amused him during the day.

A patriarchal courtyarded building opening on to the Wilhelmstrasse, now the Foreign Office, was the home of the Radziwill family. Two old brothers lived there, Prince Wilhelm and Prince Boguslav. The first had known my grandfather Lord Gower, and the Fürst's eldest son, Prince Anton, married a French lady, a Castellane. The last time I dined there Prince Anton left before dinner was over, as he was on duty as A.D.C. to the King at Ems. It was only a week later that the incident occurred that marked the beginning of the French war, namely, the alleged turning of the King's back on the French Ambassador. But the way in which the King's action was purposely misunderstood was the first real sign that war had been determined on by their opponents, and the Germans were not likely to neglect to take up the glove of challenge thus thrown down.

One of the pleasantest events of the year was the great hunt after wild boar that took place on every third day of November, the "Hubertusjagd," or St. Hubert's Day hunt. On this day the Court and hunt all put on red coats and high hats; military uniform was only worn by those on duty. The scene was the forest of Grunewald, a great stretch of pine beyond the Thiergarten about two miles from the Brandenburger Gate. A fine pack of hounds were soon in full cry, and the riding among the trees provided just enough occasion for horsemanship to give zest to the pursuit

of the game. The boar often took to the water, swimming one of the little lakes of which there were several in the forest. Then the sight was very pretty, the pack streaming through the water after the big, black, hairy pig, who when overtaken was speedily killed; and the huntsmen, with wide brass horns bent into nearly a circle, blew the death strain, while red-coated horsemen grouped among the dark green of the pines told each of his adventures before turning his horse's head to ride home again

The first time I saw Count Bismarck he was riding in the Thiergarten, in dark undress uniform, with a very pretty American girl of sixteen, who, with her parents and sister, had spent the winter to be near some Prussian relatives. The next time was at the Palace, where I asked to be introduced to him; and he bent down, to tell me courteously that he was glad to meet me, as he had read about my people when he himself was a boy, in Scott's novels. When attending State functions he wore the white Cuirassier uniform. Knowing that I intended to stand for Parliament, he remarked that surely I was too young for the House of Commons. I quoted some illustrious precedents, and was backed up sympathetically by two or three ladies present. The Russian Minister d'Oubril was often talking to him, and must have been able to stand a good deal, if the Count's talk to him was at all like that used to others in

regard to Russian ideas of keeping to promises. And yet how anxious he was to have the back of Germany guarded against any attack from Russia! So was the King he served so strenuously. It is said that the last scene of the Emperor William's deathbed was the pathetic deliverance of a well-reasoned political address uttered in a loud voice, saying the Russian Alliance must be kept.

The last I saw of the great Chancellor was in later years.

"Prince Bismarck came yesterday. He has grown stouter, but holds himself as erect as ever. He was very breathless after coming up the stairs, his eyes watered a good deal, and his look of a gallant great mastiff filling up the sofa was more marked than of old. His son came with him. He spoke much. Lord Beaconsfield he liked much, he declared, and said that he spoke the best among the English representatives at the Congress. He spoke seldom, Bismarck continued, 'but very well, and oratorically. Count Schuvaloff speaks very well—more in a conversational way. Lord Salisbury is more pleasant to speak to in private than upon business. He has the habits of a debater, and after one thinks that a thing has been settled he will go back upon it, and says always something more. Lord Beaconsfield did not do this.' He liked Lord Salisbury. He did not think Prince Gortschakoff did all he could to prevent war. 'On the contrary.'

Prince Bismarck was anxious that if the Russians determined on war they should spend their hostile instincts against Turkey, and not against Austria, with whom it seemed at one time as though they would come into collision. 'It is important for us not to have war between Russia and Austria, our two neighbours. For complications would then easily arise. It is important for us not to have war with Austria, as it is for us to remain good friends with you (England).'

"He spoke a great deal in a pleasant voice. He occupies a very old chateau formerly belonging to the Prince Bishops of Würzburg, and now the property of a Herr Streit, who has bought the Kissingen grounds and bathing establishment. The Prince came, treading very heavily on the wooden stairs, but very erect, to meet us in the hall. Dinner was served at five o'clock, in a large room, formerly the Bishops' Reception Hall. The great black dog of some German breed (which lately very nearly disposed of poor old Prince Gortschakoff, having been hauled off the Russian diplomat by Bismarck with some difficulty,) was also of the party. This formidable person behaved very civilly to us, his master remarking that he always was civil to really respectable people, as if the Russian Chancellor was quite the contrary. It was only untidily got up people whom the dog disliked, his master complained, with prominent yellow-brown eyes affectionately fixed on the animal.

"At dinner the Prince drank only beer, saying that he used to drink wine, and too much of it, but that now he could not stand anything stronger than beer. In obedience to Princess Bismarck, he made a good dinner, but not enough in her opinion; and when she wanted him to take more, he turned to me and said the whole object in life of a Pomeranian Hausfrau was to ruin her husband's stomach. He said that the political map I send you is accurate.

"I asked about the Separatist and Particularist feeling in Hanover, and he went minutely over the whole country, and each district in detail on the map, saying where the Guelph party still existed, where it had been modified, where the anti-Guelph feeling came in, and wound up with 'Yes, we cannot help anything of that now,' meaning that things must stay as they are, that Hanover must remain an integral part of Prussia. He remarked that Franchi, the last Foreign Affairs Cardinal at Rome, had died a curious and surprising death, and that we knew nothing of Mina, the man who has succeeded him. The Nuncio Masella, he said, had no authority to do any business with him (Bismarck) and therefore none was done. To all Bismarck said, Masella had notified that he must go for instruction to Rome. So I do not think the termination of the difference between Rome and Bismarck is so near as people think.

"He continued the subject by saying that as long as people would follow him he did not care

what people in Germany called themselves, and that the object of the country must be to get rid of Socialism. He complained that the transaction of any business drove sleep away from him, that lately he had been unable to sleep till near morning, and this unfitted him for work during the day. He described the Emperor's power of work as wonderful, and that his whole time was taken up in the transaction of business. He never reads any book himself. The Crown Prince, he thought, was getting a little tired of the great quantity of work the German system laid upon him. He was amusing about Schleinitz, the Minister at St. Petersburg, who had married lately, and who used to be a clever man and wrote well; 'but now, one can see in every sentence that he writes that he has a child sitting on his knee.' He thought that Lord Salisbury ought to have half an hour every day under a drill sergeant, to improve the appearance of an English representative statesman.

"He was much interested about Canada and its development. He insisted upon coming downstairs to the door as we left. His manner was not changed at all through ill-health, and he was as courteous and frank as in the old days in Berlin. A grand man, 'nobly planned.'"

Now let me go back to 1866.

I am much struck with the Berliner's full assurance of the great duplicity of Russian diplomacy, and the

utter unscrupulousness of their conduct, in Asia and in Turkey. As several of those who speak thus are related to Russians, or have lived there and known Russian affairs intimately, the testimony one hears against Muscovite ways is a heavy one.

This is what the British Ambassador, Loftus, said to me of these events: "The Austrians were quite unprepared for rapid aggressive action. This was not known, except in Austrian Court circles. The Press was silenced. All thought that the Austrian Commander-in-chief, Benedek, had some wonderful secret plan that was to effect marvels. It was through a telegram sent by Lord Blomfield, our ambassador at Vienna, to the British Government, saying Austria was not really ready, that the Prussians got a hint as to the state of affairs in the army in Bohemia. The Prussian Minister, Bernstoff, immediately telegraphed the information thus conveyed by Lord Blomfield (and nobody knows how it leaked out) to Berlin. Thence it was sent on to the leaders of the armies, and the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles broke unresisted through the mountain passes. Benedek's force arrived at Nachod too late to effect anything beyond bruising the head of the Crown Prince's columns. Two corps d'armées that ought to have thrown themselves with full weight against Frederick Charles's army, never came into action at all, but kept in the background, along the railway lines, as if fearing a Prussian descent from Alatz. It was the Ultra-

montane Jesuit party at Vienna that precipitated the war. They drove the Emperor on to it, thinking Austria secure of victory, and wishing for the support the preponderance in power in Germany of a Roman Catholic state would give to the cause of their Papacy.

"There is in the South German States (Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden), a party that would wish for that Catholic supremacy, and would prefer, and will do all they can to keep under, Austrian influence—the States south of the Main River line. Bavarians and South Germans generally are much disgusted with Austria at present. She was bound by agreement, and as their ally, to make no separate peace with Prussia. The tendency of the day is towards fusion of nationalities, and it is probable that after some time the Germans of the south will desire annexation to that State which has identified itself with all that is strongest in Germany. Should it ever come to that time (and there are indications that such things may be), when a league of the Catholic Powers, Austria, France, with Spain perhaps, and with Italy (but doubtfully with her) shall be formed, there would be a small party in the South of Germany who would favour the southern league against the nations of the north. But this party is too weak to be of much account; and should war arise between Prussia and France, the probability is that even every old woman in the Fatherland would take up her broom against the French."

Herr von Bunsen said to me: "The demand of the cession of Sarrelouis was made verbally through the French Ambassador at Berlin (Benedetti) to Bismarck. He gave on that day no answer, only saying that anything that came from the Emperor Louis Napoleon should as a matter of course receive the attention of the Prussian Government. That night Herr von Roon (the War Minister), Moltke (the Chief of Staff), and Bismarck met, and sat on deliberating on the demands received until far in the morning. Calculations were made, and it was decided that it would be possible for the Prussians, while they left 180,000 men in Bohemia, to send 350,000 men to the Rhine frontier, in case the Emperor Louis was prepared to enforce the demands for Sarrelouis by arms. On the morrow, Bismarck told Benedetti in a few chosen words that it would be impossible for Prussia to make any concession of territory to France. Nothing since then has been heard of the French demands."

Another said: "The influence of King and Court is the paramount influence here, and is used with its full power. A Bill is being brought into the Lower House, and with great emphasis the Ministers declare that it is introduced by the royal initiative. All are astonished. The King's name ought not to be mentioned in the Chamber. It is a bill to enable the King to give a large sum to his officers. Now, the members know that the King's two favourites to whom the money will go are General

Manteufel who commanded the River Main Army, and General Bonin. The Chamber does not want these men to be specially rewarded. They would far rather Moltke, Bismarck, and Roon had the money. Opposition will probably be made to the King's wish, and he will consider such opposition as an insult. He will tell all the representatives he knows that he will consider any opposition to be so."

The keeping up of the kingship in Saxony was Napoleon's doing. The Prussian Minister at Paris, as soon as he received the telegram of the battle of Königgrätz, sent it on to the Emperor, and called himself at the Tuileries an hour afterwards. The Emperor was naturally in a great state of agitation, and the Prussian Ambassador cleverly said, "Sire, I come to ask your advice." The Emperor was astonished, and asked on what his advice was desired. The Minister said that when Prussia had obtained so signal a triumph, the condition of affairs, not only in Germany, but in the whole of Europe was affected thereby. It was natural that under these circumstances they should look to the Emperor for advice. The Emperor was silent for a while, then said earnestly, "Whatever you do, spare Saxony."

It was in consequence of this speech, made at a time when Prussia, from the situation of her armies in the south, was at the mercy of France, that in the treaty the sovereignty of Saxony was

kept up. If Napoleon had known how completely Saxony was to be fused into Prussia, it is not probable that he would have desired to keep up the kingship in that country. Moltke, in May last, made out plans of a complete campaign for the Italian troops. The army of the Main was to penetrate north from the Po, leaving the quadrilateral fortresses alone, much on the line of march Cialdini did attempt afterwards. Garibaldi with his army was to penetrate through Albania into Hungary, to raise a revolution in that country, and march with the insurgents to Vienna. The Prussians and two Italian armies would by this plan have directed their march from various sides upon the Austrian capital. The report is that General la Marmora would not undertake to support this plan of operations.

It was owing to La Marmora, and to the belief among many of the Italian officers that Austria would beat the Prussians with ease, that the German plan was rejected. Italy was true to her alliance with Prussia, in wishing to continue the war against Austria, even after the surrender of Venetia, should the Prussians still wish to fight. Prussia was also true to her alliance with Italy, when Bismarck threatened after the operations had ceased to order the Prussian troops to march again on Vienna unless the Italian Ambassador Menabrea was treated with more respect there.

Feb. 1866.—Received this morning, at the hands

of an immense footman, an invitation to present myself at the Palace in full uniform, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Of course I put on a uniform as nearly as possible resembling that of this country, namely, a blue volunteer garrison Artillery, with silver belt, and red stripe down the trousers. This produced immediate salutes from the sentries and all whom I met, which the appearance of a kilt would hardly have accomplished!

The staircase of the Palace, which is just opposite the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, was lined with gorgeous blue-and-gold footmen, who sufficiently show the way by blocking all passage but in one direction. So the guests walk upstairs and into a reception room. It was ten minutes before the hour, and some ladies and gentlemen of the King's household only were there. A stately Chamberlain made a stiff bow, and read from a list the place assigned to each newcomer at the dining-table. "On the left of Gräfinn Oriola, on the right of His Majesty." Then followed mild conversation, and condolence with the Italian ambassadress on what was nearly her last appearance, as her husband had been ordered to change from Berlin to Vienna. Enter then a French officer, who was left pretty much to himself, then more Chamberlains, two or three ladies, Count Bismarck, immense sword, moustache and all, General Moltke, and General von Roon. Then amidst bows, and preceded by pages, in red and white, the Crown Prince and our dear Princess Royal, and then some

ladies and gentlemen. The Princess had not been feeling well, she said, but must of course attend such parties as duty. Then, after an interval, the King and Queen Augusta, saying that she could not speak English, on which I begged to be allowed to contradict, but she said, "No, we must in future talk German together." With them came the Count of Flanders, who is deaf and stoops, unlike all the other military figures there. Everybody had partners to go in to dinner with except the ladies in attendance on the Queen and Crown Princess. Gräfinn Hohenthal, who was with the Princess when she came to visit my father at Inveraray, was one of those present, and asked about her English friends. After dinner the usual circle was made, the King and Queen speaking to all, and the party broke up.

In the same month I noted a pleasanter party at the Crown Prince's. "There was nobody but the family, the father and mother, little Prince Wilhelm, the present Emperor, and the still smaller Princess Charlotte, who gives promise of great beauty."

No one could be more kind than the dear host and his wife. They often talk English together, and to the children, who already know French. News had come in the morning by letters of the talk in England about Disraeli's speech in introducing the Reform Resolutions in the House of Commons, and much dissatisfaction with him was said to exist even among the Tories, while the Liberals considered the Resolutions as little short of an imposture. Our

Queen had been nervous in opening Parliament, and felt this all the more in her progress through the great crowds that lined the way.

The Prince showed me a good drawing of the ridge on the field of Königgrätz, near Marslovied, the village the Prussian left wing reached in the haze before the Austrians could well see them, and the village of Chlum, near which stood the two trees that marked the most important Austrian positions. It was against this, marked by two trees, that he had called out to his leading officers, "Auf den Baum gehts loss," on first coming under fire. He spoke of the speech the French Emperor had just made to his Chambers, and said that when he met the French Ambassador at the Court ball given the night before, the speech had not been seen by anybody—curiously enough—at the French Legation.

"Have you seen your Emperor's speech, M. Benedetti?" the Prince asked.

"No, I have not, I have not—has it come? Has your Royal Highness got it?"

"Yes, in my pocket. But it is in German; you cannot read it."

"Oh yes, I have plenty of men who can translate it for me, if you will give it to me, sir."

There is one paragraph in which the Emperor says that, without making any display of force, the power of France stopped the victor at the gates of Vienna. "That is a curious thing to say," commented the Crown Prince. "At Nicholsburg, when the Austrian

Emperor offered to withdraw from the German Bund, that was all we wanted. We had no object in going on further, and having another battle in front of Vienna."

Little Prince Wilhelm, if he lives, is likely to be the cleverest king that Prussia has had since Frederick the Great. He is now only eight years of age. He certainly has good brains. His mother got him to repeat to me all Uhland's long ballad of young Roland. He went through it all without once pausing, and recited the verses with much emphasis and delight. It was the same with several pieces of French verse.

The papers talk as if the Prince could never be chosen for the Reichstag, because he would not like to stand in Forkenbeck's way. Forkenbeck is a Liberal. The papers had reported matters wrongly. The Prince could not sit in the Reichstag on account of his position in the State, and had told a deputation this. This deputation had come from Forkenbeck's constituency, and the report of the possible election of the Prince was probably only circulated to damage Forkenbeck.

To-day I dine with George von Bunsen, who is just now employed as a member of the Reichstag in going into Trade Union questions, and I expect to hear some interesting talk from him about the state of affairs in Prussia among the Arbeiter-Vereine. As far as I can make out, they have never yet got into the necessary degree of organisation and

civilisation that has been able to produce so much comfortable union in England. They agitate for legislation to prevent children from working too long, for rest on Sunday, and for ventilation in mines, and damage money to be paid by proprietors of coal mines if accidents happen in consequence of proved negligence of employers. The demand for restricted working hours is heard of but not pressed, while the "Koalition's Freiheit" is loudly called for. The English disclosures have made a great impression.

Lucca and Sarolta are here, and operas and theatres are in full swing. At the opera, between the acts, one meets everybody in town. I have been wandering over galleries of art and antiquities, and reading Danubean literature, Curzon's *Monasteries*, etc. I saw a good deal of Karl Meyer, and Stockmar, yesterday. Meyer is just going to publish a collection of Cymric poetry translated into German. The specimens he repeated to me were very good. Lepsius is in London, having gone there and to Paris to consult with other Egyptologists, and examine the British Museum hieroglyphics, before publishing an account of a most curious second Rosetta-stone that has been found. It is a large slab, and written in two or three languages, in the time of King Canopus—whoever he may have been. It is valuable as giving interpretation to more letters, and still more because by it they find that the Egyptians had a calendar by which leap year turns out not

to have been Cæsar's invention, but theirs. Till the time of the Ptolemies, they had a system of going without leap year for 1,500 years, and at the end of the fifteen hundred one year was added to make up for lost time. But the Canopus stone explains, as I understand, how all this was changed to the system which we inherit.

CHAPTER XVI

Berlin, 1867.—Intending to make a journey through some of the frontier lands of Turkey in Europe, I left England at the end of September, 1867, and travelled by Berlin to Vienna. As Prussia had not long before established one of her princes on the throne of Roumania, I was anxious to hear what was thought in Northern Germany as to his prospects, and of the future of his country, and at the same time to get letters of introduction from some one of his relatives of the Hohenzollern family, that might make my way easier when I should arrive in his country. In this last object I was successful, as the Crown Princess was kind enough to give me a letter for her cousin. I was not so successful in finding out what was thought of Roumania in Prussia. New difficulties had arisen, people said, which would make the Prince's position a very trying one. He had been well received at first, and the manner in which Foreign Powers had spoken of him had been more friendly than could have been expected, as his accession had been so much the work of Bismarck alone.

The father—old Fürst of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, had always been anxious that, as formerly his family had been in possession of a crown, his son might some day wear one also; and when an opportunity occurred he was only too anxious that Prince Carl, who was then only a lieutenant in a Prussian regiment, should fill the place that had been left vacant. So much dishonesty prevailed in the country that the young German ruler seemed to be the solitary man of integrity. The morals of his Province were represented as worse than those of any district in Europe, while a certain polish, that was the more disgusting because so artificial, prevailed only among the highest class.

It was not Prussia's intention to give the Prince any more active support than might lie in a few needle-guns; but if he kept his position it was easier to play off Roumania as a card against Austria should anything make it desirable that a prick should be given to that country's side.

At the time of the Sarrelouis conferences, and when it was probable that France would back up her demand with her arms, an agent named Kleinsky was sent, according to General Eber, the Austrian correspondent of *The Times*, to draw up an agreement between Roumania and Servia, on the one hand, and Prussia on the other—that in the event of Austria joining France, and in the event of the two provinces being willing to go against Austria, Prussia was to do what she could to give the

Bucovina to Roumania, and the district lying between the Save and the Drave to Servia. This report was denied at Berlin by Abeken, Bismarck's secretary, and others, but it is not necessary that these should have known anything of such an arrangement should it have been made.

I always find Berlin pleasant, although it is the fashion among English diplomats to find endless fault with it. I had spent a very pleasant winter there last year, when its inhabitants were jubilant over the great successes of the summer, when no height was too great for the country to occupy, when everything was to fall into their hands—Southern States and French armies, if they came—it was only a question of time, and Berlin itself was dignified with the name of "die junge Weltstadt." I had travelled a good deal in the Southern States of Germany, and believed, as far as they were concerned, that the Berliners were right, and that in course of time they would be drawn more and more towards the powerful country that had so suddenly arisen on the northern bank of the Maine. This year one sees much already done. A military arrangement is concluded that places the German troops, in the event of a war, under the supreme command of old King William.

In Bavaria—that State which up to the present has been most against Prussia—the Prime Minister Hohenlohe declares that he wants a confederation of the Southern States under the Presidency of

the Northern Power. I could always fully sympathise with the North Germans, for although there was much to mend in Prussia—more perhaps socially than in its political institutions—it was in all essential qualities that go to make a great people far above Austria, while in the old idea of Beust, the "great German Bund" idea, I had never believed for a moment. The Liberal element in the south is a strong one, and it is a growing one. When the old King dies, another régime will set in, if I mistake not, with the Crown Prince. He is Liberal himself, and his wife is passionately so.

The Crown Princess was almost the only person whom I knew well staying at Berlin when I was last there. Most of the great families were still in the country, and the houses where I had spent many pleasant hours last winter were shut. The English Secretaries, one of whom, William Lowther, has just been appointed Minister at Buenos Ayres, were at their posts, as were also a few unfortunate guard officers whose regiments were quartered in the town. The Princess herself was only now and then in Berlin, but stayed generally at Potsdam. Her husband, the Crown Prince, was travelling with the King in the south of Germany, having gone to see the old castle of Hohenzollern, where his ancestors lived before they took as a motto the words "Vom Fels zum Meer." Underneath this motto on a statue to commemorate the war has been

put "Vom Meer zum Fels," which now becomes a literal truth.

The Princess's little boys, Wilhelm and his brother, were staying with her, as was also Gräfinn Brühl, as Lady-in-Waiting. A visit to England is in contemplation, and the reception that they will get was talked about. The Princess is a little anxious about it, which I thought a needless fear; for much as the English very properly hated the Danish war, they would never be so foolish as to lay blame on their own Princess and her husband, when she visits them for the first time three years after.

There were rumours at this time of great French armaments, and many Prussian papers talked as if war between the two countries was inevitable. If bitterness of feeling in the French army could do it, armies would be fighting each other certainly on the Rhine to-morrow. It seemed, however, when one considered the chances, unlikely that the Emperor would venture just now on anything which, if unsuccessfully conducted, might cost him his throne. There is pleasure expressed at an excellent article by Emile de Girardin in the *Liberté*, which spoke strongly against a war, and declared that it was impossible to fasten a quarrel with any justice at present upon Prussia. And surely he is right. The whole cause of present French effervescence is a speech delivered by the Grand-Duke of Baden to his Chambers. He tells

them he wishes for unity with Prussia, and France immediately cries that such would be a violation of treaties. This is not the case, for the Treaty of Prague left each Southern State to do exactly as it liked, as Bismarck has told France, and as her people by their stupid fury show they know. It is a pure jealousy of a neighbour's good fortune, and a fear that France may not always be able in future by her own weight to decide the balance, that is shown by the Paris Press.

"Well, we do not wish war, as you know," one of my friends said, who knows the army and the South as well as the North of Germany, "but if it comes, perhaps it is as well, although I would rather have had it six months sooner than now."

"Well, so much French preparation shows that they do not think they are quite ready. Do you think the Prussian army is?"

"Oh no, not ready enough. All this changing —these 'Personal Veränderungen'—make it most desirable that for some time there should be peace. These changes have been unavoidable on account of the reconstitution of the army, and of all the corps d'armée being enrolled into our ranks; but it is important that the men should have time to know their officers, and the officers their men. No, we are prepared, but not enough."

I spoke of the Bismarck circular, and said that I was sorry that a tone had been used that looked like ironical contempt, and that if it was necessary

to speak at all a civil tone was the best to use to the French.

"It was necessary to say something—quite necessary, I assure you; but the speech of the Grand-Duke of Baden came too soon. I know the King did not at all like it. You see we are between two fires. We do not like to say anything to discourage the desire of the Southern States to enter our Bund, but, on the other hand, we cannot say too much, because we do not wish to provoke French jealousy, in the way of encouraging them.

"In the negotiations with Hanover they are generous enough to the old King—if he will only consent to abdicate, which I believe he will be induced to do."

A nice big party last night, at Professor Ranke's, the German historian, whose works are better known in England than are those of any other university man here. His wife was an English lady. He is an odd-looking little man, very kindly and popular. He must be strong, for he broke his arm, falling down-stairs, only two days before his "Feier," as they call the jubilee celebration of his having passed fifty years in his place as a professor. After such an accident no one expected him to be able to go through the fatigue of a reception and entertainment, but he did appear, and made a speech. Professor Raümer, whom some look upon as his rival in fame as an

historian, was present, and made a pretty speech, saying he acknowledged Ranke's superiority in everything, and that he had always taken him as his model in the work he had himself done. Only in one respect, Raumer added, was he Ranke's superior—in that he was fifteen years older; and he hoped that in this, too, Ranke would in time bear the palm from him, by living longer, and would thus "ihm den Rang ablaufen," which contains not a bad pun, for among the Berliners the final "g" in "Rang" or "Rank" is pronounced hard like "Ranke."

There is much talk of war with the French, but as yet the French preparations have been made so openly that they look more as if they were meant for show.

Garibaldi, in the *Liberté*, writes strongly against war, and the people in Germany, although they do not wish for it, have no fear, and not much objection to come to blows. As far as the German States are concerned, I believe war would be a good thing, should they not get badly beaten, for it would unite all under Prussia's leadership. From such leadership they would not again easily disengage themselves, while their presence in the Confederation might cause a more liberal Constitution to be adopted. It would necessitate, at all events, many changes, which Bismarck is only likely to submit to under the pressure of the necessity of alliance against France. Baden would be delighted to come

in at once, but Baden does not touch North German ground, and they do not wish to have portions of the political union sundered from the rest. Baden, as they say, must not be an "enclave" of the Prussian-led States. As one of the members of the Reichstag said lately, "It seemed not to be wished to let the North German States come in, until they come in altogether." During the delivery of these sentences Bismarck was nodding an emphatic assent. As far as the Prague Treaty is concerned, each State is left to do whatever it likes.

I met Gustaf Freitag, the well-known author, but he did not take much part in the conversation of the rest of the party, but was very amusing when one gets him alone. He looks like a good-natured peasant. Eyebrows very fair, hardly visible, and he wears a blonde "Imperial." He says he has taken up history and "seriousness."

The affairs of the King of Hanover are being talked over. The Prussians say, "Let the King of Hanover have 16,000,000 thalers. Let him have Herrenhausen, the old 'Stamm Schloss' or family place," if he chooses to live there with a Prussian black-and-white flag always flapping over his battlements. No one suppose that the Hanoverian people themselves will get fond of German rule rapidly. I was asked yesterday if England would not make a demonstration to show that at least morally she would be on Prussia's side if a war were to break out with France. "What right

have the French to be jealous of us Prussians? It is not we who are likely to attack, and the South German States have been left free by treaty to do what they like. Bismarck, in his recently published circular, has only said what was right, and said it in no menacing manner. The King of Prussia did not like the recent speech of the Grand-Duke of Baden. But we are placed between two motives. We cannot offend France, and yet we cannot be cold to those in the south who wish to join us."

Bancroft, the American Minister, is here. He is the man our Washington envoy, Bruce, spoke of as a "savage in his war-paint dancing on the edge of Lincoln's grave." He speaks German, and is popular among the Prussians.

I was at Pesth for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary.

Pesth, *June* 7, 1867.—"Here we are, in the middle of all the bustle of preparation for the Coronation to-morrow, the work for which is going on in great dust and heat. On our way here, when we reached Austrian ground, we heard from a fellow traveller dreadful rumours of poor Emperor Maximilian's fate in Mexico. One man in our compartment brought out of his pocket a Mexican dollar, badly stamped, in what seemed very soft silver, with what looked like a caricature of the Emperor. Lamentations among our companions as to the

fate of Austria were also frequent, mingled with execrations of the Hungarians, whose success and pride, and costume and furs and velvets, and whose very boots and spurs, seemed to excite the most lively envy and hatred.

"Vienna was in great beauty beneath a cloudless sky. We visited the Ambassador, Lord Blomfield, as soon as we arrived, but were told by him that as we had given no notice of our coming he feared the difficulty of getting accommodation would be great. But the Hungarian nobles have been most attentive and polite to our requests. Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, is especially grateful to them and indignant at the Embassy's laziness. My American friend, Mr. Motley, is U.S. Minister here, and has also been most kind and helpful, although he has had his own troubles, Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, having questioned him on the subject of most unwarrantable anonymous accusations made against him by the U.S. Press. Motley says he has resigned, and wishes to go to England to arrange with the publisher Murray for the coming out of two volumes of his history.

"We embarked in a steamer on the Danube, with a number of officers and officials from various Embassies, and were delighted with the river scenery, which is fully as fine below as it is above Vienna. Here at Pesth it is a splendid stream. Our windows look across it at a place where there is a Suspension Bridge, and on the

other side the steeply rising shore with the tall houses of Ofen climbing the sides and crowning the summit of a hill. One of the largest buildings bears the yellow-and-black Imperial standard, and is the Palace. A mile to the left the ground rises to a height, on the top of which are the great stone fortifications of Buda. On our bank of the Danube is a square, with its fourth side open to the river, and in the middle of this place is the mound of earth, neatly sodded over, and balustraded with handsome stonework, which is the 'Crowning Hill.' Up this mound the Emperor is to ride his horse to-morrow, and to strike with his sword towards the four corners of his Empire. On all houses, on both banks of the Danube, many coloured decorations are being mounted, and long streamers of the Hungarian colours, red, white, and green, in perpendicular lines, are flying from countless flagstaffs.

"Count Bela Sechenyi, our old friend, has procured for us the best places imaginable, and has shown himself the ideal courteous representative of his courteous nation. Count Alexander Apponyi has been chosen as one of the supporters of the Emperor's Hungarian crown. Among others who have been most kind are Madame Karolyi and the Minister President, Count Beust, with the Minister Andrassy, and some of the prelates. Most of the gentlemen appear in a costume which in the evening looks like an 'undress,' being black up to

the throat, with a kind of tight boot of 'Hessian' or 'Blucher' type. Mourning for the Archduchess Mathilda prevents any dancing, which is greatly deplored at many of the parties given. Everybody seems more fond of talking English than French. They are all very proud of their love of Constitutional rights, and declare that they won their Magna Charta before King John's barons in England won theirs. There was talk to-day of a brother of Kossuth's having appeared in the town and fears of some little 'Republican Bubblings,' immediately to be burst if they came to the surface. A most lovely lady here is the Countess Erdödyi.

"Too many stands had been erected, so that the crowd would not be able to see, it was said, and that they would be pulled down; but all this is probably mere talk. As early as 5 a.m. on the great day the streets were all astir. The passages of the hotels were filled with gorgeous flunkeys, looking like splendidly uniformed officers of some Hussar regiment. Horses were being got ready, and wonderfully caparisoned, so that one saw little but their legs under a sheet of cloth of gold. People were flocking to the barriers and stands, and being shoved about by gaily dressed Jaegers or riflemen, who must have had a very hard time trying to keep back the crowds, under such a sun, for the thermometer stood at ninety-eight in the shade.

"The service in the church was very solemn and

gorgeous, and the shade pleasant after the glare of the streets. But the most beautiful sight of all was when the procession left the cathedral to cross the river again to the great open Piazza. Citizen volunteers had been keeping order with the soldiers, and the dress of these civilians was picturesque. First a long feather, generally an eagle's, reaching for a foot above the small astrachan cap that covered the head. Then the usual black coat, but with a sash for the sword, tight-fitting trousers, and high boots with spurs. All spoke Hungarian, and it was only among the guests that German was spoken. The Lichtenstein Hussars, a crack corps, formed the advance guard, light men on light horses, wiry, but looking small after one's experience of the Prussian cavalry. After these came another regiment, heavily loaded with fur jackets, which in the heat must have been most cumbrous. These were soberly dressed, and then came the rest, forming a scene like one's dreams of fairyland, orientalised.

"There was much that was oriental in the high 'caftans' of white fur, the great straight plumes, the splendour of jewels, but all looked manly and strenuous, more so than the men one sees at any Indian Durbar, except in the northern parts of that Empire. There is something wild and uncouth in the invariable fur-lined 'pelisse' jacket slung behind, and this takes off any appearance of effeminacy. This costume gives unlimited scope for

fancy dispositions of colour. Crimson velvet with dark fur, blue velvet with dark border, light blue with snow white, saffron yellow with grey fox edging. The caps generally fur, with green or scarlet cloth hanging out on the side, under the eagle's plume. But there were other head-dresses, some like those of a Chinese mandarin, others like those worn in Persia; others wore simply a helmet of steel or silver. Some men, and especially those of the Hungarian nobles' bodyguards, had leopard skins slung on their shoulders. The royal pages headed the people immediately before the King. Then came Count Beust, in blue and gold and a cocked hat, riding a grey horse, and very well received; the Archdukes, and then the Emperor himself, riding alone. The long gold cloak of St. Stephen covered his shoulders, and hung over the quarters of the splendid grey Arab barb he rode. On his head was the great dome-shaped crown, looking top-heavy, for the King had not allowed his hair to grow, and the crown was evidently originally intended to be worn by a man having hair long enough to prevent the appearance of a neck and head too small for the burden. The cries of 'Eljen!' that greeted him were tremendous, as the cortege passed slowly on, closed with another detachment of Lichtensteiners. A long circuit was made, and when it was completed and all the procession had crossed the bridge and streamed into the great open space around the mound, it looked as if

a sea of colour was undulating and shimmering in the sun, between houses and river. The Queen, looking most beautiful in robes and crown, was led through a lane of adoring people to her seat, her splendid hair and tall presence and calm face, with the brown eyes and fine complexion, all making her look most majestic. The king then quickly left his place, and cantered his barb up the incline to the top of the mound. His sword flashed four times, to north, south, east, and west, and then amidst tremendous shouts he rode down and across the bridge, again to Ofen. The Hungarian ladies seemed a little sorry for themselves when it was all over, for they had made great preparations to show off their jewellery, and, after all, only the men's jewellery, on swords and collars and belts, had been much seen, for the mourning prevented the full glory of the ball-dresses to be exhibited.

"Prime Minister Andrassy has not, I think, been in England. He looks very weary, with dark cavernous eyes, black hair and whiskers, no moustache or beard, and a rather peaked, dusky nose. He has had to make all the arrangements, which have been so successful, and is, as he says, 'tired to death.'

"Count Beust you will remember, with his fine head, clear-cut features, light blue eyes, and short grey hair with a wave in it, where allowed to grow over the brow. He always looks clean and well washed, and has the habit of licking his lips quickly. Odd little bits of superstition appear in

talk: 'What a bad omen that Count Z—— had held the Sword of State with its edge, instead of its flat, towards His Majesty!' It reminded one of the old habit of turning the edge of the axe towards the condemned after he had been sentenced."

Corfu, *Nov.* 30.—Just sailed back from the opposite Albanian coast, where we have had more than a week's shooting, with a final result of two hundred and forty woodcock, two quail, three mallard, one teal, one crane, one white egret, one redshank, three green plover, one hare, one tortoise, one cormorant, two ringtailed hawks, six rock pigeon, and a few snipe! As I was badly equipped for such an expedition, having only rather thin boots, that soon let one's feet get sore, and a bad gun, bought in Italy, and therefore not worth much, I did not walk or shoot so much as I should otherwise have done, so we got a fair quantity for the amount of work we did. One day we bagged twenty brace of cock. I ought to have got more. There is wonderfully good sport in the valley of Butrinto, only two hours' sail away, whenever snow is on the hills and the weather the least cold. The covers are often so large, that it is difficult with guns to command them, and as they consist mainly of an amiable shrub called *Palimurus aculeatus*, armed with most awful thorns, one is often entangled, like Abraham's ram, when the birds are rising most thickly around one. Here are some extracts from my journal.

Nov. 19, 1867 (*off Pagania*).—Sailed over in the evening. Had only two hours and a half of daylight remaining when we arrived. Landed and killed seven cock, and two jacksnipe.

Nov. 20.—Long march under hot sun. Only eight cock. Thickets of thorns most difficult to get through. If any one wants to practise for the popular game of running pins through the muscle into the leg above the knee, he has only to come and walk with bad gaiters through this scrub. We started in ragamuffins' clothes, and came back in slashed doublets that would have been in fashion three centuries ago. I never was more glad that I am not provided with a tail, for the poor dogs by wagging theirs cover them with blood.

Nov. 21.—Still at same anchorage, violent squalls making us sometimes shift. Much rain in afternoon. Went out late in evening to curious hole and cave, near sea, full of rock pigeon, that seemed to have young in the cave.

Nov. 23 (*off Ftelia*).—Sailed round to this harbour, another bay not unlike Pagania, much land-locked, with rocky hills around, covered with dwarf oak and thorn. We marched on land, shooting on the way, and bagged twenty-five cock. Starting at 11, we only reached the yacht at 6.30, after losing our road in the hills for an hour or two in the dark. We are anchored close to some lateen-sailed boats, carrying a number of Turks going back from Constantinople to Santa Quaranta.

The men have all landed, and their camp-fires light up with picturesque effect the different groups, who have taken to monotonous singing and flute-playing. Much pleased with yacht. There is a place at the stern for the four pointer dogs we are using, and they occupy the place of dignity usually reserved for the State Cabin. Next comes a small place with two berths for servants, and then our little cabin, where we are very comfortable, although the roof does not allow us to stand upright. The entrances, too, are so low that people on entering have to make a respectful bow ; and the hole that serves as a passage way to the kitchen is only large enough to allow the captain or cook to present us the dishes on his bended knees.

The country people, although very ferocious-looking in their dress of dirty white kilt, below a grey capote, and small conical white cap perched on the top of long, unkempt black hair, we find very inoffensive, and sometimes even civil. Their legs are always well swathed in grey coarse cloth, and their shoes are generally the rough leather footgear of the Turks with upturned toes. At their waist they always wear a red sash, in which, or in a case, is placed a long pistol with flint lock, or heavy knife. They seem great savages, but have often a certain dignity, which, however, is easily broken down by the pleasure of seeing a cock killed. When this happens they become for a moment very excited, and a minute afterwards, while the gun is being

reloaded, and the dogs are fetching the bird, will sit down crosslegged on the ground, and, rolling up in dirty fingers a neatly made cigarette, smoke quietly till a forward move is made.

Off Butrinto.—Sun. 24.—Watched white crane and ducks, but got near none.

25 *Nov.*—D. landed and shot thirteen in morning. Went with him in the afternoon, to neck of elevated land, two miles from this, on the further side of valley. At the foot of this neck is the village of Butrinto, and one can reach it by rowing up the river, which is broad and deep. This river flows from a large, reed-hedged lake, a mile further on, and the great flocks of duck pass from it to the sea marshes. They seemed to consist entirely of mallard and teal, and flew high and so fast that we succeeded in getting but few.

Nov. 26 (*off Butrinto*).—A gale at night, and hills covered with snow in the morning. A wolf came down after a flock of sheep, passing quickly along the hillside near us, when the rifles, unluckily, were unloaded. He chased a sheep into the water and then ran away.

Three Austrian gentlemen shot to-day, but not with us. We and they both got twenty couple. We also killed an egret and a crane.

Nov. 28 (*off Butrinto*).—To one coming from Corfu, the Albanian coast opposite has the appearance of a continual upward slope of hill, till the highest mountains fill in the background. If one lands,

and ascends the first range for an hour, one finds that there is a great break between it and the next. At one's feet is a valley from two to three miles across, and stretching for a long distance to the right, when it is closed by the hills near Pagania, and to the left, where the sea has partly entered, forming the wide bay of Butrinto. The bottom of this enclosed stretch is perfectly level, and in many places cultivated, while near the sea there are extensive marshes, and scattered everywhere thickets that give good cover for game. We had already, from Pagania, shot over part of the ground near the head of the valley that we to-day traversed further down. We kept near the hill wall, till we reached the sea, and found our boat waiting for us Shot only twelve cock.

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER staying for a day at Prague, I came to Vienna, but only remained for about a week. My time was chiefly spent with Colonel Crealock, our military attaché. With him I had long rides in the Prater, whose woods were all hung in yellow and gold autumn leaves, and together we rambled through some great small-arms manufactories, and also through the galleries of the Belvidere. There is a Magdalene there that I admire much.

The best manufactory we saw was that of Paget, an Englishman who has set up an immense establishment. He is engaged just now on a contract to supply the Government with a certain number of the old muskets altered according to Wenzel's method. The barrel is taken out and a piece at the breech end cut off. The inside of this for about three-quarters of an inch is bored as a female screw. The new breech piece is then screwed in. The breech opens vertically to receive the new cartridge, and there is an ingenious piece of mechanism to get rid of the old one. The cartridge has rim fire and the thing that strikes the rim is a small solid cylinder of steel that drives against it by the fall of the hammer.

The breech-piece would always fly open with the shock were it not that the fall of the hammer shoves into its place another thicker solid cylinder, or bolt, that fastens the breech-piece to the lock. If this is done before the hammer has quite fallen (and if the mechanism is well made it can be done) well and good; but the action of this bolt, which is all-important, depends upon a piece of machinery that is so delicate that unless the manufacture be perfect the action is not sure. All manufactories are not so good as Paget's, and that is where the weakness of the Austrian position lies. About twenty or twenty-five different contractors have contracts, and the weapons some of these men turn out are very bad.

The Government factory is not going to occupy itself with the conversion according to the Wenzel system, but reserves its powers for the manufacture of the new rifle for the army, the Werndel. This weapon is one of the very best of its kind, but they cannot begin making it till next year, and in the meantime they must trust in the not very trustworthy Wenzel. The Werndel is to open sideways like the English Snider, and this does away with the necessity of a bolt to fasten the breech-piece. In the artillery trials that have recently been conducted between Austrian and Prussian fieldpieces, the Austrian muzzle-loaders have been found to fire as quickly as the Prussian breech-loaders, but the accuracy of the Prussian fire at long ranges is greater.

At short ranges, owing to the quantity of powder used for the guns, the Austrian has the advantage. The number of blind shells from the Austrian guns was much greater than from the Prussian.

Sadowa has certainly awakened the Austrians. The war was partly stopped, if not altogether stopped, by the demands of Hungary. Deak told the Emperor that if it was continued for another few weeks all Hungary would be in arms. Its soldiers did not fight as they might have fought at the great battle, and it was want of faith in the Magyars that made Franz Joseph retire from the German Bund without risking another battle on the Danube. Since then Hungary has won for herself a constitution that in freedom rivals that of England, and her success has emboldened the other portions of the Empire to ask for whatever they may think they want. All have been woke up to speak against abuses that they have hitherto patiently borne; and the greatest of these abuses—the Concordat—an agreement between the Empire and Pio IX., concluded twelve years ago, is being loudly spoken against.

In marriage contracts and in education its effects are most felt. In fact, it gives the priests a legal power over everything. While I was at Vienna twenty-five bishops combined together to address the throne in a tone of violent remonstrance against the enemies of the Concordat. The Emperor in his answer snubbed them, but acknowledged that education must be under the care of religion. He

does not say how far the priests shall have legal power to direct and enforce their own peculiar idea of religion. His answer, because it went against the bishops' address, made him for the time quite popular, the news of its import being received in the Pesth Clubs with loud cries of "Eljen!"



From a photograph.

GARIBALDI.

CHAPTER XVIII

Garibaldi, 1861.—Sir James Hudson, our Minister at Turin, tells me that Garibaldi, who has done such wonderful things lately in Sicily and Naples, is a man of great bravery, but he thinks also that he has no decision of character. "Honest and patriotic, but has no head." He never even thought of his famous expedition and of the landing in Sicily, until asked to go by Medici and some others.

Florence, *Nov.* 5, 1867.—I came down to Italy from Vienna much excited by the news of the conflict begun in the Papal States. The accounts that reached me at Vienna made me believe for a time that the insurgent bands had appeared in great number, and, having been already joined by Volunteers from over the Italian frontier, were able to make head against the Pope's troops. The September Convention—an agreement concluded between the Italian and French Governments in September, 1862, by which the Italians were bound to leave the Pope face to face with his subjects, who were

not to be aided in any attempt at revolt—was kept with such bad faith that armed men were allowed to pass the frontier without difficulty. From these accounts it appeared as if the bands fighting under the red-shirt uniform of Garibaldi would in reality only form the advance guard of the Italian army, whose regiments were likely to march to the Eternal City, ostensibly to suppress the Revolution, but in reality also to suppress the temporal power, and treat with the French from Rome. *The Times* counselled this course, and Ratażzi was understood to be favourable to it. I travelled down very quickly over the Semmering to Trieste, and thence by rail *viâ* Bologna to Florence.

Not much that was unusual was to be seen along the line, except that there seemed to be many regiments *en route* for the frontier. Small crowds had collected at several of the larger stations to watch the military movements, and inquiries were sometimes laughingly addressed to the officers—"if they were going to Rome." At Bologna and other places placards had been affixed to the walls, stating that the communication by telegraph to Civita Vecchia had been interrupted—that no trains would run on the Perugia-Turin line beyond Assisi—and that those coming by the sea route had been uniformly late for the last day or two in arriving.

October 21, 1867.—We have had a day full of

interest. I have seen many people, and heard many speculations as to what is in the air, and many suppositions as to what must happen next. The first visit was paid this morning to the Chancery of our own Embassy. As I went in, a man whom I recognised as the best foreign correspondent here of a London newspaper was coming out, and I asked him the news. Was it or was it not true that Garibaldi had escaped from the island of Caprera, and was actually in Florence, and allowed to be there by the Government, when it was known that he meant to make an attack on Rome?

"Yes, he is in the town; I saw two men who saw him last night, and spoke to him. The Ministry has resigned and the King has accepted their resignation. At this moment Cialdini is forming a new administration. He is a soldier, as you know, of the Line, and has a regular soldier's contempt for Volunteers, and of what they can do. It is curious that he who has always played a more liberal part in politics than Ratazzi should succeed Ratazzi, with a less liberal platform. I learn from Paris that Louis Napoleon has sent incessant messages, in not very mild language, requiring the Italian Government to maintain not only strict watch over the frontiers, but to keep to the strict letter of the September Convention if they do not want to have French troops in Italy. He desires them also to prevent the public subscriptions

that are now being raised in Italian towns, in the most open manner, in favour of the insurrection in the Papal States. He desires that these public efforts to support Garibaldi in his schemes shall absolutely cease. Threats are used by him, of not only letting French troops appear in Rome, but also of their advancing, if once landed, upon Florence. Ratazzi wanted to continue things as they were, and not to yield to French menaces. His character has been retrieved by his resignation, in the eyes of many persons.

"The state of the Roman Provinces will probably during the next winter months resemble that of Crete, for the Italian troops will remain where they are, as the insurgents are not yet strong enough to make any real head, badly armed as they are, against the eight or nine thousand Papal troops that are really faithful to the Church. Then remember the constant reinforcements the Pope is receiving by French Volunteers arriving in Rome. Nothing will be heard in Rome, and more information can be got here, in Florence. Garibaldi may be at Orte, or some such place in a few hours, doing all he can. His presence at some of the scenes of action is worth more than a thousand men to the insurgents."

This was the correspondent's talk. Within the Embassy it was as usual. "Nothing is known." One of my friends there proposed that I should go snipe-shooting in the country held by the in-

surgents, and come back after getting to the frontier. I went to another acquaintance, and noticed that there was but little excitement in the streets. At places where news-placards had been posted, warning the Italians that foreign intervention might be looked for, and that they were to be on their guard, small groups had collected, but there was none of the fire that there ought to be if the movement is ever to come to anything.

On the walls in many places notices had been placed, announcing that subscription lists had been opened in aid of the insurrection in the Papal States, and copies of the *Coriere* newspaper were being largely bought up. General Cialdini's accession to office was spoken of, and his supposed programme of a vigorous carrying out of the French demands was loudly condemned. Mobs were expected to appear to protest against such demands in most Italian towns. At the Prussian Embassy I found that they all believed that Garibaldi was in the city. "I know his address, where he is now living," B. said, "and I will give it to you." A lady present said our informant was an old fool, and that he must know that the "General" had been told that he must not stay at the address he wanted to give me, and continued magniloquently: "Prussia has spoken, and the Emperor of the French has climbed down. Come this evening and you shall hear all."

B.'s account of the General's escape from Caprera

was curious. "The island has been very closely watched," he said; "so closely that any attempt to get away openly was hopeless. The night before Garibaldi did escape, a small boat with one man in it was sent across to Corsica, to see if it would be safe for a more important cargo to be taken next evening! The man was captured. The next night General G. embarked alone, before the moon had risen, and sculled himself over to Corsica, landing safely there, and was escorted further by friends who were ready for him."

I went at once to the place where the General had lodged. He had already changed to another house. "There is no one here," the doorkeeper said significantly, for no name had been mentioned by me. We were both shy of letting the other know what we each meant. I dined at the Prussian Embassy. "Cialdini has failed," was the news I received here. "Only one man said he would serve in a Government with him again. All the others have refused, and I believe we shall have Ratazzi back again to-morrow. No troops have been embarked at Toulon, in spite of Garibaldi's failure, for Bismarck has spoken in a way which will prevent it for the present. Any interventions in Italy, even if it be only in the affairs of the Papal Provinces, is, as I have written to-day to Bismarck, interference in Italian affairs. It is impossible that the Government can put down these public subscriptions. General Garibaldi is here. We hope

to keep him here. I have advised that he move a little way from the town. So long as he is quiet, the Government will not do anything. I have told him he has given enough to his country. His two sons, Ricciotti and Menotti, are now fighting the 'Papalini.' If he crosses the frontier, French intervention will take place. Great secrecy must be preserved about his presence here. There are supposed to be about 3,000 Volunteers, and they are getting gradually better armed. But this is not the right time for such a movement against the Papal States. If France were engaged in war, it might be all very well, but there is a time for all things, and one ought to wait till political as well as military circumstances favour that plan. There are men here who are real friends of Garibaldi, and who see things as they are, and as long as he sees them they may dissuade him from attempting to get down past the frontier. His death would not do much good to his cause. A few more subscriptions to aid the revolution in Rome might be got up. But the Romans won't rise—not they! and the Italian people are not really willing to brave all for Rome. No, he must not leave Florence, or, at all events, he must remain within call of Forence. With the party of action, the tail leads the head. The tail has begun to fight at the wrong time. The head remains here—must remain here. If the General gets away, he will be led by the tail. Come and see me to-morrow at two, and we shall see if you can have an interview

with him. We must take great care not to compromise him. He is always much too much influenced by any persons who may be around him. If any one says to him, 'You have urged these men to fight, you must not leave them,' it is enough —he must go. But he has done all he possibly could do. He has attempted twice to get down to them, and has twice been prevented. His is too valuable a life to be lost for nothing."

In short, the insurrection depends for success, first, upon the real rising of a national feeling in Italy that Rome must be her capital, and that the States of the Church must no longer cut up her territory in the Peninsula. Secondly, if Prussia will be willing to say enough to stop France from going to war with Italy, in case the national feeling here becomes really strong enough to make Ratazzi's Government, or any other Government, allow the insurgents to be reinforced. Rome itself, however, may in any case hold out for a long time against any volunteer troops brought against it. General La Marmora, who commanded the "Sardinian" force in the Crimea, is said to call for movement, and to favour the advance on Rome.

Ratazzi, who a short time before had become quite unpopular in consequence of a proclamation he had issued against the assistance that the revolution was receiving from the Italian Volunteers, became suddenly popular—his wife (the authoress of the novel *Bicheville*) subscribing, as soon as her husband

had ceased to hold office, 500 frs. for the insurgents. There was nobody at the head of affairs in the meantime, although it was known that Cialdini had been sent for, and was attempting to form a Cabinet. The interregnum was being actively used by the party of action for the purpose of putting men and money into the Roman States, while the committees called "Central Committees of Succour," established in almost every large town in Italy, redoubled their appeals for subscriptions to the Volunteers. It had been one of the things that Napoleon had asked for, and that Ratazzi had said he was unable to perform, that these committees should be suppressed. His wishes were not acceded to until Menabrea came into office several days later.

While Garibaldi was landing on the mainland, and even when he had reached the capital, the officers of the troops and ships set to watch him were reporting him as still staying on the island. "All safe!" was what they said till he had left by a special train for Rome. It may well be imagined what anxiety and bustle prevailed in France. Communications were incessantly passing by telegraph between the Tuileries and the Pitti. The King was said to be almost beside himself with perplexity, what to do to appease at once the Emperor and his subjects. But he used only words to effect the one, and did nothing that was effectual by his acts to irritate further the others.

Although 70,000 troops were massed along the

frontier, it was no difficult matter for anybody to get through, and I afterwards found out that the nearest officer of the Italian troops had regularly supplied the largest band of Garibaldians, while they were in the field, with provisions. Most of the "robbers," too, as the Papal papers called the invaders, had somehow or other mysteriously become provided with accoutrements and arms of the kind issued to the regular army. Finally, it must be known, we said, to the police that the General is in Turin, and yet we do not hear of any attempt to arrest him. I easily found his address of the evening before, and went to call on him, intending to ask him to allow me to serve on his staff, for at this time it seemed by no means sure that France would intervene, but, on the contrary, that if things lasted a little longer in the same form as they were then in, the Pope would probably be a "gone coon" before many weeks were out. Prussia was likely to speak to prevent an invasion according to Usedom, whose wish in this case proved father to his thought. I could not find the General. He had moved his lodging again on purpose not to be watched, and I could not find out where he was.

The next day in the afternoon we heard, to our great surprise, that he had appeared on the balcony of an albergo, and had addressed the people, telling them that he was going to Rome. Crispi had got a special train for him, and he had

started in the afternoon. But whither? No one knew. Of course he could have only one ultimate destination. But how was he to get there? At what part of that long frontier was he going to commence operations? I went to see a member of the Central Committee, but he did not know, and could only tell me he was glad his red-shirted chief had got away, for now he was beyond the reach of the law in the shape of the Carabinieri.

Fresh hopes, however, of the Government's intentions had been excited by the conduct of the King. He had been informed that a train had been ordered for the General. Was it to be allowed to start? The question was asked by one of the officials on whom blame would be laid should the train have gone without the Government being informed. "Is the train to be allowed to take the General, your Majesty?" was the question, but no answer came. The King turned his face and burly form away, and lit a cigar. Five minutes passed, and the officer again ventured to ask what was to be done. Puff—puff—puff—from the cigar, and still no answer. It was no use waiting any longer, and the man went out saying that the King was smoking. So while the King smoked the General rushed to what all considered his fate. "Rome or death" had been his cry for years, and this time it was in grim earnest. Usedom said, he was sure to hear soon where the General had gone to, but that in the meantime for that day I must wait.

That same evening, however, at dinner, I met a man who told me that he could help me, as he was in communication with the Central Committee, and that if I liked he would give me letters, so that I should have no difficulty in getting through the lines. I accepted his offer and made an appointment for ten o'clock the next morning. The train started for Turin, where I now heard Garibaldi had gone, at eleven. I was further strengthened in my resolve by an exciting proclamation that the Committee had just published, saying that the Revolution had begun in Rome itself, that barricades had been erected in every street, that they were being desperately contested. "Let us advance to the help of our brothers. Let us gird Rome round with fire!" was their ardent language, and I, like a fool, believed it. I had already made my preparations, and had got arms, a saddle, and a servant, as I could not myself speak Italian. I went to meet my friend at ten. He came in hurriedly and said, "All is over. You must not go. The General is arrested at Fuligno, and the bands are falling back." This was a blow, but it was after all only what was to be expected.

October 24.—The news seemed sure, as it came from the Committee, and it was they who said that "the English gentleman"—for my name had not been mentioned—was to be stopped from proceeding further. A few hours later a blow that struck much harder was dealt to my excitement. General

Durando, who had been offered a portfolio by Cialdini, arrived from Naples, and had passed through Rome. He had stayed some hours there, and what did he say? Why, that instead of the city being covered with barricades and blood, as the Committee declared it to be, it was perfectly quiet. No barricades had been raised, and what little fighting there was had taken place on the night of the 22nd, between some small bands, not of Romans, but of Italians who had smuggled themselves into the town to excite an insurrection. Fights had occurred at the guard-room at the Capitol, the Campo Vaccino, the gasworks, and a few other places. The bands that attacked these places consisted only of from thirty to forty people, and showed no resolution, for after receiving a volley or two, and firing off their own revolvers, they had at all points beaten a hasty retreat. The town had been, and was, quiet.

This news told terribly against the Committee, and was morally a great victory for the Papalini, for it enabled them to say, "You see how few of the Romans could be got to join a movement against us. Where is the oppression of which Garibaldi talks? Is this the conduct of men eager to rise, and held down only by force for a time?" At the same time, too, it became evident that should any serious danger threaten the Holy Father, France would intervene. From the moment I knew this, I was against the Red Shirts' expedition. To bring France to Italy was to bring upon the country tremendous

misfortune. It was not only because it made the present attempt to get Rome perfectly idle, but it might indefinitely postpone any hope of doing so. If French troops came again, it would oblige the Emperor for the sake of common consistency to return, as long as anything threatened the Papal power. It was putting another prop under the Pope's throne, instead of knocking all away. In the meantime, our Minister Paget declared that he "believed the whole invasion to be a sham and swindle." Although by later advices he said: "Garibaldi was allowed to go from Fuligno, yet he is now near Turin, where one of his sons is ill, and he is, they say, going to organise his troops before advancing. This will take some time, and now the real friends of the man will do all they can to induce him to draw back, seeing that the French are embarking. I think he can do no good, if he be mad enough to advance!"

October 25.—I thought of going to Turin, if only to swell by my voice the entreaty to the General to return; but Usedom was allowing a young Prussian Lieutenant, Stumm (who afterwards went to Abyssinia), to take despatches to Rome, and as I was asked to accompany him, and he promised that after spending a day or two there he would travel back with me by Turin, I consented to go.

October 26.—As there had been no regular communication it was quite uncertain how we were to

get to our destination. Tickets were to be got to Orbitello, but beyond that the Capo di Stazione said he could not guarantee the passage, for the line might be broken. It was worth trying, however, and we started, getting to Orbitello in the evening. We were glad to find there that there was nothing to prevent us from going further, and Civita Vecchia was safely reached, after the luggage had been carefully examined at Mont Alto. Although rumour said that an immense number of French Volunteers (for the most part belonging to old Catholic families of France) had landed to take part in the war against Pio IX.'s enemies, yet I could not find that more than 1,500 at most had actually disembarked.

We stayed only a short time at this station, which was crowded with officers and men of the Legion of Antibes, and reached Rome rather late. Gendarmes, with bayonets fixed on loaded rifles, were guarding every inlet or outlet of the terminus, the buildings of which were barricaded to provide against any sudden attack. As we all marched into the room where the luggage was to be examined a second time, I heard a newly arrived Zouave asking a comrade, who was lounging about, if there was any news. "Nothing but trifles," was the answer, which sounded surprising, for we had as usual heard the most extraordinary stories of what was believed to be happening. A little loose powder was unfortunately found in my

valise. The suspicions of the police were roused, and one little fellow plunged like a terrier dog among my clothes, almost burying himself in my property, in the vain hope of finding something compromising. He came out after some time, crestfallen, and became more so when a cooler companion did actually manage to extract from those same clothes a small powder-flask.

It was very exasperating to the terrier that he had not found such a prize. We were eyed suspiciously, and Jacque Tinto, the Italian servant I had engaged, was searched for arms. We, as a Britisher and a Prussian were not subjected to this process. I had given Jacque a revolver at the time I meant to have joined Garibaldi, and this weapon he was wearing concealed behind his coat-tails. As the police crowded round him, patting him to find out dangerous weapons and examining him so closely that they seemed almost to be smelling him, poor Jacque turned very pale. I knew that if anything was found upon him I could get him free, but did not think it was worth while to say anything about a pistol until it had actually been found. And it never was found. Jacque came out chuckling and triumphant, but rather inclined to be slightly hysterical after the fright he had gone through. We got into the hotel omnibus and made the deserted streets ring with our laughter at the recollection of the pistol-hunt. Wandering patrols looked sulkily at us, but as they

did nothing more it did not matter, and we reached the Hotel de l'Europe in the Piazza di Spagna in great spirits.

But this was not at all the state of mind of M. Francescini, our enterprising host. The door was unbarred with the greatest caution. First a little chink was all that was visible between great green folds, but then an inspection of their own omnibus seemed to give fresh courage to the inmates, and a man came and silently showed us the way. "Well, what news?" And we learned from timid whispers that that day the town had been declared in a state of siege. Nothing was known of the outer world except that there had been fighting somewhere, for wounded had been brought in. It was even said that the Revolution had broken out in the city, and that at the very hour we were talking the Trastavere was in revolt, and a battle in the streets was going on. We went to the windows, and, throwing them open, listened for some time. All was silent as the grave, so we could only say, "Pooh! pooh!" to our friend's anxious and inquiring glance, and ask if he could give us some dinner. Well, yes, but there was very little. Finally we sat down to half a cold chicken and some wine. It was all. The servants said they dared not go into the streets at night, or else the patrols would infallibly shoot them.

October 28.—Something had happened in the Trastavere, although it was long over by the time

we arrived. There had been a bloody fight, but it was confined to one house, and the Trastavere had no more idea of rising than of flying. Meetings of a few of those men who had got into the town and were doing their best to make a disturbance had been taking place here for a day or two. The police had noted the fact, and on this night, when a dinner for twenty-four of the conspirators had been got ready, and when sixteen had already assembled, some of the police went to the nearest Zouave barrack and got twenty-one men to follow. They showed them the house and it was resolved to attack it. Hatchets were procured and the party approached the door. A young Englishman named Shea was one of the first under the wall, when a volley was fired from the windows with such bad aim that nobody was hurt. The hatchets were soon at work at the entrance and a fierce fight took place on the staircase and in the rooms. The defendants made use of Orsini bombs and the assailants chiefly of their bayonets. The result was that all the Garibaldini were in a short time killed, with a loss to the Zouaves of only four or five killed and wounded, and the victors sat down to enjoy the feast that had been prepared for their victims.

A proclamation was issued by the authorities immediately after this affair, requiring all the inhabitants to give up their arms. Thirty-six or forty-eight hours' law was to be allowed, and any-

body found to be possessing a weapon of any kind after that time was to be condemned to twenty-five years of the *galère*—a sufficient punishment to produce the desired effect in the surrender that followed of a vast quantity of arms.

Of the people resident at the time I was there only a few knew much of what was going on. Our Chargé d'Affaires, Odo Russell, whose society we much missed, was away in England, and prevented by Lord Stanley from returning until "we see what the French are going to do." Our only representative was Mr. Severn, a nice old trifler, whose rheumatism prevented him from moving, and from taking in, or being able to collect the information that was afloat. If one talked to him of to-day, he always began to speak of 1832 and 1848, which might have been interesting if the times had been dull, but as they were not so at present, one wanted rather to hear of 1867. He was very anxious that Englishmen should confide their weapons to him, as he had obtained quite a collection, which the War Minister was not going to allow him to keep.

Among the other officials were the Prussian, French, and Russian Chargés d'Affaires. The Prussian and Russian were chiefly remarkable for their pleasantness, and for their disbelief in any French intervention. The Frenchman kept pretty well to himself. His name was Amand, the German was called Schluster, and the Russian I did not

see very much of. Most of the foreigners usually to be found were away. Story the sculptor, and his countrywoman, Miss Hosmer, the English artist, Williams, Mr. Pentland, the Murray of Rome, Arnim, the Prussian Minister, and an old friend of last year, Cardinal Grasselini, had all vanished till times should be more quiet. Mdme. Apponyi, wife of the Austrian Ambassador in England, mother of Princess Borghese, came in one day much alarmed from Frascati. The person I used to get most news from was Monsignore Stonor, whose sister married my cousin Leo Ellis. He was of course hand and glove with all the Papal officials, and, independently of his being a charming man at all times, I was especially glad to see him now, as he never had any objection to tell even such a heretic as myself all the news. I was amused one day to hear from him that the Pope, in a conversation he had with him, had inquired if Lord L. was still in Rome, although Stonor had not mentioned me. It showed how vigilant a watch was kept upon the movements of foreigners. It was a curious fact that during those days, when to other men French intervention seemed doubtful, the priests never hesitated to believe that the Emperor would assist them.

I heard a good deal from Stonor of the fight that had taken place a few days ago at Nerola. The town had been attacked by a band of Garibaldini when the Monsignore arrived there for

the purpose of seeing some wounded Pontificals. A barricade barred one of the gates, and on the top was a sentinel, who came down at the priest's request, and, sending to an officer, got permission for him to pass. He had not been long in the town when he observed a great commotion, and learned that a detachment of Zouaves was in sight. As soon as they came near, the insurgents ran from them to ensconce themselves in a pretty strongly placed little fort. Firing soon began, but there seemed to be little organisation, and not much resolution, for when the Pontifical troops had effected an entrance the men who had been shooting at them a moment before rushed forward in some instances to fraternise; while at one time when a bayonet charge was threatened, a few cowards were seen to throw themselves on their knees and cry "Pace! Pace!" But there must have been many good men, for the "butchers' bill" was considerable.

I was struck during this day, as during all the time I stayed in Rome, with the quiet aspect of the streets. During the day, except for the frequent movement of small bodies of troops and gendarmes, it would have been impossible to know that anything unusual was going on. Every shop was open, and every thoroughfare crowded. There were no sulky faces or murmuring groups, but the people wore their usual look. As it was not allowed to go out without a pass after six, the streets were at night perfectly deserted. Having

no fear of patrols from my possession of a passport, I walked about at all hours after dark, and beyond occasional inconvenience from being detained by some inquisitive squad, and having to establish one's identity. I never experienced any trouble. The soldiery indeed behaved admirably, considering that there had been a partially successful attempt to blow up one of the regiments in its barracks and that the most constant and harassing duty was their lot, not to speak of the Orsini shells, whose explosion sometimes startled some quiet quarter, and were thrown only to distress them, hardly any outrages were perpetrated by the troops.

Numberless stories were invented to prove that such had occurred, and even some English writers —correspondents of the Press—were contemptible enough to give currency to these idle and cowardly inventions. Much as I hate the Papacy, considering it, as I do, as the very abnegation of all moral responsibility and freedom of thought, I must, although not pretending to be impartial, but rather inclining to look upon these troops as the hirelings of a despot, do them the justice to say that they showed themselves to be brave and earnest soldiers. They did their duty as if they were fighting, not for a decaying Foreign Power, but for their own King or country. Since the Crusades, when men volunteered to suffer privation or death simply to prove themselves the true children of the Cross, no parallel example of devotion to a religious principle has

been shown by a body drawn from such various differing nationalities.

Stumm and I had personal experience of the Orsini bombs. We were sitting reading at a large open window that looked out on to the Piazza and was on the ground floor. Dusk had just fallen when we were surprised by a bright flash just without, followed by a loud report. I thought I heard the cracking and fall of glass close by, but on looking out could see nothing except that the space in front of the house was perfectly clear of people. Up a neighbouring street a number of policemen were hurrying. The maître d'hotel came in and implored us to shut the window, as the Carabinieri "were certain to fire at any window where a light was shown." Although this was extremely improbable, we did as he asked us, and listened with a good deal of amusement to his talk. A day before he had been rather inclined to say that he wished things to remain as they were. It would be all very well to have Victor Emmanuel if the Pope did not go. But the Pope must stay. If they could have the King besides, well and good. If not, things were not so bad. At present he only paid one thousand francs for his hotel. If he became Italian he supposed he would have to pay at least twenty-five thousand. Such increased taxation was no joke, and he could not conceive how any innkeeper at Florence ever made any money at all. But Italy was to be a fine country.

"What is it that makes you wish at all for the King?" we asked.

"Ah," he replied, "it was the national sentiment. Do you think there is no such thing as the feeling for nationality with the Romans?" And after having spoken pure Papacy for ten minutes, he spoke pure nationality for an even longer period.

But at this juncture the bomb burst. Although he was sitting far from the window, yet he rushed out of the room, and when he came back it was with the prayer to make all fast, for one of his lamps above the door outside had actually been broken.

Although nationality, and with it strong expressions of hatred of foreign intervention, had been on his tongue but a moment before, he now declared with trembling lips that he prayed for the arrival of the French! A day or two afterwards they came, and the same man looked at them and swore that, married as he was, if there was a war to-morrow he would take up his musket to fight that *mauvaise* nation. I mention this vacillation because it is a type of the Roman character and of the Roman conduct.

It seemed a useless enough amusement to throw such bombs from roof-tops. One can only suppose that some men of the party of action did it to keep up excitement, for they did no harm except to those who threw them, for they were often found out and lodged in San Michel prison. Schluster told me that he had been entertained one morning

by seeing Antonelli, in the middle of a conversation he was having with him rise and, going to a cabinet, bring out in his reverend and delicate hands one of these infernal machines. "Look what they have been throwing at us," said the Cardinal, with a voice of the oiliest meekness.

October 29.—It was an entertaining sight to see four big Papal guardians of the peace, with cocked hat, sword, musket, and full paraphernalia, bringing back to me this morning the little powder-flask that they had discovered in my luggage. No acknowledgment of folly was made, and they looked so grave that I could not help laughing. Stonor came early with news that put Stumm and me into very good spirits, for the War Office had been found to be in a state of perturbation. Garibaldi had joined the insurgents and had attacked Monte Rotondo, a town only sixteen miles distant and in full view of Rome. The garrison consisted of 250 men of the Antibes Legion—mostly French soldiers. The resistance to the Volunteers, who numbered more than 3,000, was very gallant, and it was only when the assault had been beaten back three times, and that nearly all ammunition had been expended, that the town was taken. At first exaggerated reports reached the Roman Commandant, Kanzler—a Swiss—and it was said that 400 men were prisoners, with several guns. Only two of the cannon had really been captured. It was a great moral coup for the Revolution, and the Papists

seemed a little disheartened and alarmed. "All the bridges are mined," said one priest, "so that they cannot come further than the banks."

The isolated garrisons of Villetri, Frosinone, Viterbo, and other towns were concentrated so that the real Papal frontier seemed now to be only the small radius outside the walls of the capital, with the line of communication that had always been kept open to Civita Vecchia. It had been determined, they said, to send out a strong column to the woods near Monte Rotondo; but these men returned in the afternoon, having had their advance companies sharply fired upon, and having apparently so much awe of the mere presence of Garibaldi that little was done. The anxiety for the coming of the French became of course much greater, and my faith that they must and would soon appear was rather staggered when at two o'clock the Russian Charge d'Affaires came to the room where Schluster, Stumm, and I were sitting, and said that up to that time the French representatives had received no instructions to go to receive the troops, and did not know anything more about them than the rest of the world. It was certain that they had sailed from Toulon; but might not a telegraphic despatch waiting for them at Corsica, where they had been directed to call, have possibly countermanded the expedition? Had the Pope refused to concede those reforms which many said the Emperor would make a condition of his interference? These were a few of

the doubts that were heard from the foreigners, but still the priests never wavered in saying that they were certain aid was at hand. I thoroughly believed that they were right.

We went to see the wounded in the hospital near the half-destroyed Sersistori Barracks. Loitering soldiers were standing about this building, cursing very naturally the dastards who wished to make war in so underhand a manner, while sentries kept the space about clear for fear of the walls, which were in a very rickety condition, falling and hurting anybody. Of the wounded there were about seventy in one large room of the hospital. Most of them were only slightly hurt, but some poor fellows had bad gashes and shot-holes. There was one who struck me especially for the way he bore pain. A bullet had entered his forearm, and passing through had torn its way through bone and muscle in the most frightful manner, yet the limb was held up to the dresser without wincing. There was a gendarme, too, who was pointed out as having fought desperately alone against four men who attacked him with knives, and whom he succeeded in driving off, although very badly hurt.

In a lower room were some of the Garibaldini who, led on by Cairoli and young Coloredo, a few hours before, had had the mad audacity to advance to the foot of the Parioli hills outside the Porta del Popolo. They did it of course under the impression that the citizens would be encouraged to fight, but were

grievously disappointed in the unreasonable hope. All seemed pretty well cared for, but to me, who am not accustomed to the sight of wounds, the hospitals are at first very trying. The gouts of blood on the stairs and floor where the poor devils have been carried in, and the peculiar smell in the wards, make one not anxious to enter if one can do no good.

October 30.—Early to-day there was an alarm that the Garibaldians were coming down towards the bridges in force. It seemed almost impossible that they should be so insane, considering that there were now at least eleven or twelve thousand troops to defend the town, while they could not have more than three thousand at the outside, and with no artillery beyond the two guns that they had lately captured.

Hardman of *The Times*, who had by this time arrived, and I went to the top of the French Academy, which commands a good view of all the country towards Monte Rotondo. With our glasses we could make out in the far distance beyond the river several bodies of men. They were so distant that it was long before we found out who they were, at first taking them for the advancing Nationalists. Soon a white flag was seen, and it turned out that a strong force of Papalini were returning from a reconnaissance. We heard in the afternoon that they had come within sight of their enemy's outposts at Castle Giubeleo, but had not attacked.

I got a horse and rode round the town. It was impossible to go out of it. When we did finally ask formally for a pass to go out towards Correse in a carriage, the only pass granted was a written permission to proceed in the exactly opposite direction towards Naples. One was not even permitted to go very near any of the gates—the Pincian was shut up, and the Piazza del Popolo fenced round with sentries. At some of the other gates they were not so particular, and getting as near as I could I passed by several, going at a hard canter so as not to seem to be a watcher. The preparations that had been made for defence were everywhere very complete. Lying about on stones near each of the principal posts, and ready to act at a moment's notice, were strong cómpanies of riflemen. In front of each gate was a strong barricade, made up of fascines, sandbags, stone-filled barrels, and earth, while a cannon or two completely commanded the long, straight entrance-roads. All along the walls by the Lateran, and at other places where a good look-out could be obtained over the neighbouring fields, sandbags had been carefully placed to facilitate musketry fire. The day was cloudless; and the Sabine Hills, and the villages near Tivoli, where we had believed the invaders to be, seemed within a stone's throw.

Although in the country no resistance has been offered to the Red Shirts, yet they have everywhere, according to the best accounts, been received at

first with indifference, and afterwards looked upon with even positive dislike, owing to the way in which they provided for themselves at the expense of the villagers. In short, from beginning to end there has been nothing either in the spirit of the Pope's subjects, or in the prospects of France not interfering, to encourage for one moment the schemes that Garibaldi has so determinedly set himself to carry out. Failure was obvious, and it came soon enough. Some villages did hoist Italian colours when on this day the Italian troops, in consequence of the French landing at Civita, crossed the frontier. But the hoisting of a flag is no proof of the wishes of a population, for if the people be indifferent one or two men are not hindered from raising a sign that the majority think their next masters may like to see.

It was about four in the afternoon that I heard the blare of infantry bugles advancing from the railway station. Thinking that it was probably another detachment of the Antibes Legion going off to look at their enemies, I went to see them pass. The red trousers soon appeared, but they had not the black stripe that the legion wears. There was a brass plaque too on the shako that was different from theirs. It was the Eagle; and these were the French—arrived at last! One column marched down the Via Babuino, and I followed wishing to see the reception they got. It was mostly a silent one. Of course the priests and some shopkeepers

showed signs of joy, but the poor kept quiet. There was no hissing or any sign of dislike.

October 31.—As the French entry was the end and legitimate result of all we had been witness to, I thought I would get out of Rome, if I could, to Correse. But it was impossible; all the bridges have been sprung in that direction. I could not doubt it, for I had seen one or two blown into the air myself. The Vetturino said he would not drive in that direction as his carriage was sure to be pressed for the conveyance of wounded, so Civita was the only route to be thought of. Our train started at last, an hour and a half late, martial law prevailing on the line as well as in the town, and the rôad was being taken up with large convoys of French. They were pouring in—10,000 men had been landed, and they were coming down as fast as ever the limited supply of rolling stock left to the Papal Government would allow them. Chasseurs, artillery, and cavalry were at length landed, and we got to Civita, which place was again swarming with men landed without any difficulty from nine or ten gigantic ironclads in the offing.

Florence we found quiet, in spite of reports to the contrary. Nothing had been heard from Rome, and we were hardly believed when we assured people that we had actually seen the French troops enter. It was not until three days after the event that the Italian Press ventured to publish the news. Such terror was felt of demonstrations! But hardly any

were got up, and the national feeling, as usual, vented itself in wind.

At Florence I fell in with G., who had come down from Paris much in the same harum-scarum way as I from Vienna, to join Garibaldi. He had not thought of making the acquaintance of the Comitato people, or indeed of anybody, and so was not affected by any knowledge of the march of events. His jaw fell very considerably when I told him that I had seen the French enter Rome, and I was able to stop him from making a fool of himself by going further.

We went together down to Foligno, intending to go as far as there were Italian troops; for although we knew they had passed the frontier, no one knew how far they had gone except those who did not choose to talk of it. We passed Trasimene, and G. lost his hat by looking out of the window for Cortona, which his favourite poet had described as having a "diadem of towers," a crown which has now disappeared, and we dined in the evening at the Fuligno station buffet—one of the best in Italy—with several gentlemen who were all highly excited by the demands that had been made that day by the Italian Colonel at Correse for transport.

The Italian troops had then got as far as Correse, and had ordered a train to convey three hundred wounded from M. Rotondo! Were these the victims of a fresh engagement, or of the old one? We could only guess. The night passed rather

anxiously, for we could not but have the gravest fear for the safety of the General, as he had, according to the last accounts, refused to withdraw from the position he had taken up—one which must now have become so perilous.

November 3.—Early in the morning the station-master received orders to provide for the transport of 4,000 men from Monte Rotondo, by sending as many trains as he could down the line. This order came also from the officer in command of the royal troops. It was evident that whatever was passing they were not in action. No trains would start except those for the military, and perhaps we might go down in them. At the station was the Prefect, and during the time we had to wait he told us how alarmed he had been when news first came of the General's departure from Florence, fearing that he would have to arrest him. He did get a message from the Government to hold himself ready to execute an order for arrest, but no order came. He declared he got as white as a sheet when the train containing the General and suite was close by, for fear a message might prevent him from allowing it to go on further. "But I waited and waited, and might have waited for a fortnight without receiving such a message," he said.

Garibaldi had in reality only stayed a quarter of an hour at the station, and had gone on to Turin, where he stayed only four hours, and yet we all at

the capital knew nothing of this, and the Comitato believed that he had been arrested. The Prefect mentioned too that the officer at Correse had been regularly supplying the capturers of Monte Rotondo with provisions. So in every way the Government had encouraged the Volunteers, and had yet not had the manliness to own them, but on the contrary always cast all the blame, when speaking to France, on their shoulders. It was too base; and if ever men deserved to be hung for playing with others' lives, "à la lanterne" ought to be the cry of the Italians for these Cabinets of Ratazzi and Menabrea.

Only an hour had passed when we were delighted and surprised by the news that in half an hour more a special train with Garibaldi was to arrive. He had, then, escaped, but the disaster must have been great before such a man could turn his back upon the work he had taken in hand. A few carriages, out of the windows of which numerous red kepis were to be seen looking much smarter than the rest of their wearers' costume, soon drew up alongside the platform. In a central compartment was the General, with Menotti, Ricciotti, and a few others. The staff occupied the remainder of the train. All looked very tired and many were sound asleep. I went into the General's compartment, and told him who I was, and how glad we all were to see him safe. He was as calm-looking and thoughtful of others as usual. The only change I noticed was that he looked a good deal older than

when he was in England. He had passed through much in that short time. He asked after Sutherland, and it was curious to hear him ask G. after the health of a small Radical shopkeeper in England whom the General remembered to have greeted him.

It was impossible to ask him what had happened, but we heard ample details of the last few days from officers of the staff. One young fellow who spoke pretty good English told me he had stayed in Rome, having been able to remain there under the protection of an English passport, got from a friend, till the 28th—always trying to get up an insurrection within the walls. On that day he had determined that it was hopeless, and had escaped and joined his people at Monte Rotondo. Garibaldi had stayed at Castle Guibeleo till the evening of the 30th, the day on which we had seen the Reconnaissance coming back to the city, and had then retired on Monte Rotondo. He had been allowed to remain there undisturbed, during Friday and Saturday, October 31 and November 1. This shows how tired the Pontifical troops must have been, and how much harassed they would have felt had the townspeople had the pluck to do anything, for Kanzler had told his masters that he meant to attack on the 31st. On the morning of Sunday, the 2nd, Garibaldi resolved to execute a flank movement to Tivoli. He would then have a strong position and the mountains in his rear.

He had been informed, five hours after the event,

of the French occupation, but he seems to have thought that the newly arrived army would remain neutral. He and his men, numbering about 3,500, had only got as far as Mentana, a village close to Monte Rotondo, when they were attacked by a column of Papalini about 4,000 strong. The village was the scene of a contest that lasted three hours or more, when Garibaldi's friends, seeing that all was up, insisted upon his retreat. The main body of his force retired with him to Rotondo and Correse, but a few hundred in the confusion had remained in the village, which was now being surrounded by some French regiments that had hurried up to the support of the Papalini. The French thought that the General was still at Mentana, and, instead of pushing in the right direction towards Monte Rotondo, invested the village and waited some hours, not wishing to shed more blood, for the surrender of the garrison. They finally capitulated, obtaining honourable conditions, and the French were much disappointed in finding none but uninteresting captives.

At Correse were the royal troops, and those Volunteers who had safely effected their retreat retired behind their lines. Trains were provided, and in a few days the Pontifical territory was clear of its invaders, who appeared in the streets of Florence showing off their red shirts and dirty faces, to the admiration of their countrymen.

With Garibaldi and his staff and in the special

train by which we travelled back were several officers who had formerly been in the Spanish army, and had fought in the last insurrection under Prim. These men spoke with some bitterness of the number of poltroons—rats, they called them—who had run at the first shock in yesterday's battle. "Many fought very well, but the Garibaldini did not behave in general as they were wont," and this was confirmed by others of the officers. We had an interesting journey back, for no one knew whether the General and those with him would be allowed to go where they wished. "Where is he going after getting to Florence?" I asked. "Oh," said one of his friends, "he means to stay only a night at Firenze and then to go by Livorno back to Caprera."

It was evident as he went along that the people along the line knew what had happened, for at the large stations, where we only stopped for a minute or two, crowds had collected who cheered enthusiastically. "E viva Garibaldi! A basso la Francia!" were sounds that were very common. At Assisi some Carabinieri got into the train, and the deputy Crispi, who had been sent down to Rotondo to try to persuade the General to withdraw, and was now with him, got out to remonstrate. There was some delay, during which one of the gentlemen in my compartment asked one of the police what he was doing. Was he going to watch us or arrest us? Did he take us for brigands?

If he wanted to catch a brigand, let him go and take his King! But at last we were allowed to go on.

At Arezzo there were immense crowds, and as we went into the station we saw on all sides long lines of sentries drawn up, forming a cordon all round, and preventing the crowd from approaching. This must mean that we shall be stopped, we thought; but no—in a few minutes the warning whistle was given, and on we went. But it was not to last long, for at Filigne, a small place only about an hour distant from Florence, we found a train full of riflemen at our side, and the platform crowded with police. A colonel of the royal troops went to the General's carriage and a long talk began, the result being that Garibaldi got out and walked about, and then showed himself to the people, who had as usual collected to see him, and cheered themselves hoarse when he appeared. When he came back there was a long parley, he being always surrounded by a fence of his followers, while the regular officers had at their back the Carabinieri.

At one time revolvers were drawn, and the altercation became so loud that the command was given to the police to fix their bayonets, and the rattle of their arms made several run to hiding, fearing to be imprisoned.

"Do you arrest my father?" Ricciotti asked the officers.

"No, not at present, but my orders are not to

allow him or you gentlemen to go further, and I shall send off for further instructions."

Garibaldi was indignant, and walked up and down the platform smoking, and then went into the waiting-room and sat down, most of his people standing about him or refreshing themselves with what they could find to eat. In an hour orders came that the General was to be conveyed under arrest to Florence, but that no one else was to be allowed to proceed. Curses and lamentations arose on all sides. The General protested that he had not made war against Italy, but against her enemies, and that as a deputy he could not be arrested. "As a free citizen I shall enter Florence. Under arrest, no—except by force."

Persuasions were useless, and in a few minutes, the riflemen having in the meantime been formed outside, a party of Carabinieri were called in. Garibaldi looked at them, and then said quietly to them: "You see I am armed. I have a revolver; I might fire at you, but I shall do you no harm. Do what you are commanded." They then lifted him from his seat and carried him feet foremost, as if he had been a child, or wounded, out of the door and into a compartment of the train. The staff followed in a mass behind him, uttering loud cries of defiance and anger, and yells of execration against France, Crispi and others making short impassioned speeches to the soldiery or anybody who listened or not. Many of the fellows with

tears running down their cheeks spoke incoherently to the Bersaglieri, who had formed up on all sides with fixed bayonets.

It was so dark that G. and I were able to watch our opportunity and jump into one of the Bersaglieri's cars. The good fellows said nothing to prevent us, so we were able to leave with the train when it at length slipped away, and heard the wild cry of the Volunteers rising through the night air as we left, "O Garibaldi, we will follow you! we are yours till death!"

At Florence, where the train only stopped for ten minutes (for the General was carried on the same night to Spezzia), we made our escape and got into the town, bringing Paget the first news of the event.

We found that Florence had been perfectly quiet, and no one within the city seemed to know that their great guerilla chief was so near them, a prisoner. When next day the papers announced what had happened, no demonstrations were made, and the nation seemed to acquiesce in their humiliation. "Our alliance with France is at an end" was all that one heard.

Not the least of the evils that have been brought upon the country by this most unfortunately timed expedition against Rome, has been the *exposé* made to all Europe of how completely under the thumb of France Italy lies. The other two misfortunes that have occurred on account of Garibaldi's rash-

ness are, first, the French intervention, and second, the number of lives lost for nothing.

A further catastrophe that was nearly brought about, the death of Garibaldi, we have fortunately been spared. The General was imprisoned in the fortress of Varignano. The train had been purposely sent on past Florence to avoid any demonstration. Appearances had to be kept up, and the Italian Government were determined to keep up appearances. All knew that the feeling of the country would not allow any Government to lock up their beloved Idol for long.. But there was the French Emperor to be considered. Well, the French Emperor had best look after himself, if the field of Mentana did not satisfy him. The farce was played out. The Papal earthly sovereignty over the Roman States was for the time safe.

It must be said here that nothing could exceed the soldierly devotion to the Roman Catholic cause of the Papal Zouaves, drawn from all nations, and having in their ranks Americans, Canadians, and British, under the command of General Charette. This general visited Canada long afterwards, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm at Quebec and Montreal. He was a fine-looking blonde French gentleman, of an ancient stock, and a splendid representative of his Montreal relatives.

Garibaldi was always accompanied by his two sons Menotti and Ricciotti, whose filial devotion

to their illustrious father was a fine feature of a family on whom all the Italians of all political opinions looked with admiration. I never saw the King who profited so greatly through Garibaldi's heroism.

CHAPTER XIX

VICTOR EMMANUEL, "Il Re Galantuomo," as his subjects used to call him, liked his northern home better than the new palaces that had become his through the revolutions. At Florence he lived in that immense fortress-like palace, the Pitti, and used to give interviews to those he wished to see, very often in the Palace gardens, which are cleverly laid out in terraces, with cut hedges and hidden walks. He became very stout, and the muscles that used to carry him in youth so well up the mountain slopes, to shoot chamois, became of little use to him as age advanced. He was always bluff and hearty in manner, but his presence had more of strength and bonhomie in it than grace. Indeed, his own tailor, on the Lungarno used to show the trousers he made for His Majesty, and invite any two of his ordinary customers to see if their united legs would fill the space of cloth he had to use to fit His Majesty. The King was large-minded, as well as large-bodied, a true sportsman, a brave soldier, an honest fellow, who deserved the great good luck fortune showered upon him. When we think of

him it is impossible to forego the opportunity of paying a tribute to the fine qualities of his son, King Humbert, who met with so dreadful a death, by the hands of assassins, who threw the bomb that killed him at Milan. A fine nature, a heart devoted to duty to his country, a worthy descendant of the best sovereigns of Savoy, perished in him.

Thoroughly constitutional in the practice of his high office, he was yet able, through his own enthusiasm for carrying Italian influence among savage tribes, to persuade his people to let Italy take her place among the civilising nations of the world. He saw how thousands upon thousands of Italians go to South America, and, while by no means hostile to this necessary movement, he longed to have over-sea territories to which his countrymen could turn and still be under the Italian flag. It was owing to his initiative that he became possessed of the country to the north of British East Africa, and he took the keenest interest in our common enterprise in that region. The River Juba became the boundary between ourselves and the Italians.

It was a great misfortune that quarrels with Abyssinia arose, and were most unwisely allowed to bring on a war in which Italy suffered such disaster as has, perhaps, never in our time overtaken a civilised nation warring with one hardly able to lay claim to such a title. The Italians were probably encouraged by the wonderful but rather chance

success which had enabled Lord Napier to take Magdala. That remarkable and successful campaign, in which the Emperor of Abyssinia was killed, and in which Mr. Richard Holmes, the Librarian of Windsor, met a British private carrying down from the captured fortress the golden crown of Abyssinia, and bought it of the soldier for £5, was a phenomenal success, which came with as much good luck as good guidance. The Italians, too confident in their modern arms, had separated their forces by too great distances. The result was, they were crushed in detail by the numbers of brave Abyssinians. The blow was a terrible one, and gave so terrible a lesson that it was difficult for the King thereafter to get the Government to look at any African scheme.

He appeared, however, to have recovered all the influence his father or he had ever had, when he met his death. I was sent to represent Queen Victoria at his funeral. It took place on a very hot day in August. All who were to take part in it were at the Northern Railway Station, in full uniform, very early in the morning. The coffin was placed on a gun-carriage drawn by Artillery horses, and we followed, going down into the maze of the streets of Rome, to the Corso. It was curious to see every window crowded with people eagerly talking. They reverenced their dead King; but the military show, as the Artillery drivers came along, the lines of troops, with the draped gun-carriage, and the

Cuirassiers dismounted, marching on either side, with bayonets on their short carbines, the Royal family behind the King, who marched alone, and the "ruck" of guests attending the obsequies, all caused an amount of chatter which seemed most unseemly on such an occasion.

At one place, also, we saw how nervous the assassination had made men to be. A scaffold gave way beneath its load of sightseers, and the noise, which seemed about a hundred yards behind us, was followed by a stampede of people from the neighbourhood, who all seemed to be rushing down upon us. Our attendant Cuirassiers formed across the roadway, with their drawn bayonets at the charge, and some men drew their swords. The new King, with the greatest quiet and presence of mind, just turned and made a slight gesture with his hand, to imply that there was nothing alarming; but the nerves of the crowd were on the "edge," and it was a few moments before the excited cries died down and the ordinary chatter which accompanied our progress was resumed.

Reaching the Corso, we marched along it for some distance, and then turned into a side street, that brought us to the Ripetta, when we again turned, retracing our steps on a line nearly parallel to our advance, and so came to the Pantheon. Here the vast Roman temple was lit by funerary candles only. The immense circular skylight, open to the day above, was filled by a vast black or purple circular curtain,

that hung down to and partly round a lofty pedestal, on to which the coffin was raised.

Between this and the alcove that faces the entrance was a clear space, until near the alcove where stood a high altar, on which many lights had been "dressed." A fine choir was hidden by a screen, and chanted magnificently, with the alcove above them to assist to send the voices into the old temple they well filled with sound. The King and Queen stood during the whole service, and so, of course, did the congregation. The procession had taken two hours to reach the Pantheon. Two more were spent within the building, so that it was into a great glare of midday sun that we emerged from the cooler gloom within. It was sad to see some of the most beautiful ladies in Rome, whom one had met at gay dinner-parties, sobbing bitterly as the crowd swept slowly out, to wind their way homewards.

I have not again, when in Rome, stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe. Other houses, situated higher, have taken much custom away from the lowlier places. But of the three occasions on which the Piazza d'Espagna has housed us, I recall with much interest one year, when, with my parents, I was there with Mr. Gladstone and his family. He was, of course, intensely interested in all ecclesiastical and political questions, and was a friend of Padre Tosti, the Superior of the great Monastery of Monte Cassino. When it was finally determined by the Government to abolish the monasteries, Gladstone was, of course, approached

by Tosti, to see what he could do for Monte Cassino. He determined to accept an invitation from the Superior to go there, and Sir William Richmond, then a very young man, Mr. Cartwright, the M.P. for Oxford, who still lives, and I, accompanied him. We walked all the way up the hill, Gladstone always being glad to take any chance of exercising his legs, which were as wonderful as his tongue. Arrived at last at the vast buildings on the top of a high hill, we had a wonderful view, and were shown our cells by a monk, and there spent two or three delightful days. Each morning we were awakened early, to see the sun shining on a floor of cloud, through which the mountain peaks broke here and there. We lunched and dined with Padre Tosti, who delighted in answering Mr. Gladstone's questions and in listening to his most excellent and eloquent Italian. There was a good library, and abundant incitement to talk history and religion, and the end of it was that Mr. Gladstone was willingly won over to intercede with the Italian Government in favour of Tosti, who thus saw his own special nest the only one left unharmed by the "Liberal" tendencies of his later days.

He was allowed to die Superior of an undisturbed Community.



From a photograph

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

CHAPTER XX

Rome, 1890.—We had a very long talk with the Pope to-day. Sir Lintorn Simmons, who has been sent to make arrangements with him in regard to Maltese affairs, accompanied us. Sir Lintorn was one of the young English officers who defended Silistria against the Russians, and then was Consul at Warsaw, and worked at the delineation of the Russian and Turkish frontier both in Europe and Asia Minor. He has got the Church people here to insist on the English language being taught in the Seminary—the great school—at Malta.

We drove with him into the Inner Vatican Court, and at the foot of a grand and endless stair found a posse of violet-clad monsignors, two gendarmes, two Swiss guards, and two chamberlains—the last in wonderful crimson velvet suits—awaiting us. At the end of a long ascent we entered a fine painted hall, where were more of the violet clerics and some picturesque gentlemen in black velvet tights and ruffs. In the marble-paved hall was a strong guard of Swiss, all in full tenue. Then through wide doors we passed into another corridor, where

was a guard of the bourgeoisie of the city, in tunics and shakoes ; then in the next room were gendarmes six feet high, with grenadier caps like those of Napoleon's Guard, but about as tall again ! Then we marched through a throne-room, and arrived at an ante-room beyond ; into which soon came an old man having a slight stoop, clad all in white, as if he meant to challenge us to a game of lawn tennis. He wore a white skull-cap at the back of his grey head, white flannel over his shoulders, and a white nightgown down to his embroidered slippers. The only relief was a heavy gold chain and crucifix, and the colour of immense rings on his fingers, for his face was very yellow-white also. His nose is prominent, and there is a pair of good but sharp-looking light brown eyes above the nose, and a mouth with a good deal of expression, with a sufficiently bony chin to back up what the long lips may say. He led us into his reception room, leaving all the monsignors and others outside. There was a crimson armchair, with high gilded back, and two others of less pretension ranged on each side, with other chairs, with none of the luxury of arms, beyond them.

He made us sit on each side of him, and immediately began a conversation in measured French which he kept up for nearly three-quarters of an hour. "A *very* long interview," said one of the unfortunate monsignors, who had been waiting with the rest, as soon as we came out.

The old man spoke with great pride of what he had done in decorating St. John Lateran with mosaic, and his only allusion to modern events in Rome was with a smile when he said, "There is nothing to see in modern Rome." I told him that I had been much obliged to him on one or two occasions in regard to the nomination of Canadian bishops, where loyal men, instead of disloyal ones, had been placed in important positions by him. He was very cordial about the French bishops there, but was not so about all his representatives.

He spoke much of Ireland, and said, partly in answer to us, that they had more zeal than prudence in that country, that it was remarkable how they spoke of themselves as slaves oppressed, that England should take "des mesures" to prevent this, and that the Church should be raised. I told him how poor the people were, and that their discontent came much from this, and that the priests were often taken from the poorest. He said he wished the Churchmen there to be better off. He had to reprove things done in Ireland because they had been against religion, and the Irish had always spoken as if they could hardly believe that he could condemn them (making a shirking shrug of the shoulders and sidelong look of entreaty to imitate them), and reiterated that it was a disadvantage to England that such a feeling should exist. We told him they harked back to old grievances that no longer existed,

and that Scotland might speak in the same way, but I said we had forgiven Sir Lintorn's countrymen. On this the old man laughed. He said he had seen much of the Duke of Norfolk and liked him. He had heard that "Raspberry" had wanted to see him, and the Pope had seen him. He received the name of Gladstone *very* coldly. It was evident he did not like what he had heard of him. He was very cordial about the Queen, and said he remembered dining with her in 1843 when she came to Belgium, at the table of King Leopold. He was frequent in his expressions of satisfaction at the way the English Government had always treated Roman Catholics, the freedom given to soldiers to attend their own service, etc.

Altogether he was most cordial, and walked with us to the door, and rang the bell for his attendants, and we made our exit with the same *cortège* as before.

END OF VOL. I

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

00020578

Digitized with financial assistance from



HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018